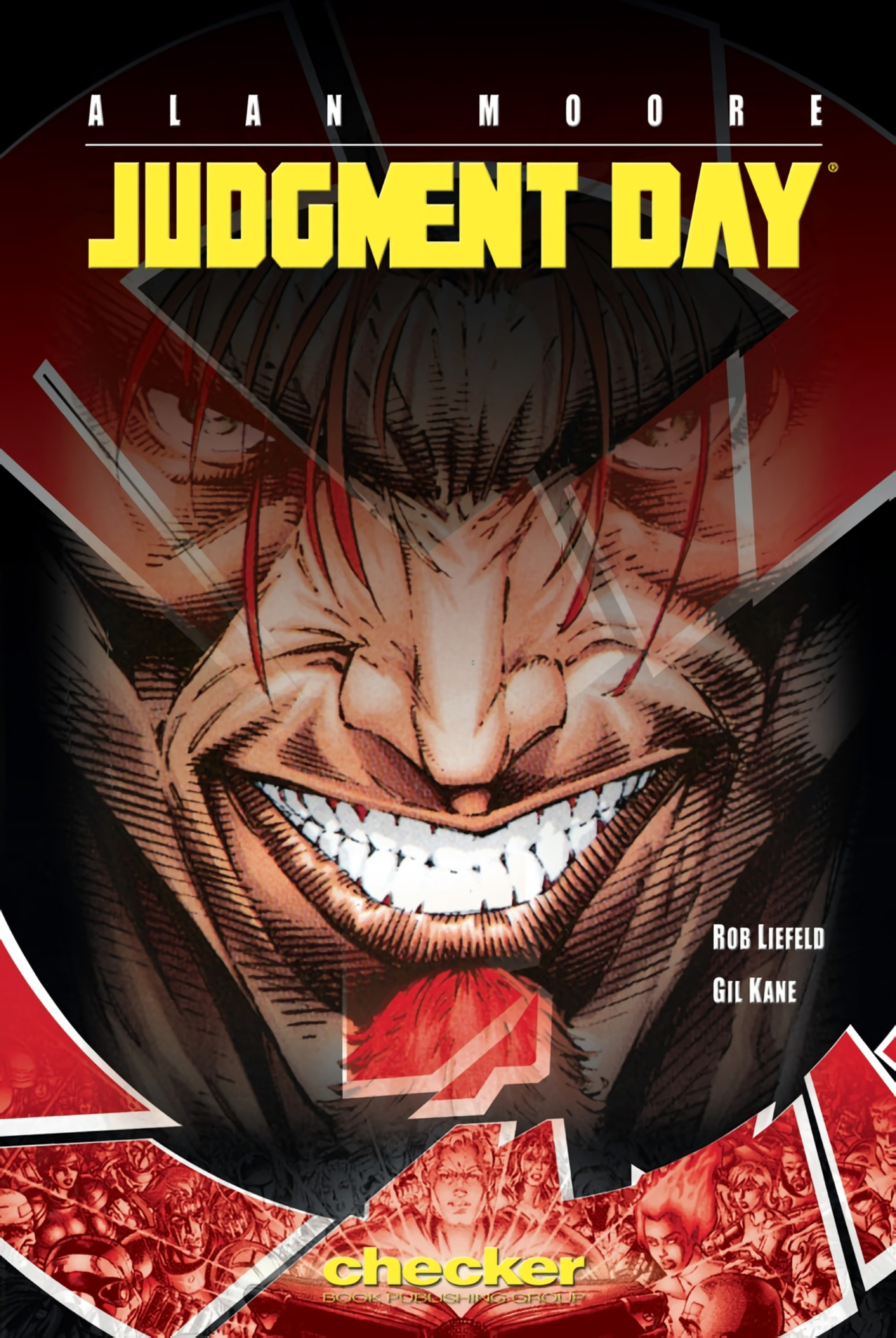
ALAN MOORE

# JUDGMENT DAY®



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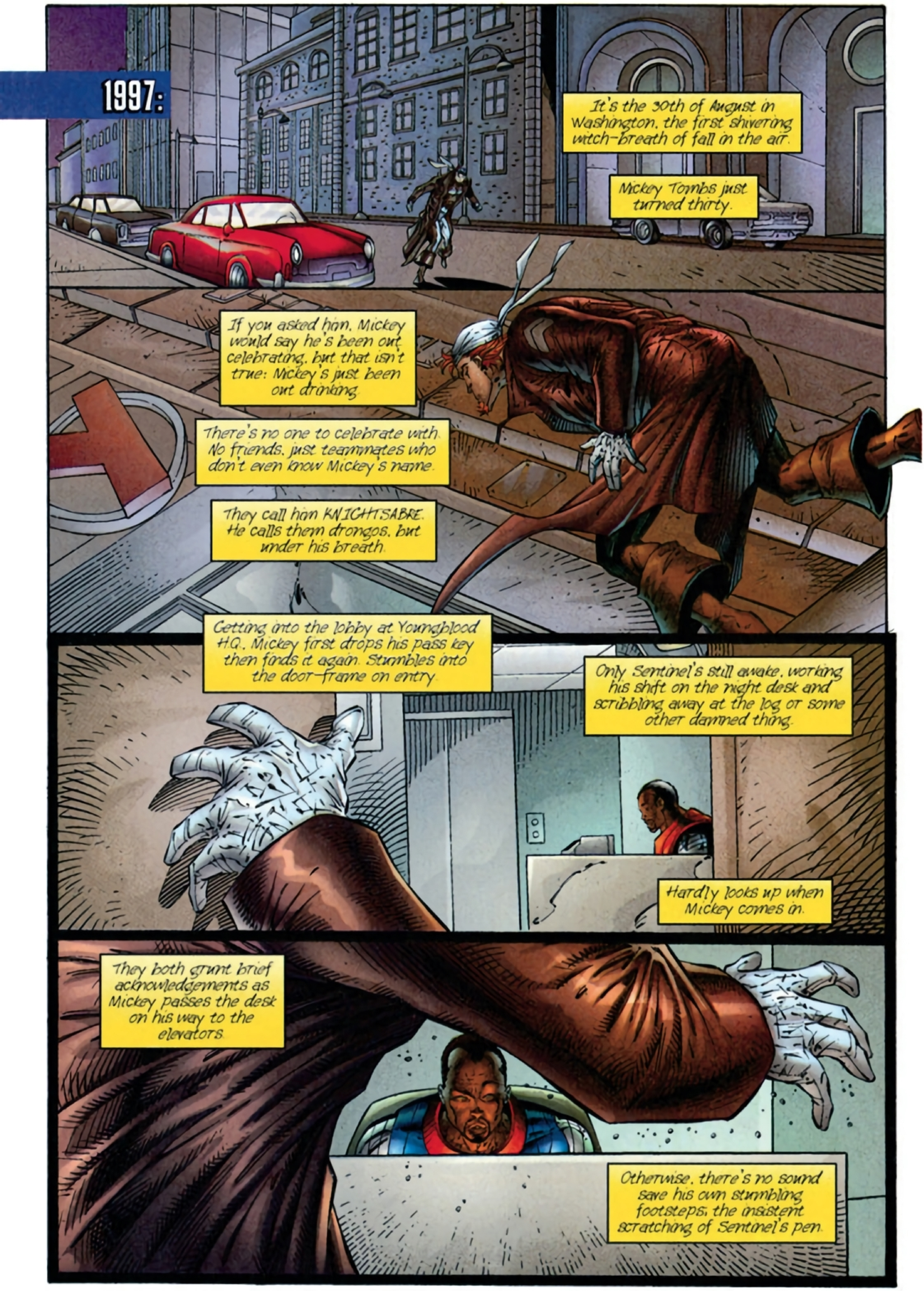
BOOK PUBLISHING GROUP

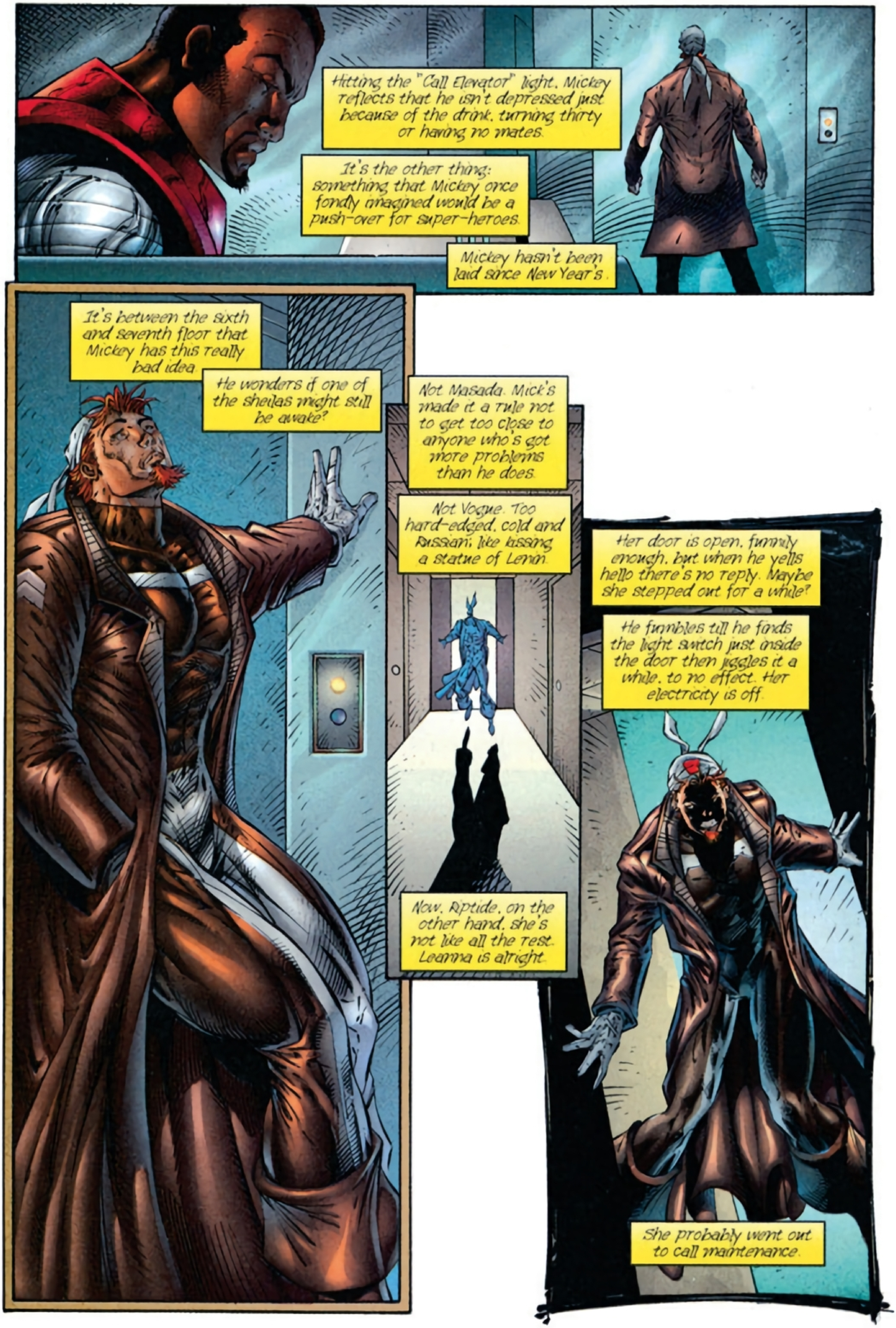
ALAN MOORE

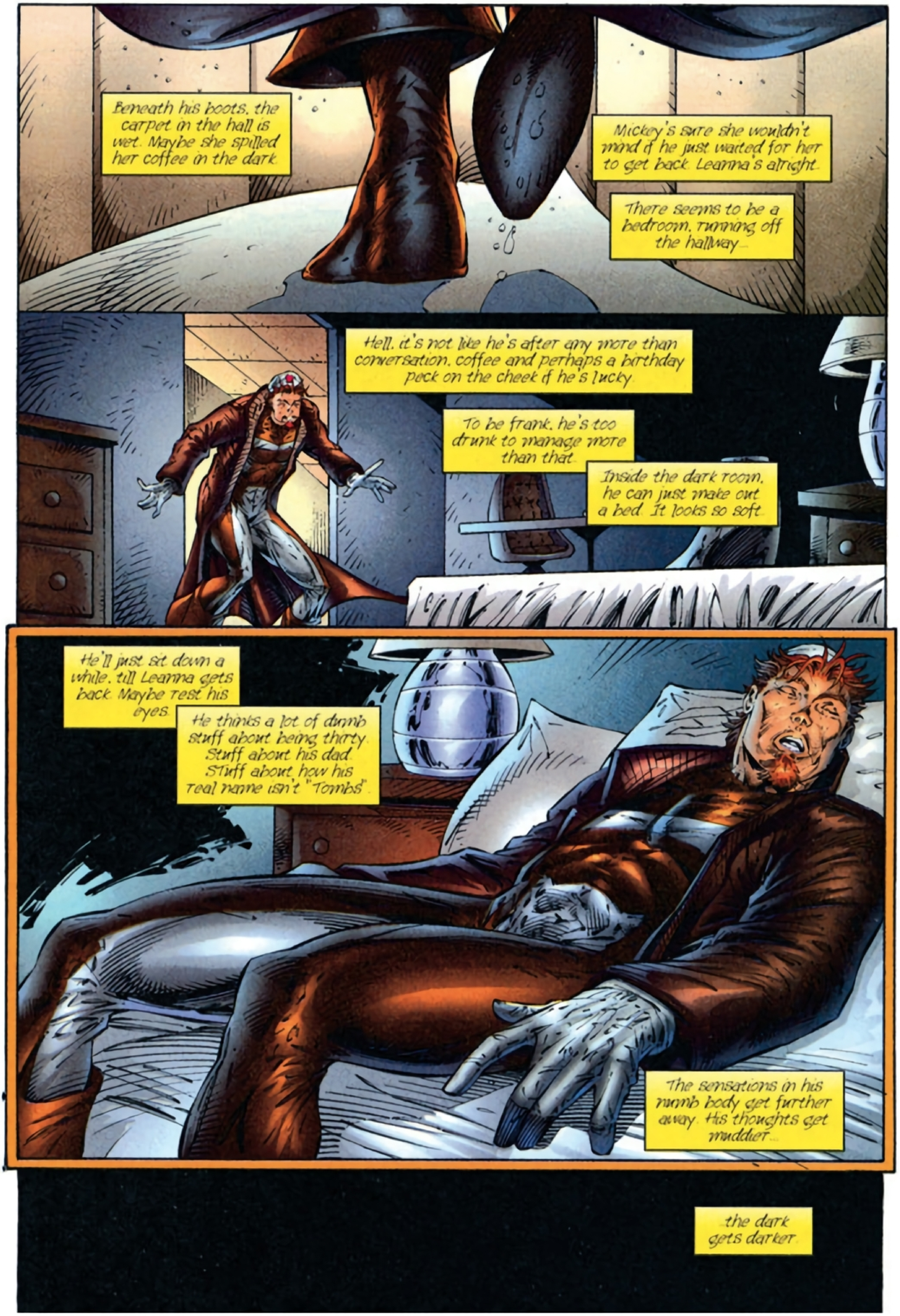
# JUDGMENT DAY
Alpha

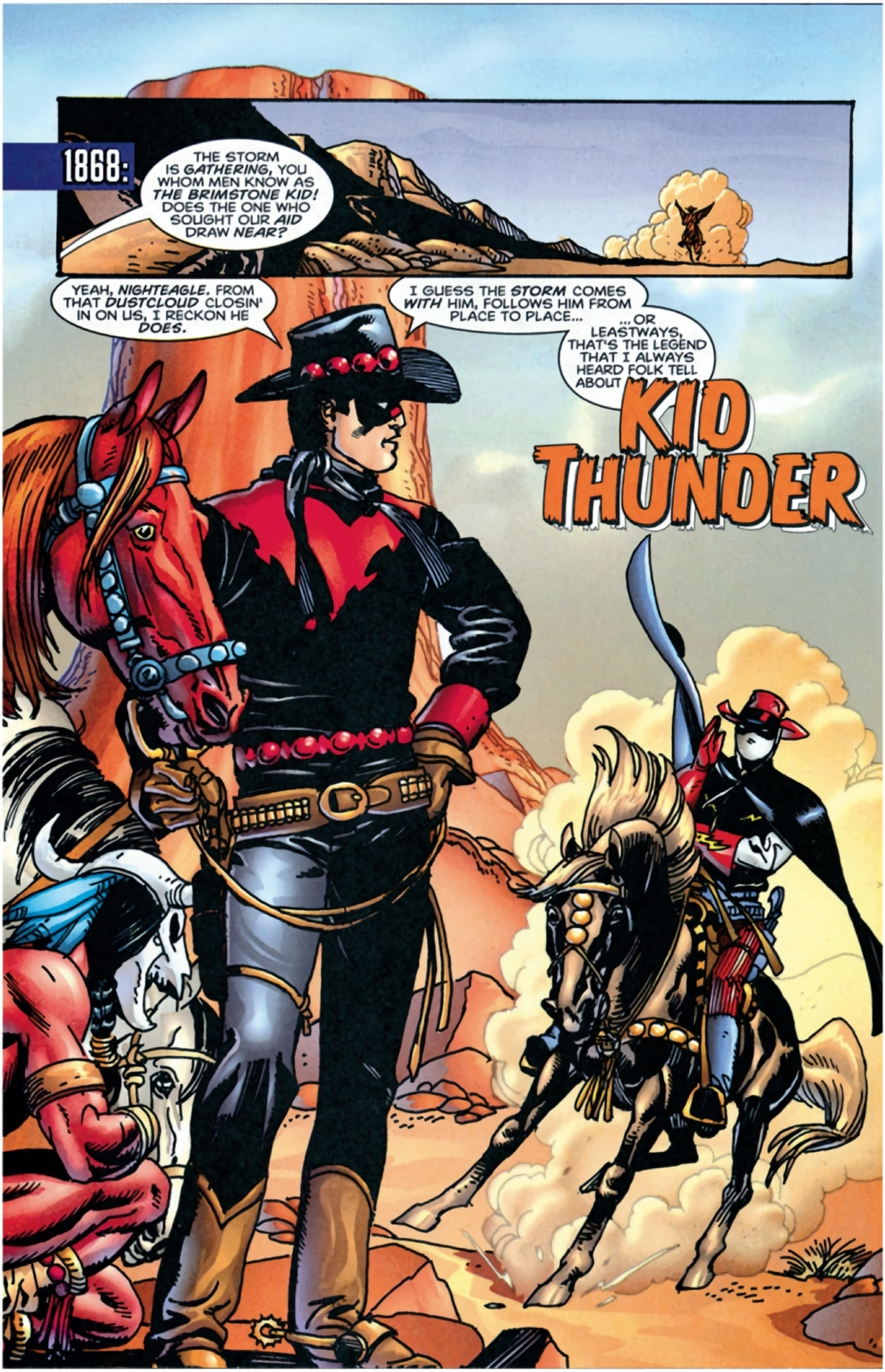
## Chapter One

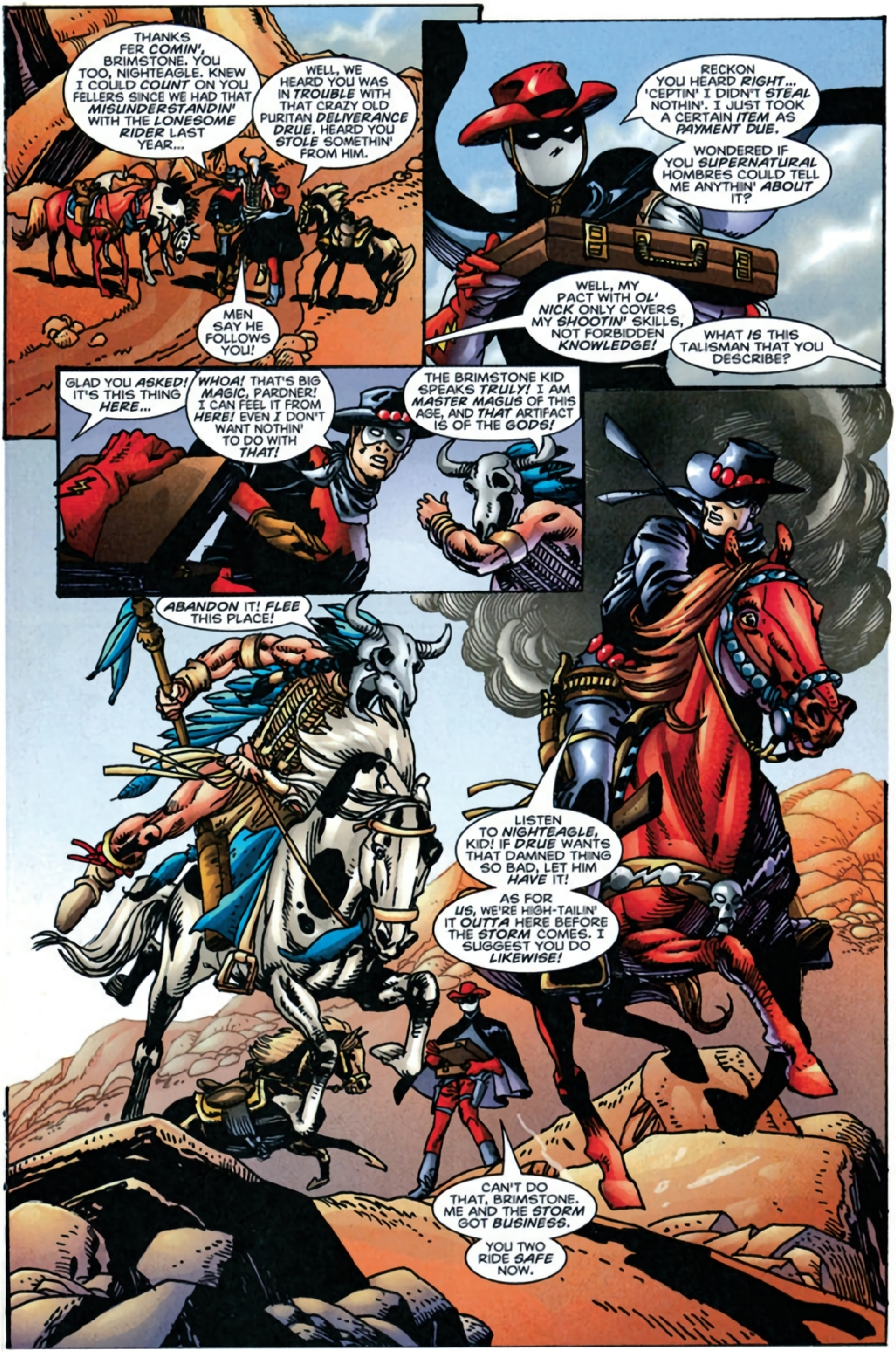
## Heroes Heroines & Homicide

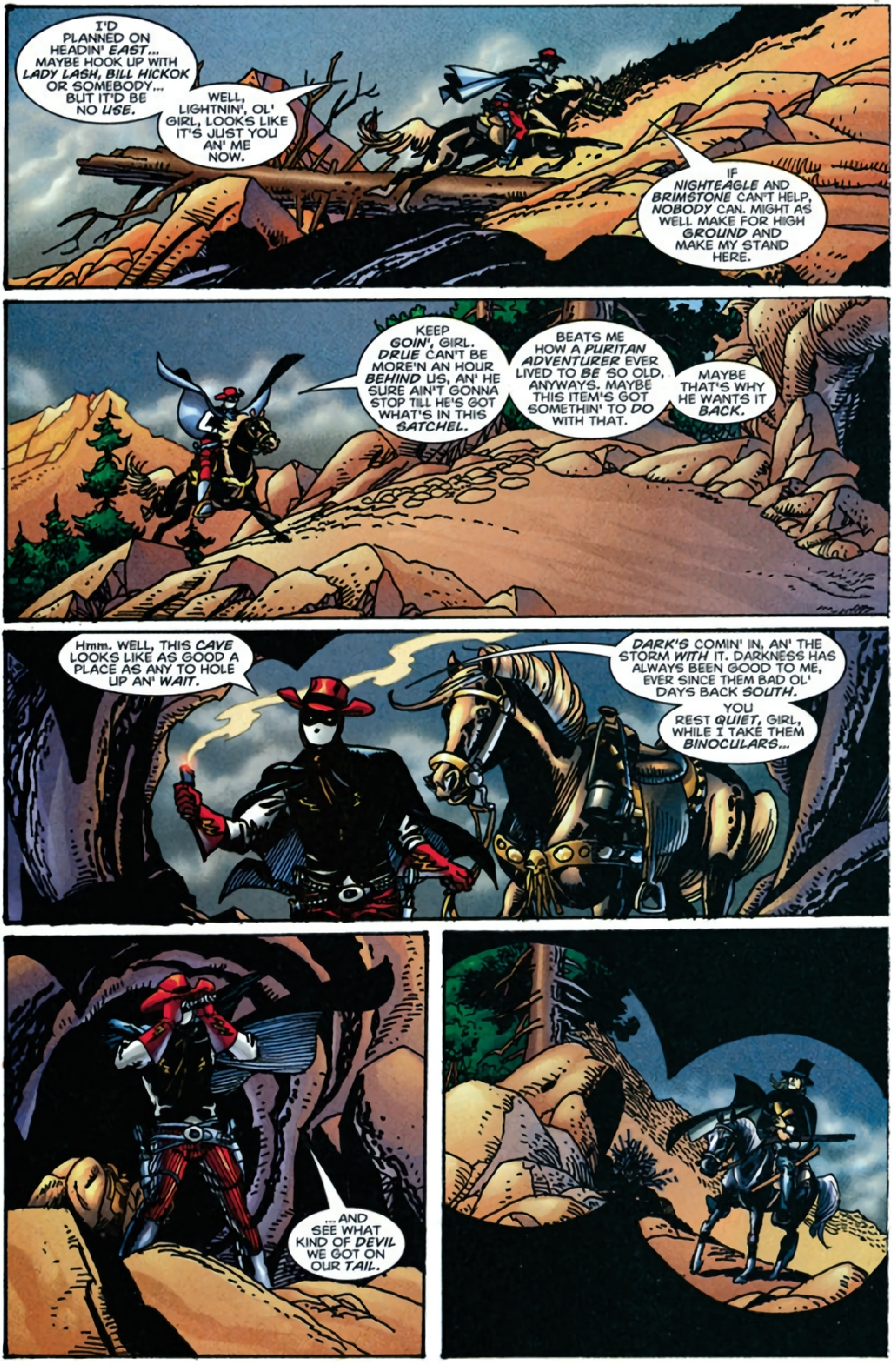

1997:
It's the 30th of August in Washington, the first shivering witch-breath of fall in the air.
Mickey Tombs just turned thirty.
If you asked him, Mickey would say he's been out celebrating, but that isn't true: Mickey's just been out drinking.
There's no one to celebrate with. No friends, just teammates who don't even know Mickey's name.
They call him KNIGHTSABRE. He calls them drongos, but under his breath.
Getting into the lobby at Youngblood H.Q., Mickey first drops his pass key then finds it again. Stumbles into the door-frame on entry.
Only Sentinel's still awake, working his shift on the night desk and scribbling away at the log or some other damned thing.
Hardly looks up when Mickey comes in.
They both grunt brief acknowledgements as Mickey passes the desk on his way to the elevators.
Otherwise, there's no sound save his own stumbling footsteps, the insistent scratching of Sentinel's pen.

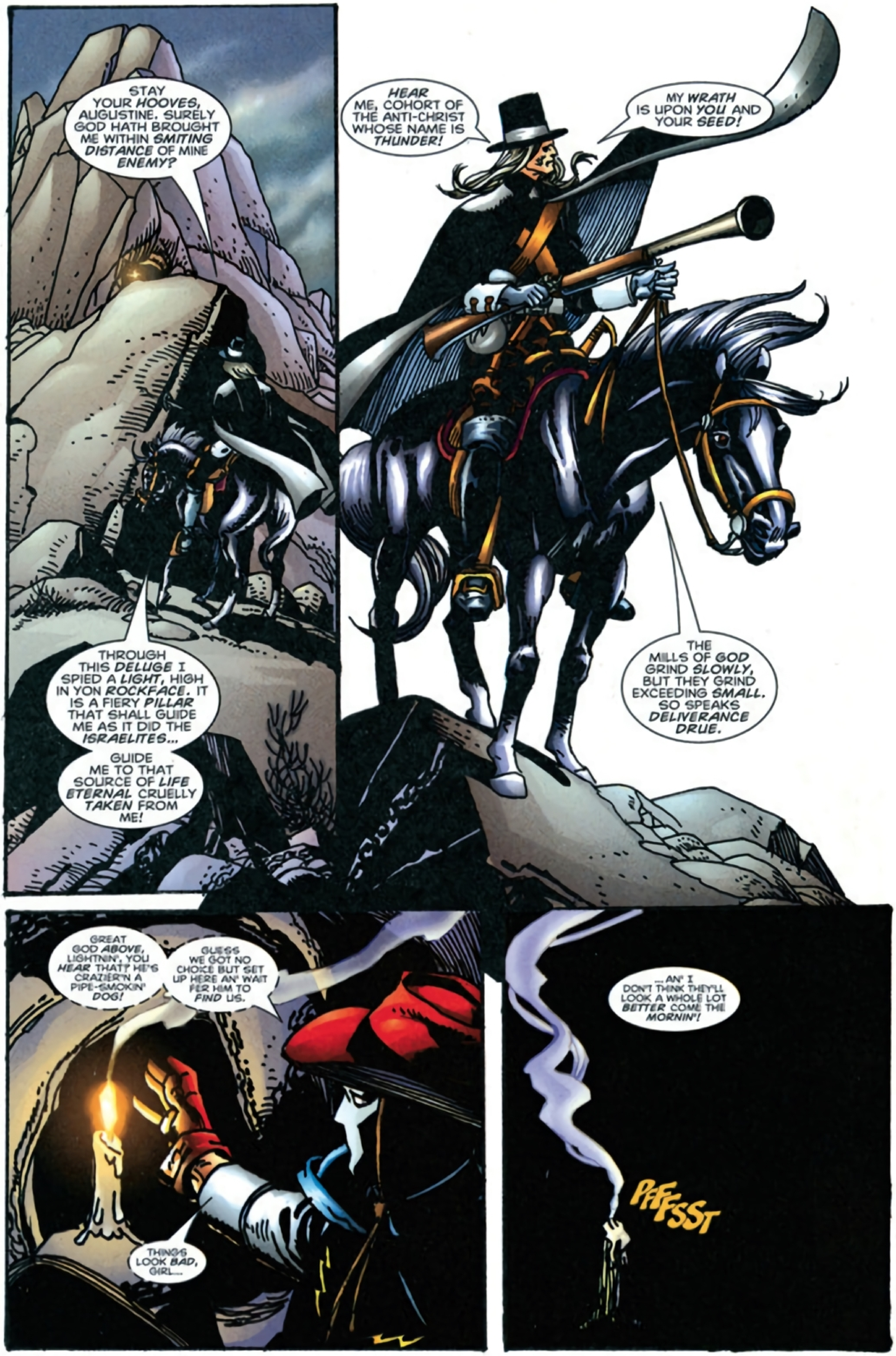

Hitting the "Call Elevator" light, Mickey reflects that he isn't depressed just because of the drink, turning thirty or having no mates.
It's the other thing: something that Mickey once fondly imagined would be a push-over for super-heroes.
Mickey hasn't been laid since New Year's.
It's between the sixth and seventh floor that Mickey has this really bad idea.
He wonders if one of the sheilas might still be awake?
Not Masada. Mick's made it a rule not to get too close to anyone who's got more problems than he does.
Not Vogue. Too hard-edged, cold and Russian; like kissing a statue of Lenin.
Now, Riptide, on the other hand, she's not like all the rest. Leanna is alright.
Her door is open, funnily enough, but when he yells hello there's no reply. Maybe she stepped out for a while?
He fumbles till he finds the light switch just inside the door then jiggles it a while, to no effect. Her electricity is off.
She probably went out to call maintenance.

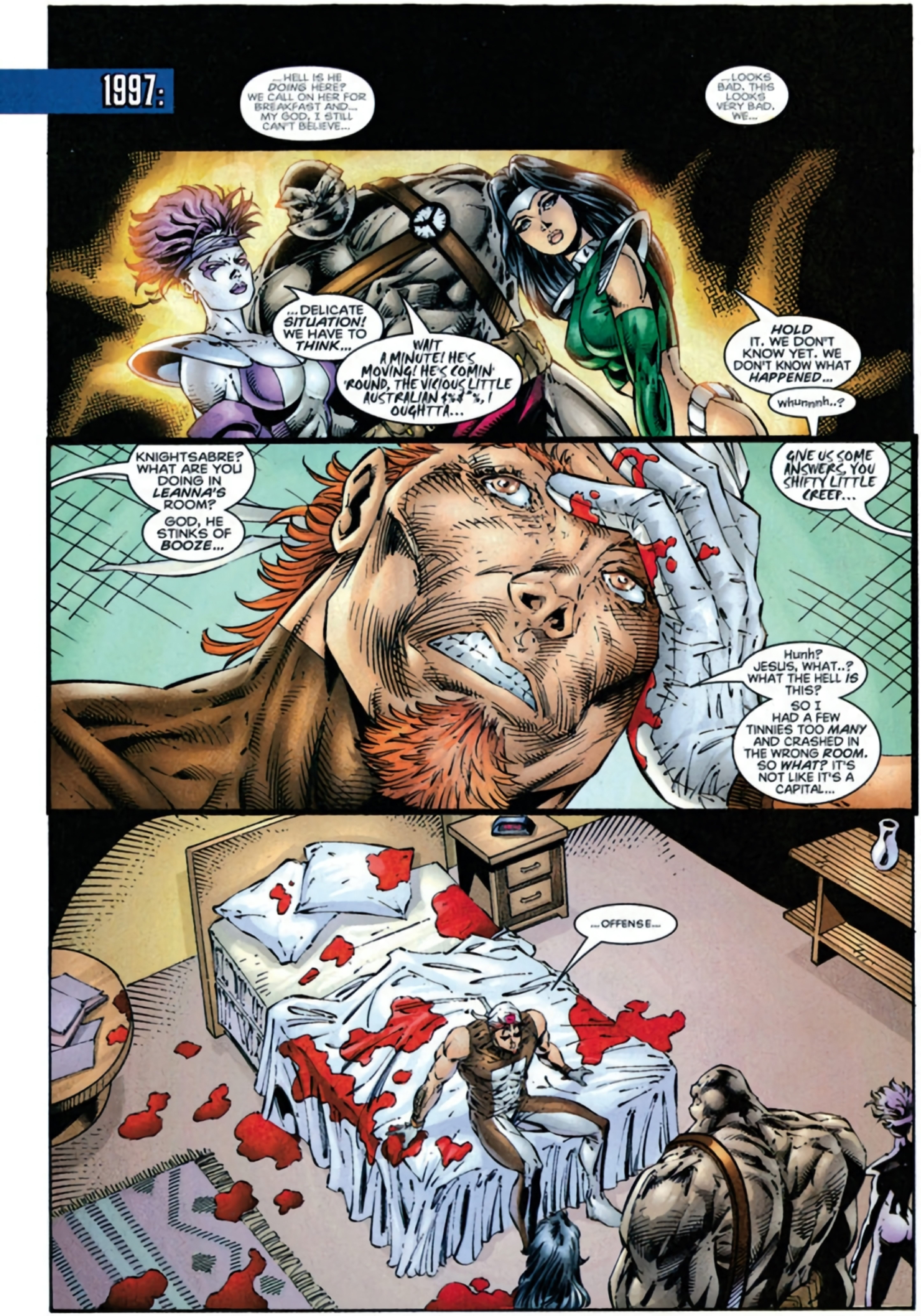

Beneath his boots, the carpet in the hall is wet. Maybe she spilled her coffee in the dark.
Mickey's sure she wouldn't mind if he just waited for her to get back. Leanna's alright.
There seems to be a bedroom, running off the hallway...
Hell, it's not like he's after any more than conversation, coffee and perhaps a birthday peck on the cheek if he's lucky.
To be frank, he's too drunk to manage more than that.
Inside the dark room, he can just make out a bed. It looks so soft.
He'll just sit down a while, till Leanna gets back. Maybe rest his eyes.
He thinks a lot of dumb stuff about being thirty. Stuff about his dad. Stuff about how his real name isn't "Tombs".
The sensations in his numb body get further away. His thoughts get muddier...
...the dark gets darker.

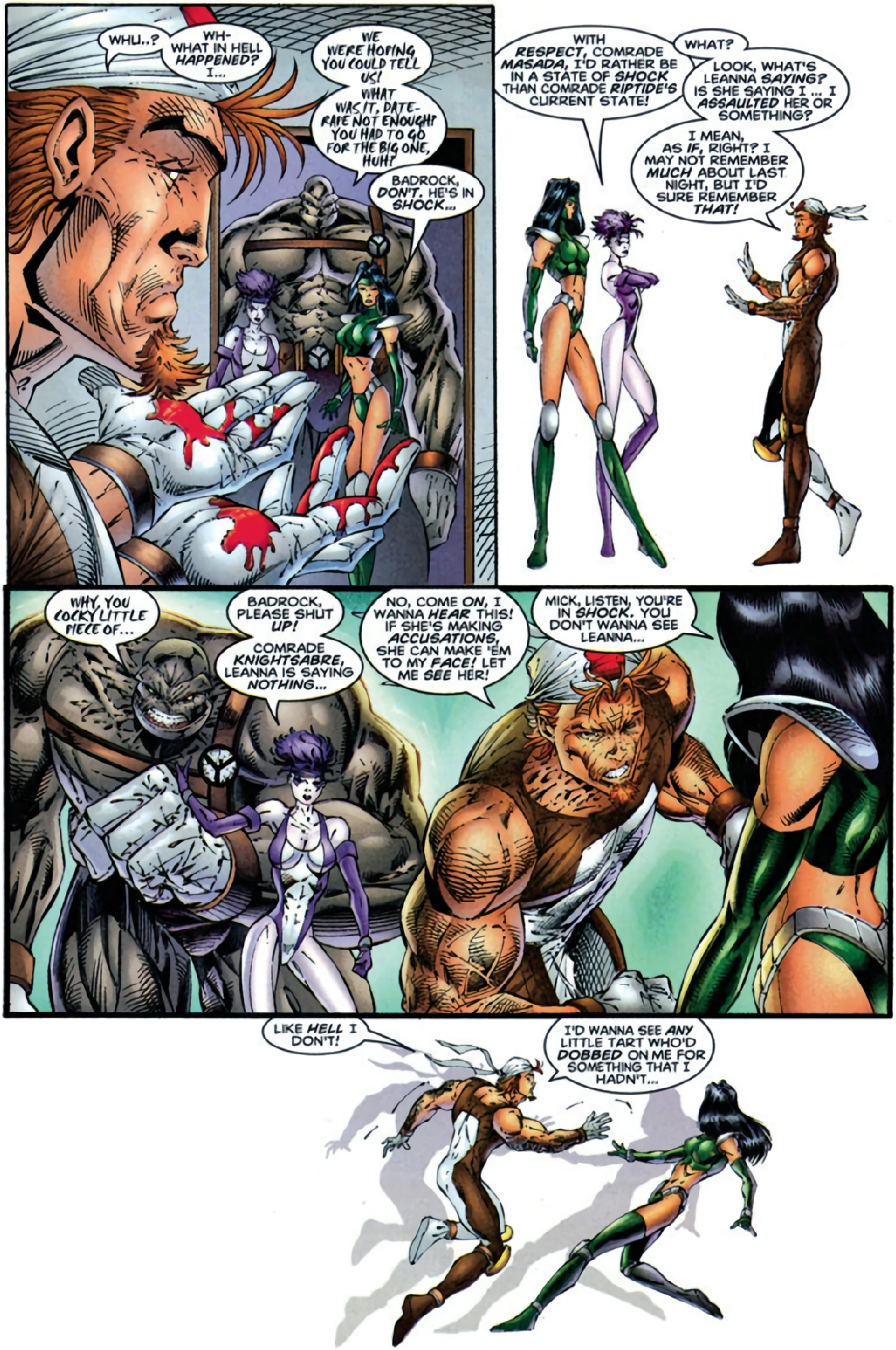

1868:
THE STORM IS *GATHERING*, YOU WHOM MEN KNOW AS ***THE BRIMSTONE KID!*** DOES THE ONE WHO SOUGHT OUR *AID* DRAW *NEAR?*
YEAH, *NIGHTEAGLE*. FROM THAT *DUSTCLOUD* CLOSIN' IN ON US, I RECKON HE *DOES.*
I GUESS THE *STORM* COMES *WITH* HIM, FOLLOWS HIM FROM PLACE TO PLACE...
...OR LEASTWAYS, THAT'S THE LEGEND THAT I ALWAYS HEARD FOLK TELL ABOUT
KID THUNDER

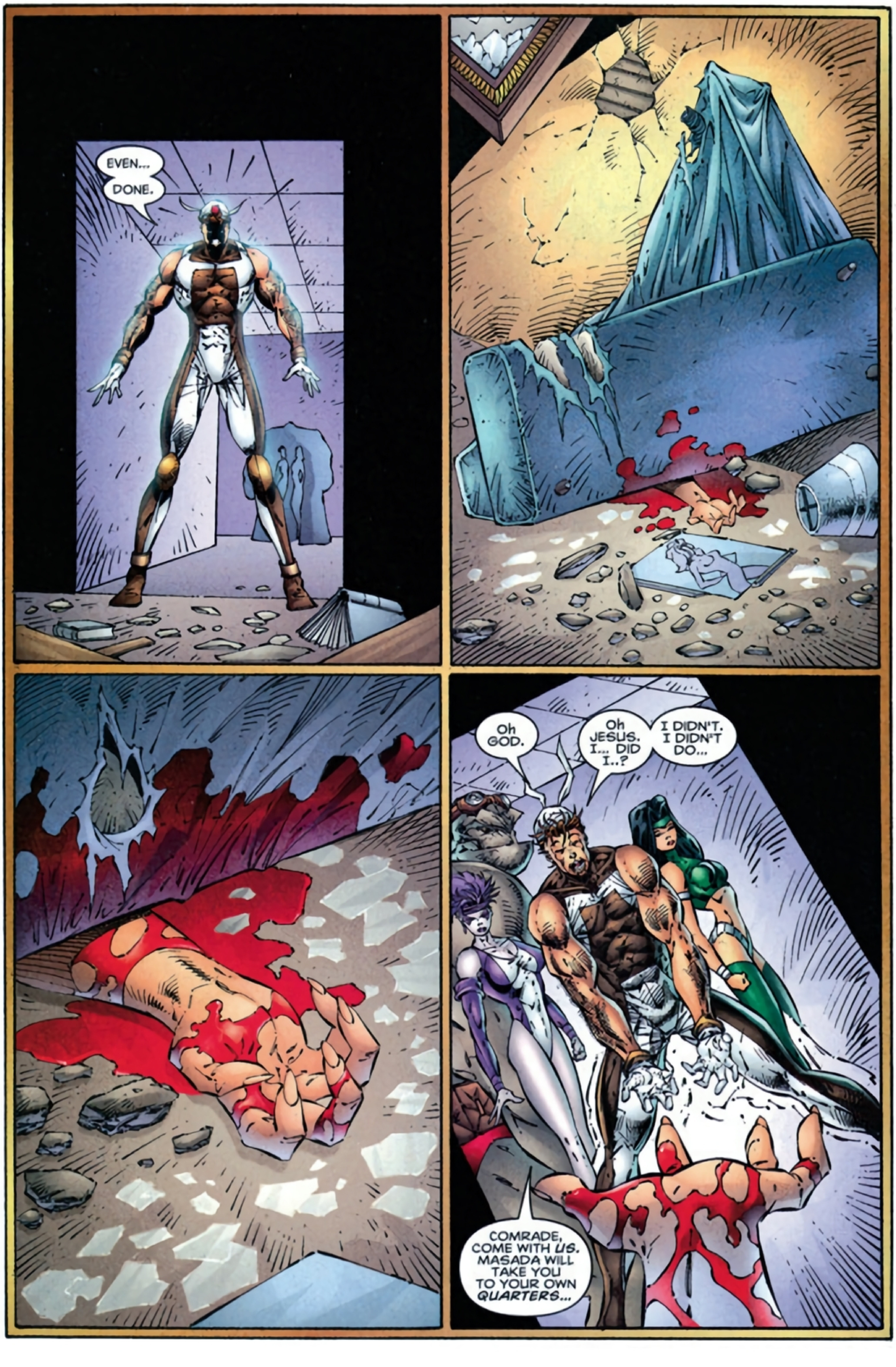

THANKS FER COMIN', BRIMSTONE. YOU TOO, NIGHTEAGLE. KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU FELLERS SINCE WE HAD THAT MISUNDERSTANDIN' WITH THE LONESOME RIDER LAST YEAR...
WELL, WE HEARD YOU WAS IN TROUBLE WITH THAT CRAZY OLD PURITAN DELIVERANCE DRUE. HEARD YOU STOLE SOMETHIN' FROM HIM.
MEN SAY HE FOLLOWS YOU!
RECKON YOU HEARD RIGHT... 'CEPTIN' I DIDN'T STEAL NOTHIN'. I JUST TOOK A CERTAIN ITEM AS PAYMENT DUE.
WONDERED IF YOU SUPERNATURAL HOMBRES COULD TELL ME ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT?
WELL, MY PACT WITH OL' NICK ONLY COVERS MY SHOOTIN' SKILLS, NOT FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE!
WHAT IS THIS TALISMAN THAT YOU DESCRIBE?
GLAD YOU ASKED! IT'S THIS THING HERE...
WHOA! THAT'S BIG MAGIC, PARDNER! I CAN FEEL IT FROM HERE! EVEN I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THAT!
THE BRIMSTONE KID SPEAKS TRULY! I AM MASTER MAGUS OF THIS AGE, AND THAT ARTIFACT IS OF THE GODS!
ABANDON IT! FLEE THIS PLACE!
LISTEN TO NIGHTEAGLE, KID! IF DRUE WANTS THAT DAMNED THING SO BAD, LET HIM HAVE IT!
AS FOR US, WE'RE HIGH-TAILIN' IT OUTTA HERE BEFORE THE STORM COMES. I SUGGEST YOU DO LIKEWISE!
CAN'T DO THAT, BRIMSTONE. ME AND THE STORM GOT BUSINESS.
YOU TWO RIDE SAFE NOW.

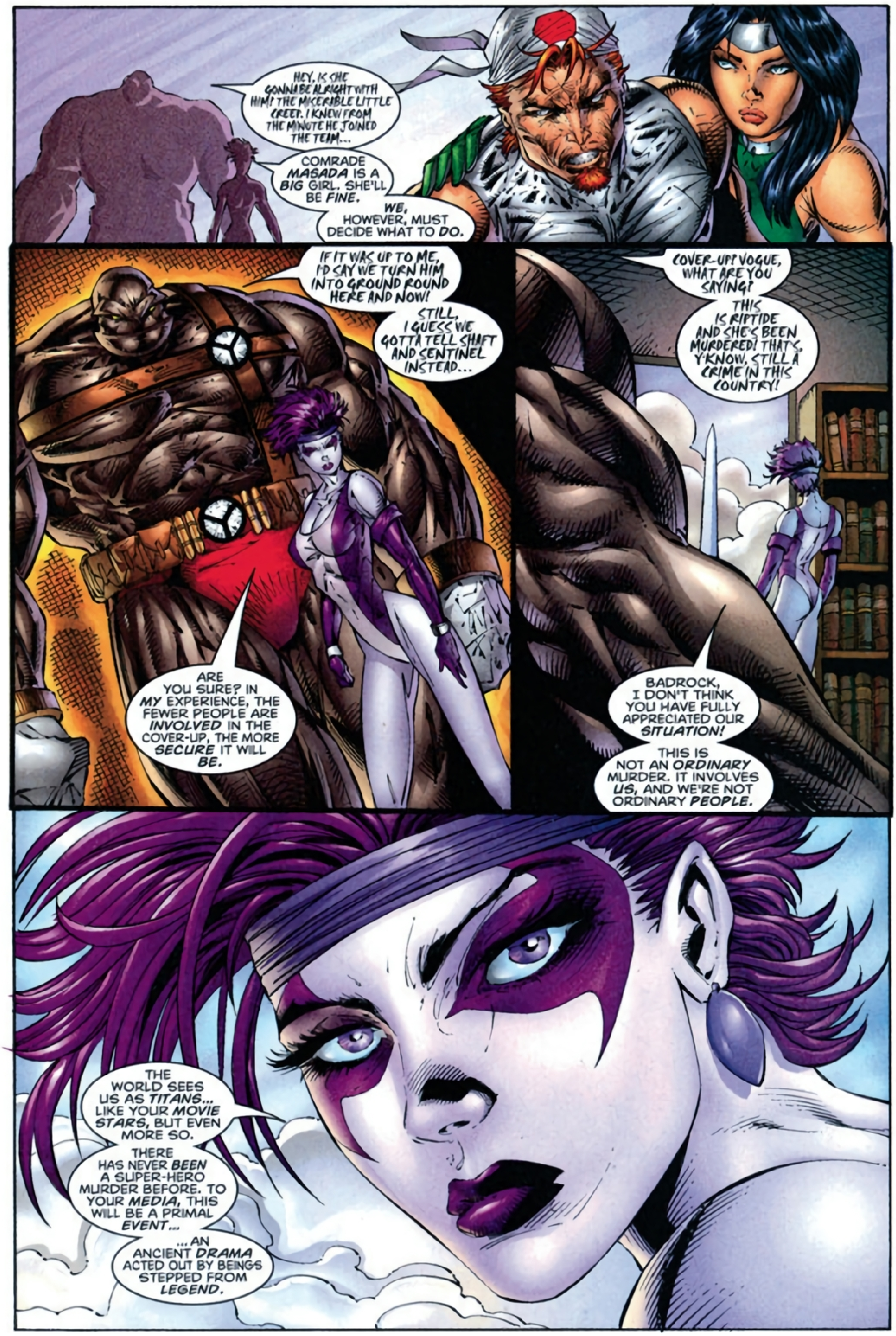

I'D PLANNED ON HEADIN' *EAST*... MAYBE HOOK UP WITH *LADY LASH*, *BILL HICKOK* OR SOMEBODY... BUT IT'D BE NO *USE*.
WELL, LIGHTNIN', OL' GIRL, LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AN' ME NOW.
IF *NIGHTEAGLE* AND *BRIMSTONE* CAN'T HELP, *NOBODY* CAN. MIGHT AS WELL MAKE FOR HIGH *GROUND* AND MAKE MY STAND HERE.
KEEP *GOIN'*, GIRL. *DRUE* CAN'T BE MORE'N AN HOUR *BEHIND* US, AN' HE SURE AIN'T GONNA STOP TILL HE'S GOT WHAT'S IN THIS *SATCHEL*.
BEATS ME HOW A *PURITAN ADVENTURER* EVER LIVED TO *BE* SO OLD, ANYWAYS. MAYBE THIS ITEM'S GOT SOMETHIN' TO *DO* WITH THAT.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE WANTS IT *BACK*.
Hmm. WELL, THIS *CAVE* LOOKS LIKE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO HOLE UP AN' *WAIT*.
*DARK'S* COMIN' IN, AN' THE STORM *WITH* IT. DARKNESS HAS ALWAYS BEEN GOOD TO ME, EVER SINCE THEM BAD OL' DAYS BACK *SOUTH*.
YOU REST *QUIET*, GIRL, WHILE I TAKE THEM *BINOCULARS*...
...AND SEE WHAT KIND OF *DEVIL* WE GOT ON OUR *TAIL*.

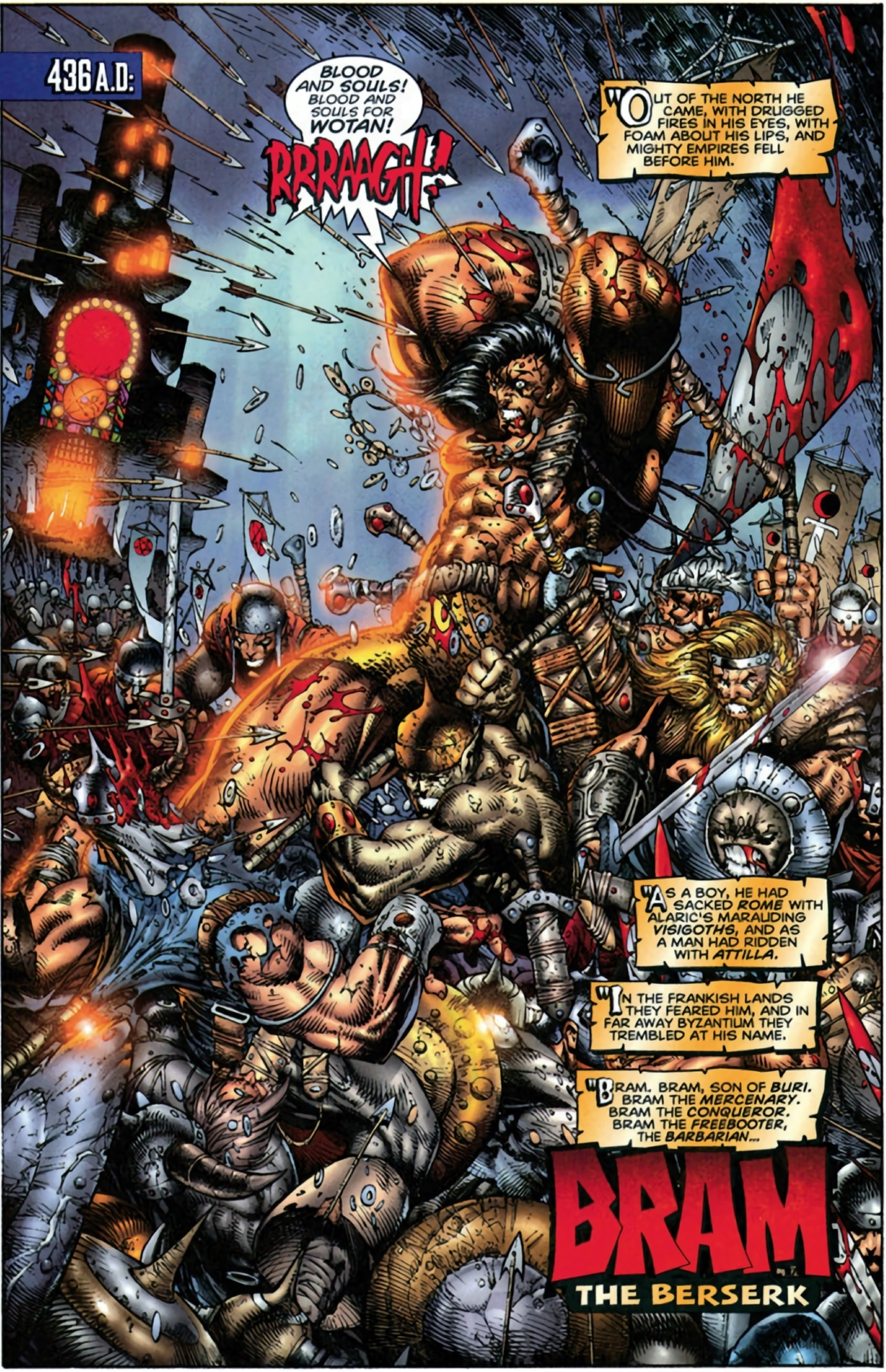

STAY YOUR HOOVES, AUGUSTINE. SURELY GOD HATH BROUGHT ME WITHIN SMITING DISTANCE OF MINE ENEMY?
THROUGH THIS DELUGE I SPIED A LIGHT, HIGH IN YON ROCKFACE. IT IS A FIERY PILLAR THAT SHALL GUIDE ME AS IT DID THE ISRAELITES...
GUIDE ME TO THAT SOURCE OF LIFE ETERNAL CRUELLY TAKEN FROM ME!
HEAR ME, COHORT OF THE ANTI-CHRIST WHOSE NAME IS THUNDER!
MY WRATH IS UPON YOU AND YOUR SEED!
THE MILLS OF GOD GRIND SLOWLY, BUT THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL. SO SPEAKS DELIVERANCE DRUE.
GREAT GOD ABOVE, LIGHTNIN', YOU HEAR THAT? HE'S CRAZIER'N A PIPE-SMOKIN' DOG!
GUESS WE GOT NO CHOICE BUT SET UP HERE AN' WAIT FER HIM TO FIND US.
THINGS LOOK BAD, GIRL...
...AN' I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LOOK A WHOLE LOT BETTER COME THE MORNIN'!
PFFFSST

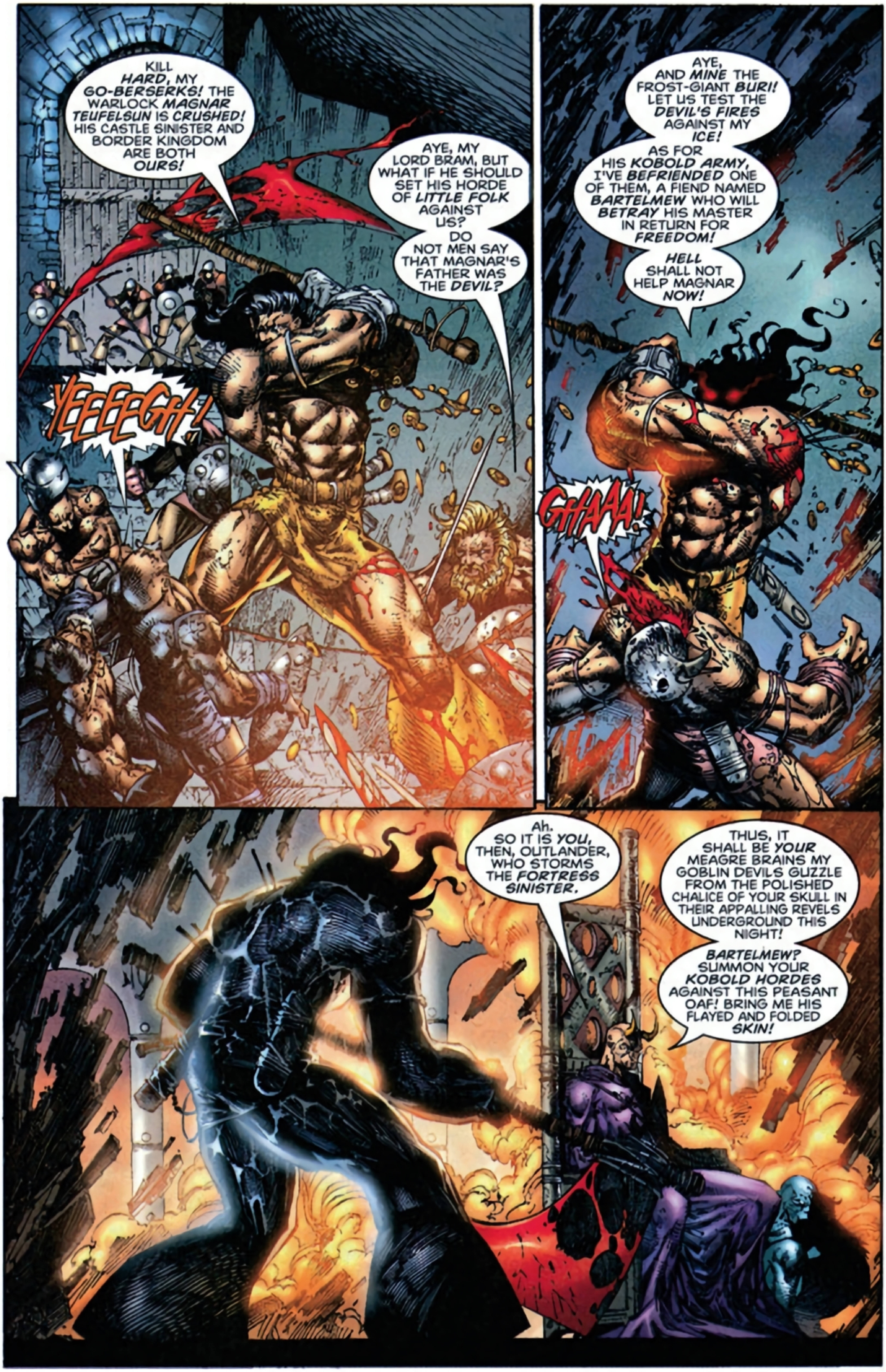

1997:
...HELL IS HE DOING HERE? WE CALL ON HER FOR BREAKFAST AND... MY GOD, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE...
...LOOKS BAD. THIS LOOKS VERY BAD. WE...
...DELICATE SITUATION! WE HAVE TO THINK...
WAIT A MINUTE! HE'S MOVING! HE'S COMIN' 'ROUND, THE VICIOUS LITTLE AUSTRALIAN $%&*%, I OUGHTTA...
HOLD IT. WE DON'T KNOW YET. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED...
whunnnh..?
KNIGHTSABRE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN LEANNA'S ROOM?
GOD, HE STINKS OF BOOZE...
GIVE US SOME ANSWERS, YOU SHIFTY LITTLE CREEP...
Hunh? JESUS, WHAT..? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
SO I HAD A FEW TINNIES TOO MANY AND CRASHED IN THE WRONG ROOM. SO WHAT? IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S A CAPITAL...
...OFFENSE...

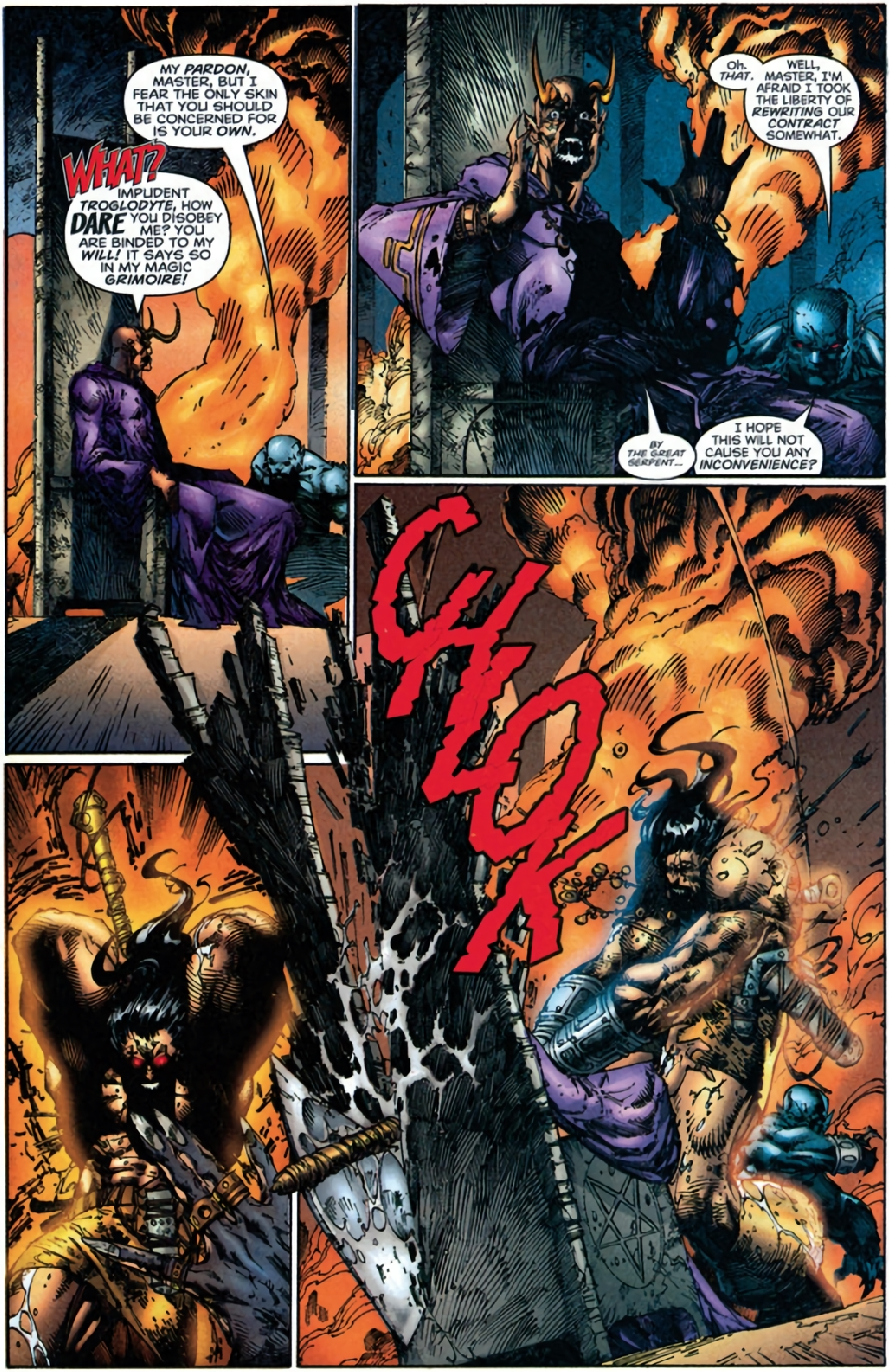

WHU..?
WH- WHAT IN HELL HAPPENED? I...
WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD TELL US! WHAT WAS IT, DATE-RAPE NOT ENOUGH? YOU HAD TO GO FOR THE BIG ONE, HUH?
BADROCK, DON'T. HE'S IN SHOCK...
WITH RESPECT, COMRADE MASADA, I'D RATHER BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK THAN COMRADE RIPTIDE'S CURRENT STATE!
WHAT?
LOOK, WHAT'S LEANNA SAYING? IS SHE SAYING I ... I ASSAULTED HER OR SOMETHING?
I MEAN, AS IF, RIGHT? I MAY NOT REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT LAST NIGHT, BUT I'D SURE REMEMBER THAT!
WHY, YOU COCKY LITTLE PIECE OF...
BADROCK, PLEASE SHUT UP!
COMRADE KNIGHTSABRE, LEANNA IS SAYING NOTHING...
NO, COME ON, I WANNA HEAR THIS! IF SHE'S MAKING ACCUSATIONS, SHE CAN MAKE 'EM TO MY FACE! LET ME SEE HER!
MICK, LISTEN, YOU'RE IN SHOCK. YOU DON'T WANNA SEE LEANNA...
LIKE HELL I DON'T!
I'D WANNA SEE ANY LITTLE TART WHO'D DOBBED ON ME FOR SOMETHING THAT I HADN'T...

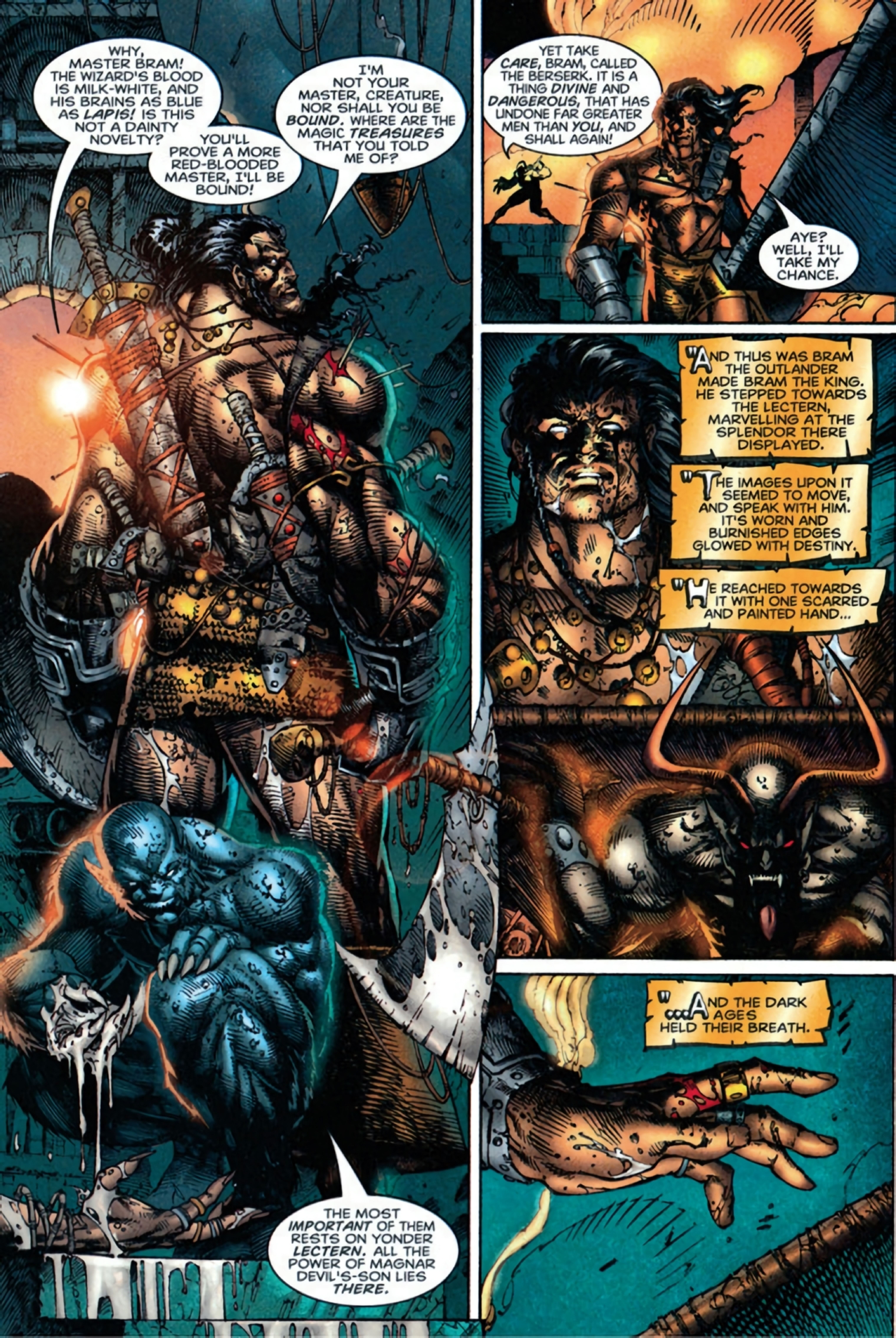

EVEN...
DONE.
Oh GOD.
Oh JESUS. I... DID I..?
I DIDN'T. I DIDN'T DO...
COMRADE, COME WITH *US*. MASADA WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR OWN *QUARTERS*...

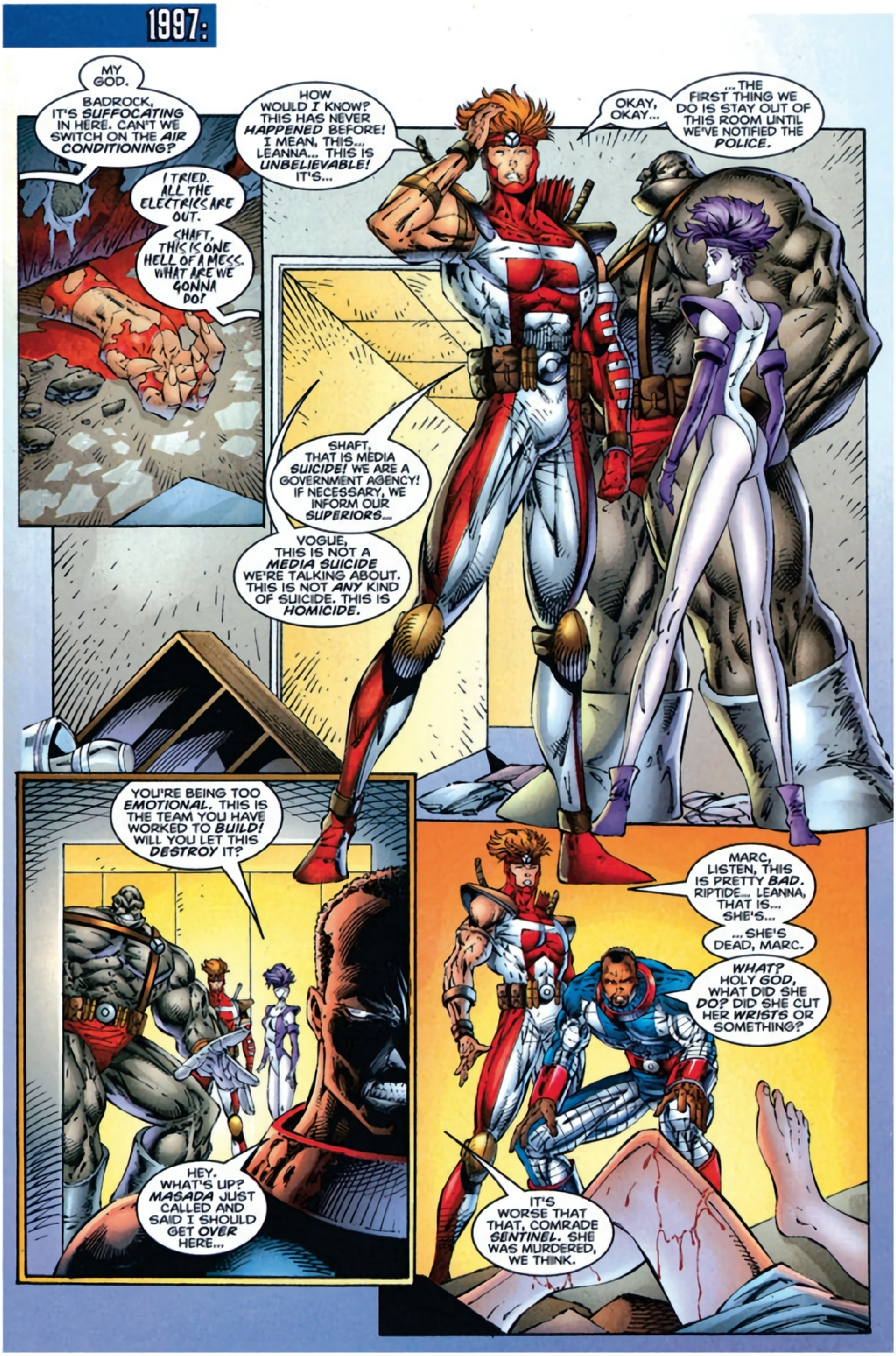

HEY, IS SHE GONNA BE ALRIGHT WITH HIM? THE MISERIBLE LITTLE CREEP. I KNEW FROM THE MINUTE HE JOINED THE TEAM...
COMRADE *MASADA* IS A *BIG* GIRL. SHE'LL BE *FINE*.
*WE*, HOWEVER, MUST DECIDE WHAT TO *DO*.
IF IT WAS UP TO ME, I'D SAY WE TURN HIM INTO GROUND ROUND HERE AND NOW!
STILL, I GUESS WE GOTTA TELL SHAFT AND SENTINEL INSTEAD...
ARE YOU SURE? IN *MY* EXPERIENCE, THE FEWER PEOPLE ARE *INVOLVED* IN THE COVER-UP, THE MORE *SECURE* IT WILL *BE*.
COVER-UP? VOGUE, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
THIS IS RIPTIDE AND SHE'S BEEN MURDERED! THAT'S, Y'KNOW, STILL A CRIME IN THIS COUNTRY!
BADROCK, I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE FULLY APPRECIATED OUR *SITUATION!*
THIS IS NOT AN *ORDINARY* MURDER. IT INVOLVES *US*, AND WE'RE NOT ORDINARY *PEOPLE*.
THE WORLD SEES US AS *TITANS*... LIKE YOUR *MOVIE STARS*, BUT EVEN MORE SO.
THERE HAS NEVER *BEEN* A SUPER-HERO MURDER BEFORE. TO YOUR *MEDIA*, THIS WILL BE A PRIMAL *EVENT*...
...AN ANCIENT *DRAMA* ACTED OUT BY BEINGS STEPPED FROM *LEGEND*.

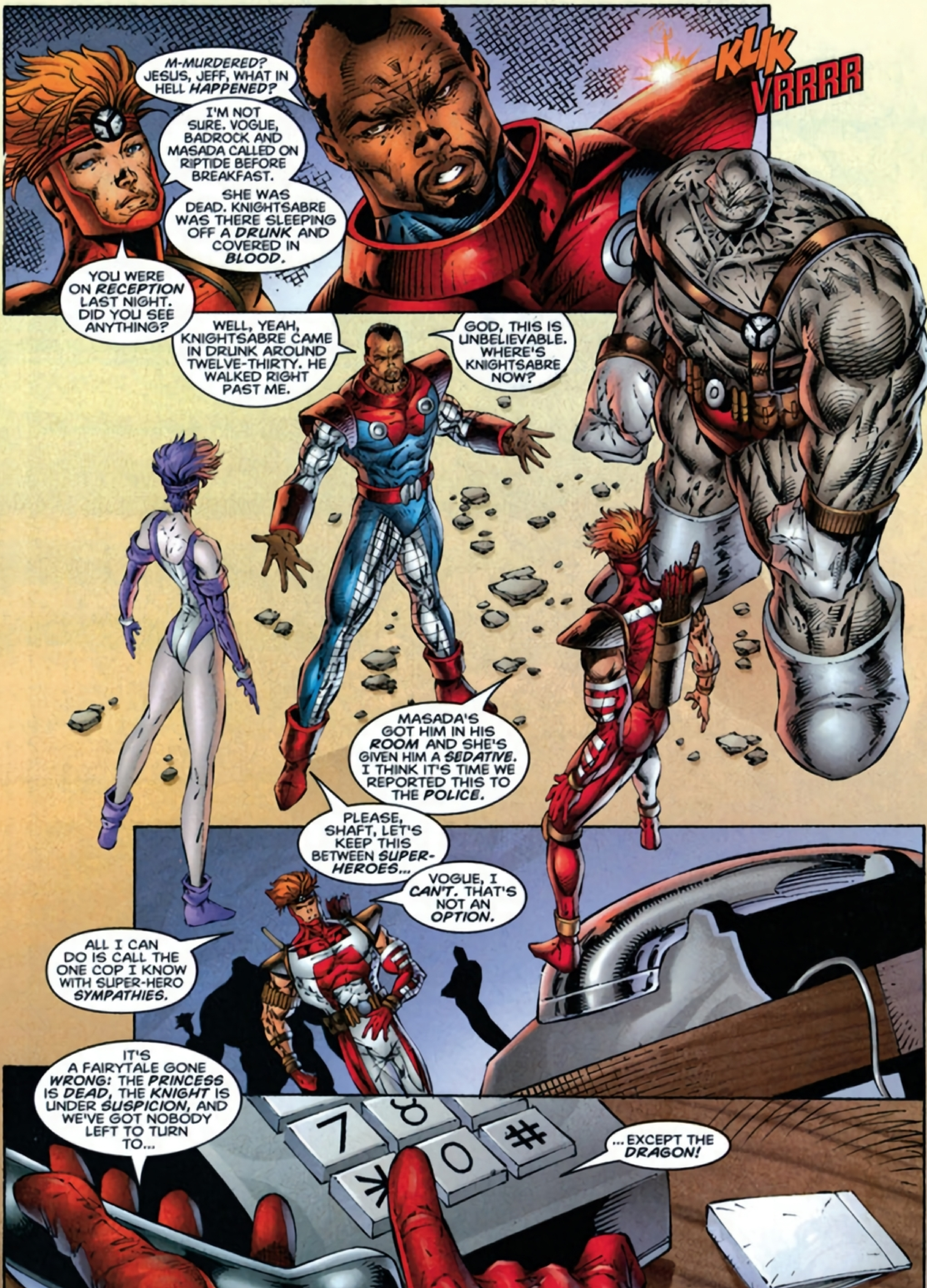

436 A.D:
BLOOD AND SOULS! BLOOD AND SOULS FOR WOTAN!
RRRAAGH!
"OUT OF THE NORTH HE CAME, WITH DRUGGED FIRES IN HIS EYES, WITH FOAM ABOUT HIS LIPS, AND MIGHTY EMPIRES FELL BEFORE HIM.
"AS A BOY, HE HAD SACKED ROME WITH ALARIC'S MARAUDING VISIGOTHS, AND AS A MAN HAD RIDDEN WITH ATTILLA.
"IN THE FRANKISH LANDS THEY FEARED HIM, AND IN FAR AWAY BYZANTIUM THEY TREMBLED AT HIS NAME.
"BRAM. BRAM, SON OF BURI. BRAM THE MERCENARY. BRAM THE CONQUEROR. BRAM THE FREEBOOTER, THE BARBARIAN...
BRAM
THE BERSERK

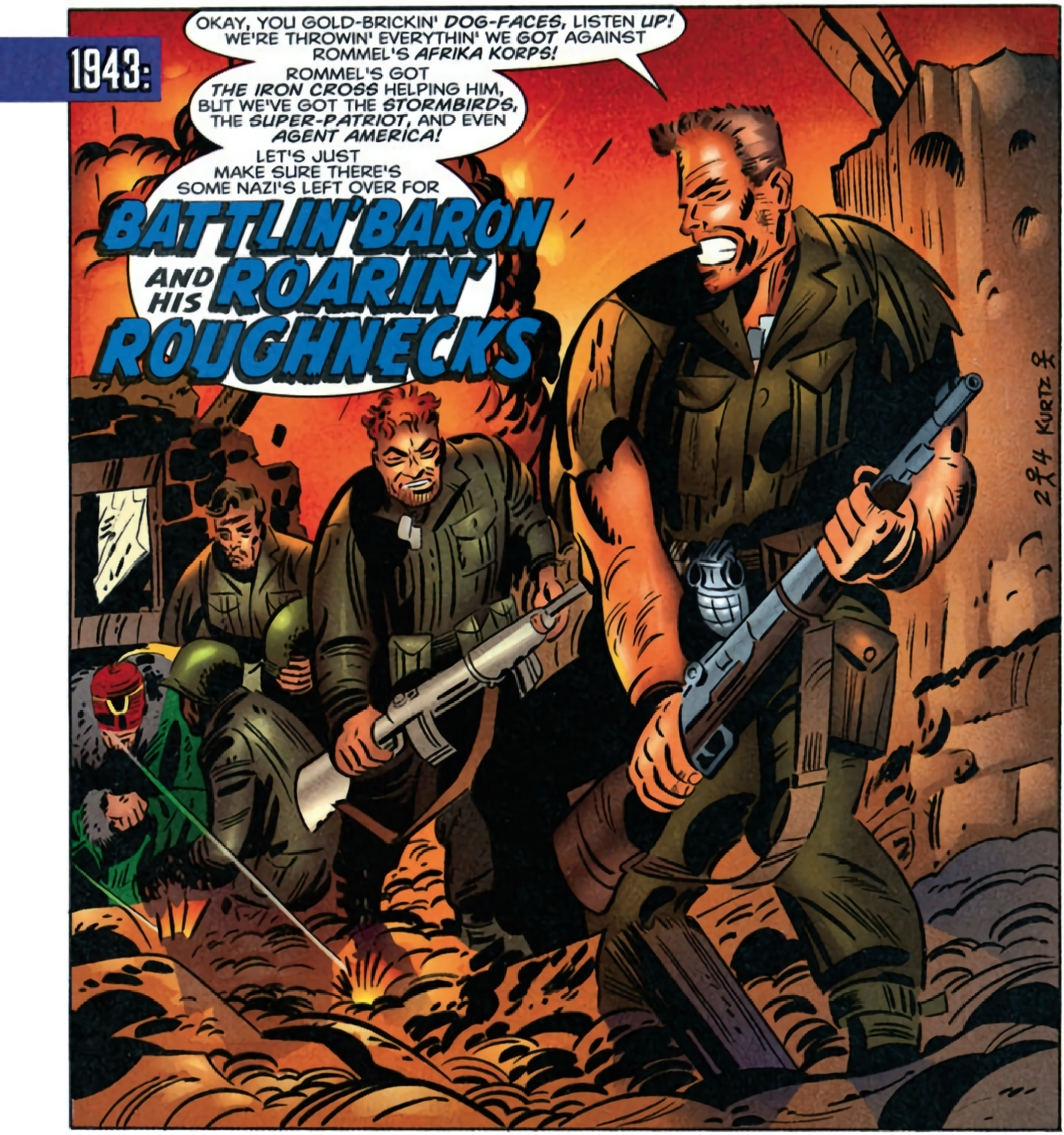

KILL *HARD*, MY *GO-BERSERKS!* THE WARLOCK *MAGNAR TEUFELSUN* IS *CRUSHED!* HIS CASTLE SINISTER AND BORDER KINGDOM ARE BOTH *OURS!*
AYE, MY LORD BRAM, BUT WHAT IF HE SHOULD SET HIS HORDE OF *LITTLE FOLK* AGAINST US?
DO NOT MEN SAY THAT MAGNAR'S FATHER WAS THE *DEVIL?*
YEEEEGH!
AYE, AND *MINE* THE FROST-GIANT *BURI!* LET US TEST THE *DEVIL'S FIRES* AGAINST MY *ICE!*
AS FOR HIS *KOBOLD ARMY*, I'VE *BEFRIENDED* ONE OF THEM, A FIEND NAMED *BARTELMEW* WHO WILL *BETRAY* HIS MASTER IN RETURN FOR *FREEDOM!*
*HELL* SHALL NOT HELP MAGNAR *NOW!*
GHAAA!
Ah. SO IT IS *YOU*, THEN, OUTLANDER, WHO STORMS THE *FORTRESS SINISTER*.
THUS, IT SHALL BE *YOUR* MEAGRE BRAINS MY GOBLIN DEVILS GUZZLE FROM THE POLISHED CHALICE OF YOUR SKULL IN THEIR APPALLING REVELS UNDERGROUND THIS NIGHT!
*BARTELMEW?* SUMMON YOUR *KOBOLD HORDES* AGAINST THIS PEASANT OAF! BRING ME HIS FLAYED AND FOLDED *SKIN!*

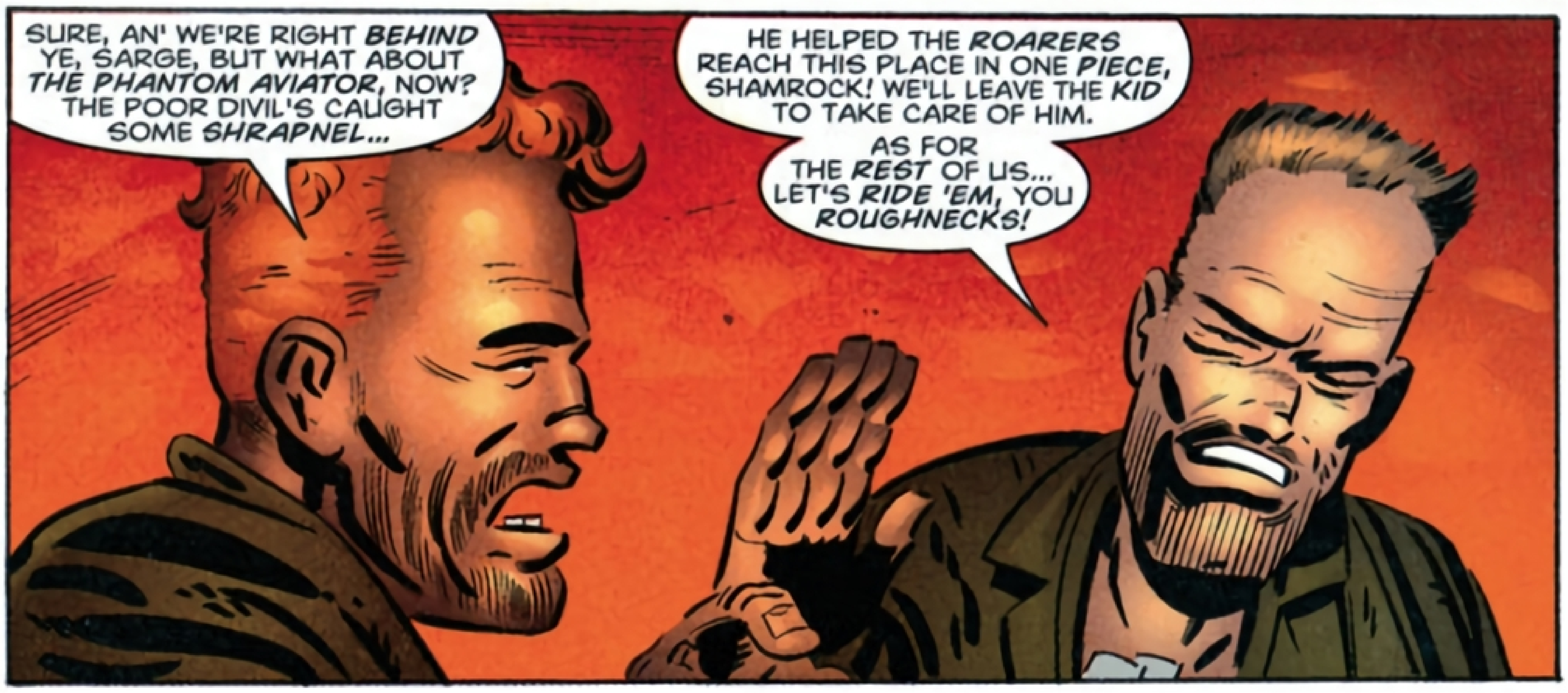

MY *PARDON*, MASTER, BUT I FEAR THE ONLY SKIN THAT YOU SHOULD BE CONCERNED FOR IS YOUR *OWN*.
WHAT?
IMPUDENT *TROGLODYTE*, HOW **DARE** YOU DISOBEY ME? YOU ARE BINDED TO MY *WILL!* IT SAYS SO IN MY MAGIC *GRIMOIRE!*
Oh. *THAT.*
WELL, MASTER, I'M AFRAID I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF *REWRITING* OUR *CONTRACT* SOMEWHAT.
BY THE GREAT SERPENT...
I HOPE THIS WILL NOT CAUSE YOU ANY *INCONVENIENCE?*
CHOK

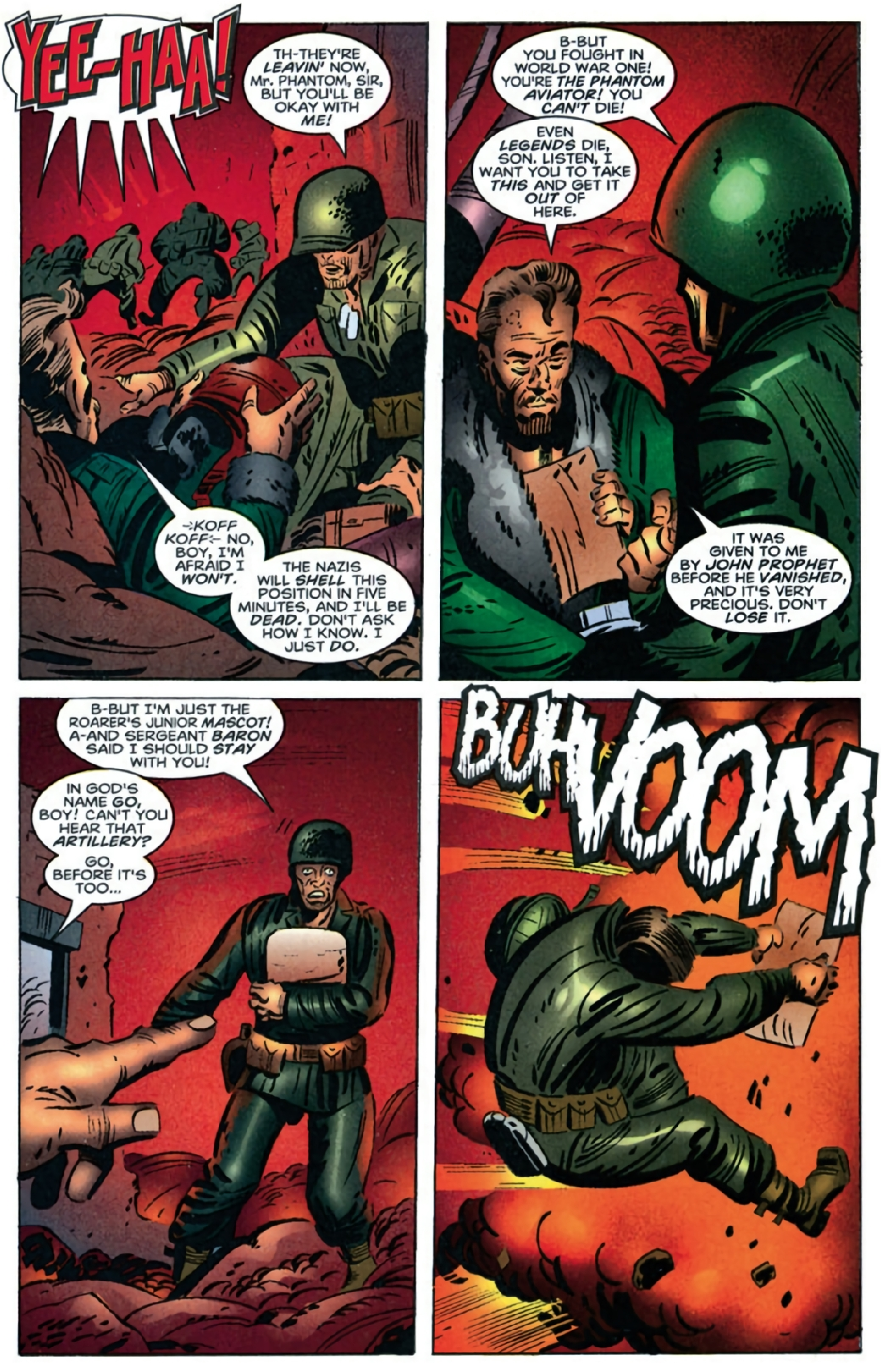

WHY, MASTER BRAM! THE WIZARD'S BLOOD IS MILK-WHITE, AND HIS BRAINS AS BLUE AS *LAPIS!* IS THIS NOT A DAINTY NOVELTY?
YOU'LL PROVE A MORE RED-BLOODED MASTER, I'LL BE BOUND!
I'M NOT YOUR MASTER, CREATURE, NOR SHALL YOU BE ***BOUND.*** WHERE ARE THE MAGIC ***TREASURES*** THAT YOU TOLD ME OF?
THE MOST *IMPORTANT* OF THEM RESTS ON YONDER *LECTERN.* ALL THE POWER OF MAGNAR DEVIL'S-SON LIES *THERE.*
YET TAKE *CARE,* BRAM, CALLED THE BERSERK. IT IS A THING *DIVINE* AND *DANGEROUS,* THAT HAS UNDONE FAR GREATER MEN THAN *YOU,* AND SHALL AGAIN!
AYE? WELL, I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE.
"AND THUS WAS BRAM THE OUTLANDER MADE BRAM THE KING. HE STEPPED TOWARDS THE LECTERN, MARVELLING AT THE SPLENDOR THERE DISPLAYED.
"THE IMAGES UPON IT SEEMED TO MOVE, AND SPEAK WITH HIM. IT'S WORN AND BURNISHED EDGES GLOWED WITH DESTINY.
"HE REACHED TOWARDS IT WITH ONE SCARRED AND PAINTED HAND...
"...AND THE DARK AGES HELD THEIR BREATH.

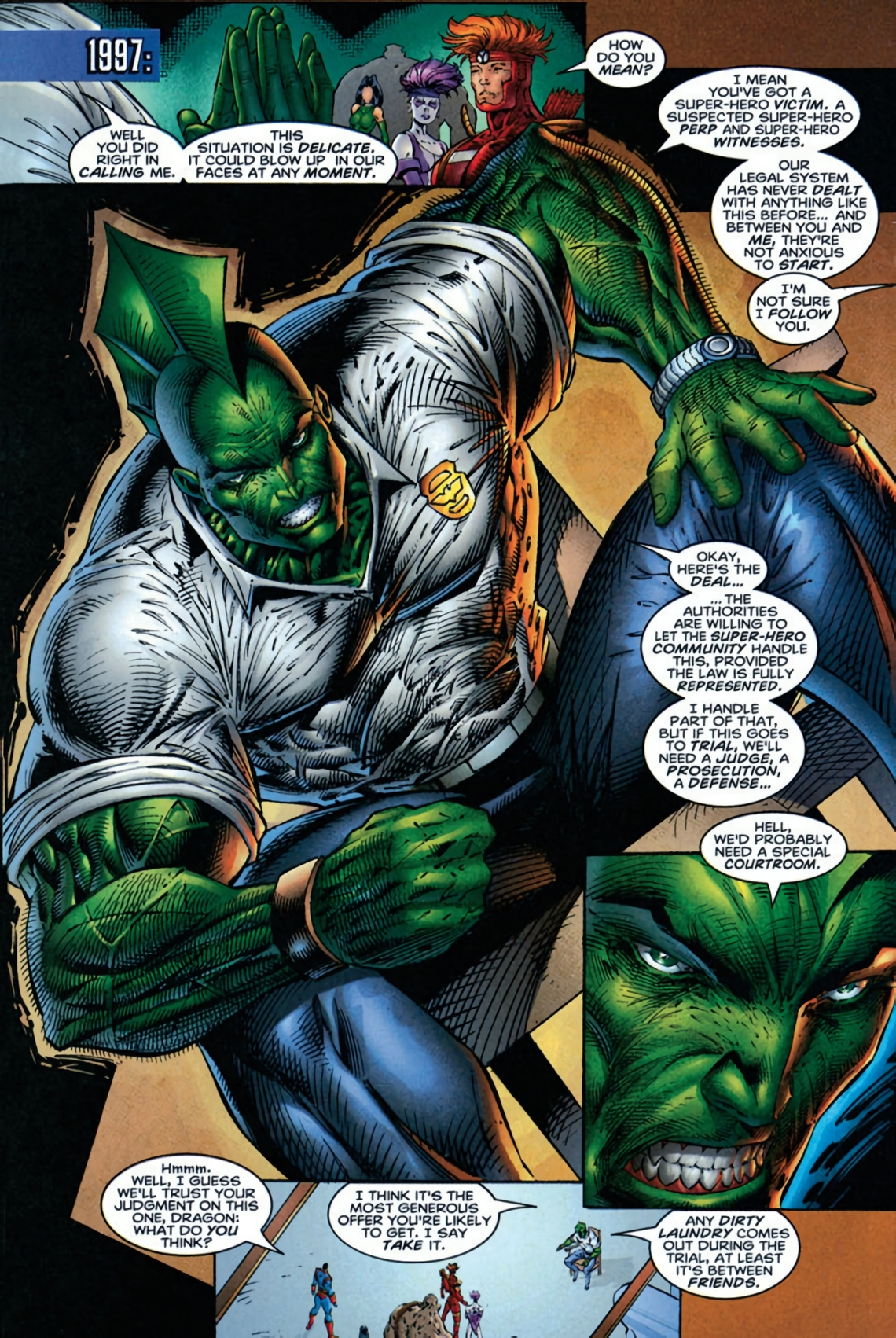

1997:
MY GOD. BADROCK, IT'S SUFFOCATING IN HERE. CAN'T WE SWITCH ON THE AIR CONDITIONING?
I TRIED. ALL THE ELECTRICS ARE OUT.
SHAFT, THIS IS ONE HELL OF A MESS. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
HOW WOULD I KNOW? THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE! I MEAN, THIS... LEANNA... THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! IT'S...
OKAY, OKAY...
...THE FIRST THING WE DO IS STAY OUT OF THIS ROOM UNTIL WE'VE NOTIFIED THE POLICE.
SHAFT, THAT IS MEDIA SUICIDE! WE ARE A GOVERNMENT AGENCY! IF NECESSARY, WE INFORM OUR SUPERIORS...
VOGUE, THIS IS NOT A MEDIA SUICIDE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. THIS IS NOT ANY KIND OF SUICIDE. THIS IS HOMICIDE.
YOU'RE BEING TOO EMOTIONAL. THIS IS THE TEAM YOU HAVE WORKED TO BUILD! WILL YOU LET THIS DESTROY IT?
HEY. WHAT'S UP? MASADA JUST CALLED AND SAID I SHOULD GET OVER HERE...
MARC, LISTEN, THIS IS PRETTY BAD. RIPTIDE... LEANNA, THAT IS... SHE'S...
...SHE'S DEAD, MARC.
WHAT? HOLY GOD, WHAT DID SHE DO? DID SHE CUT HER WRISTS OR SOMETHING?
IT'S WORSE THAT THAT, COMRADE SENTINEL. SHE WAS MURDERED, WE THINK.

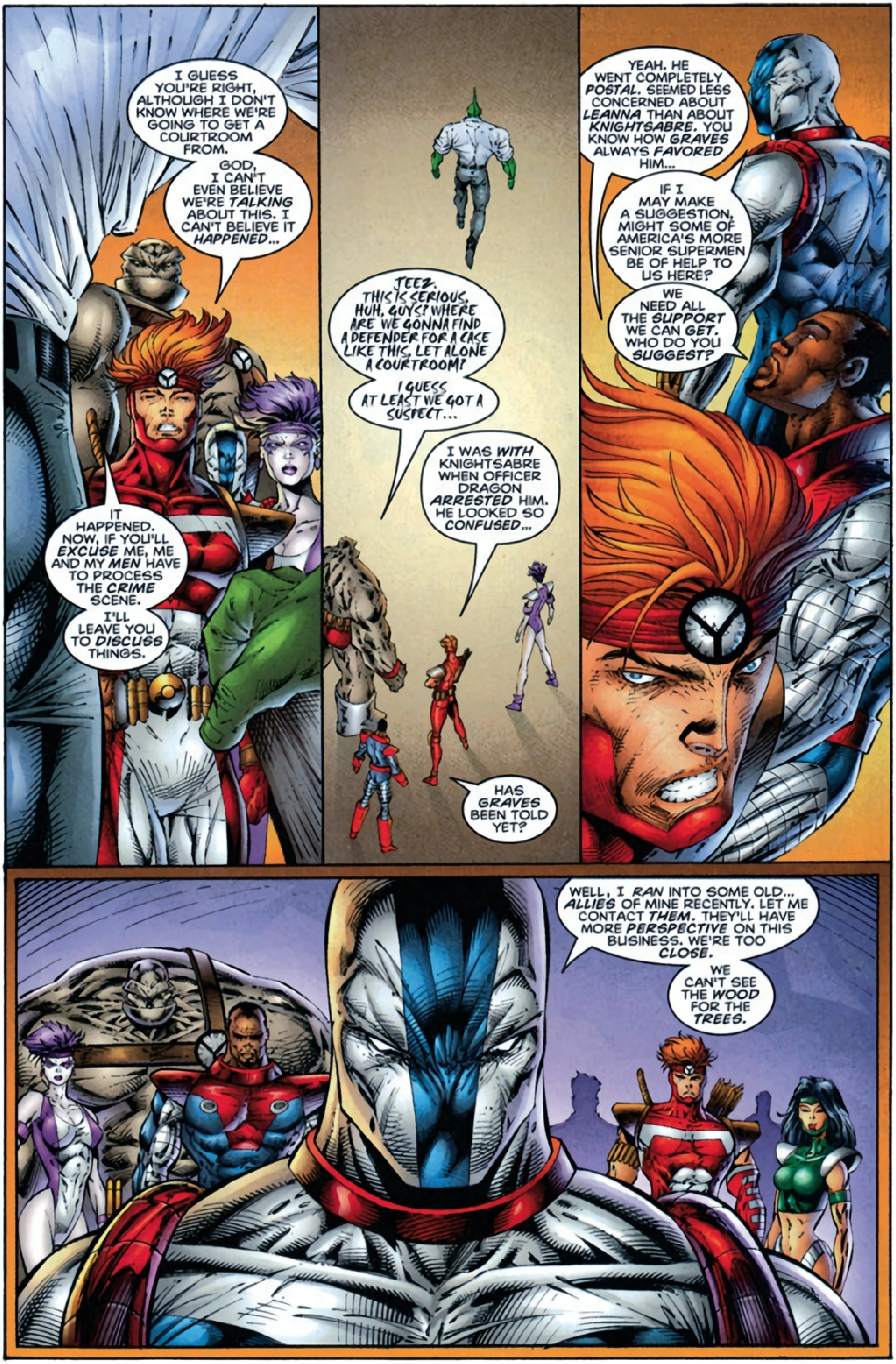

M-MURDERED? JESUS, JEFF, WHAT IN HELL *HAPPENED?*
I'M NOT SURE. VOGUE, BADROCK AND MASADA CALLED ON RIPTIDE BEFORE BREAKFAST.
SHE WAS DEAD. KNIGHTSABRE WAS THERE SLEEPING OFF A *DRUNK* AND COVERED IN *BLOOD*.
KLIK
VRRRR
YOU WERE ON *RECEPTION* LAST NIGHT. DID YOU SEE ANYTHING?
WELL, YEAH, KNIGHTSABRE CAME IN DRUNK AROUND TWELVE-THIRTY. HE WALKED RIGHT PAST ME.
GOD, THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE. WHERE'S KNIGHTSABRE NOW?
MASADA'S GOT HIM IN HIS *ROOM* AND SHE'S GIVEN HIM A *SEDATIVE*. I THINK IT'S TIME WE REPORTED THIS TO THE *POLICE*.
PLEASE, SHAFT, LET'S KEEP THIS BETWEEN *SUPER-HEROES*...
VOGUE, I *CAN'T*. THAT'S NOT AN *OPTION*.
ALL I CAN DO IS CALL THE ONE COP I KNOW WITH SUPER-HERO *SYMPATHIES*.
IT'S A FAIRYTALE GONE *WRONG*: THE *PRINCESS* IS *DEAD*, THE *KNIGHT* IS UNDER *SUSPICION*, AND WE'VE GOT NOBODY LEFT TO TURN TO...
...EXCEPT THE *DRAGON!*

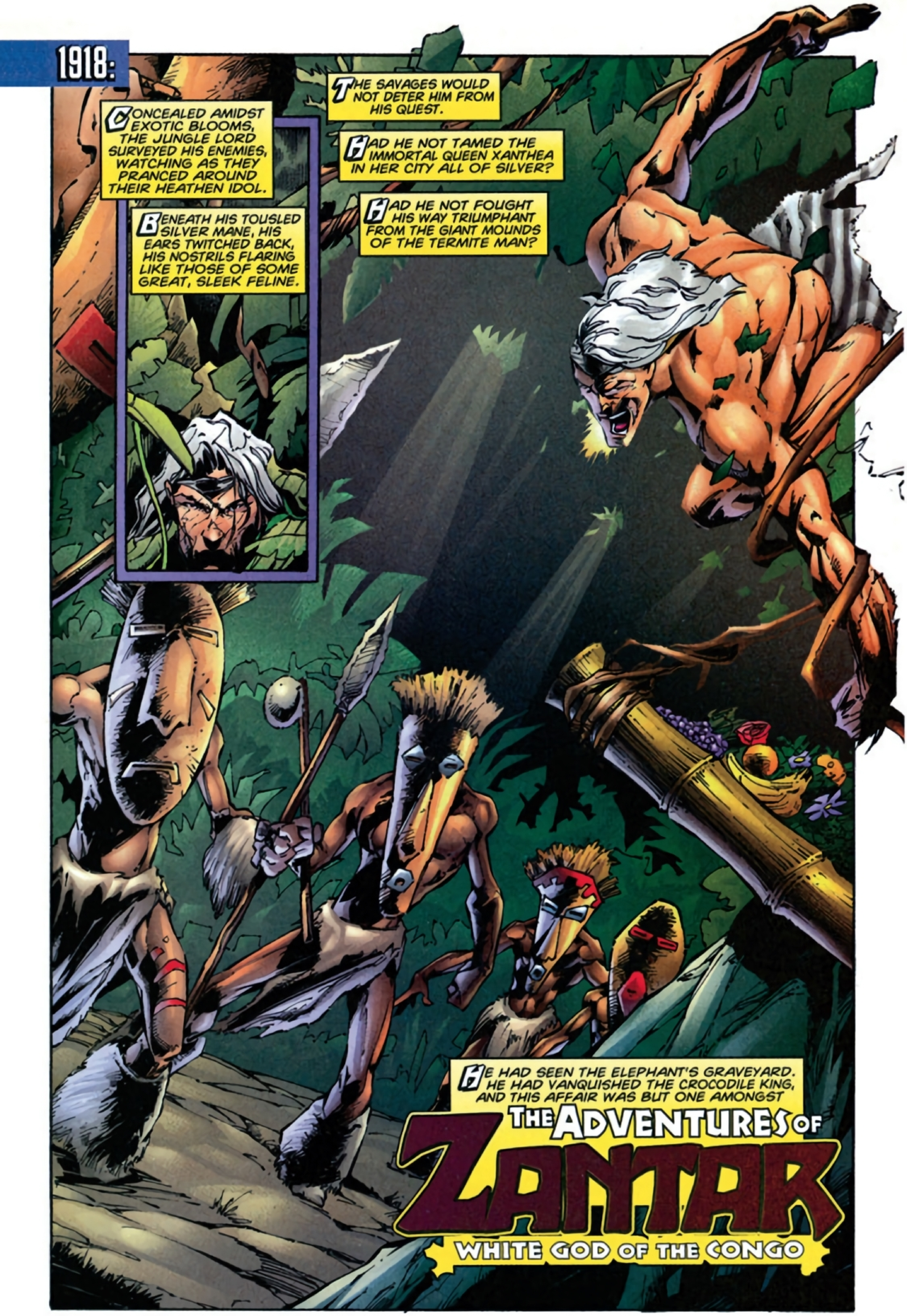

1943:
OKAY, YOU GOLD-BRICKIN' *DOG-FACES*, LISTEN *UP!* WE'RE THROWIN' EVERYTHIN' WE *GOT* AGAINST ROMMEL'S *AFRIKA KORPS!*
ROMMEL'S GOT *THE IRON CROSS* HELPING HIM, BUT WE'VE GOT THE *STORMBIRDS*, THE *SUPER-PATRIOT*, AND EVEN *AGENT AMERICA!*
LET'S JUST MAKE SURE THERE'S SOME NAZI'S LEFT OVER FOR
BATTLIN' BARON AND HIS ROARIN' ROUGHNECKS

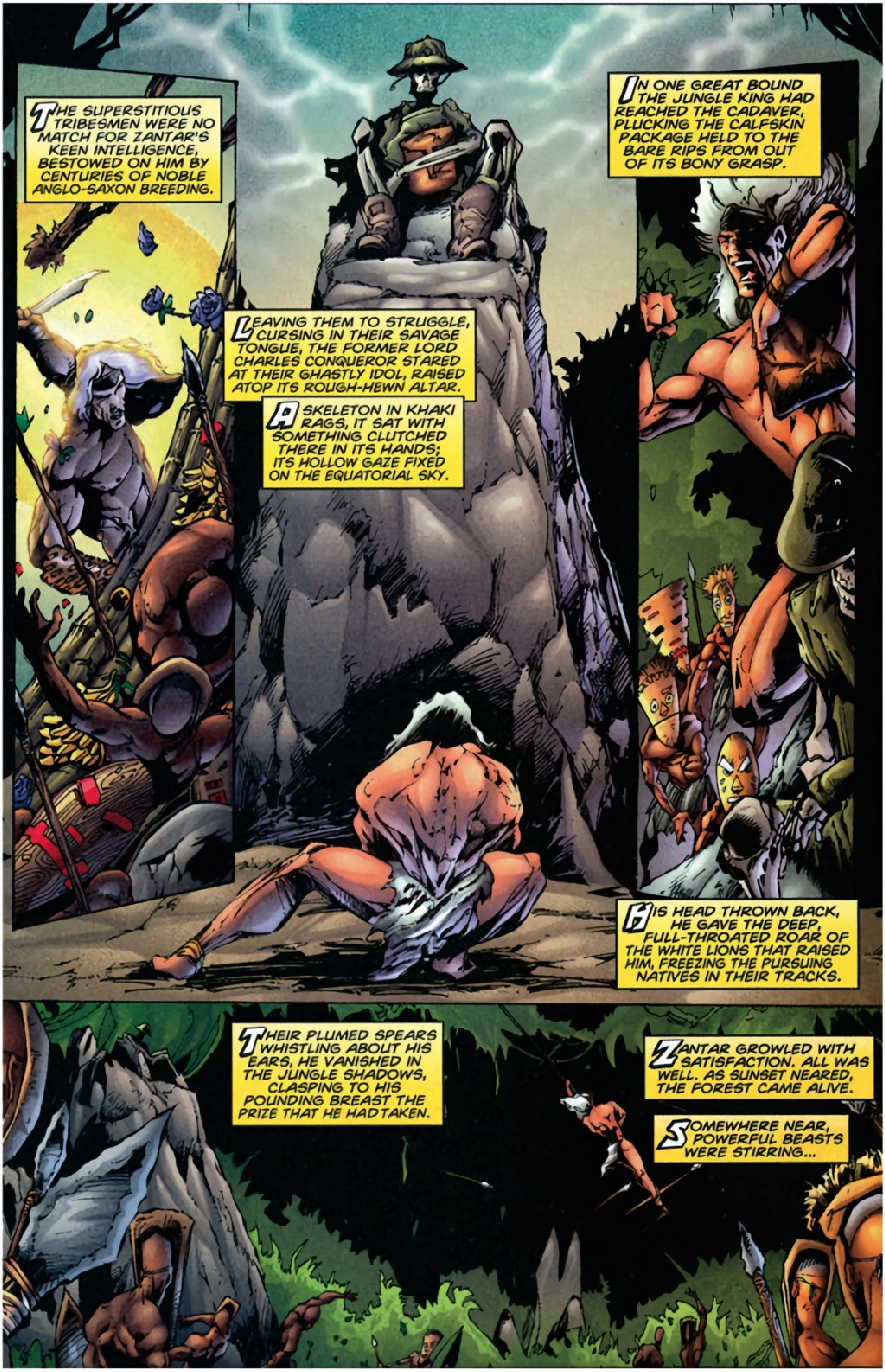

SURE, AN' WE'RE RIGHT *BEHIND* YE, SARGE, BUT WHAT ABOUT *THE PHANTOM AVIATOR*, NOW? THE POOR DIVIL'S CAUGHT SOME *SHRAPNEL*...
HE HELPED THE *ROARERS* REACH THIS PLACE IN ONE *PIECE*, SHAMROCK! WE'LL LEAVE THE *KID* TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.
AS FOR THE *REST* OF US... LET'S *RIDE 'EM*, YOU *ROUGHNECKS!*

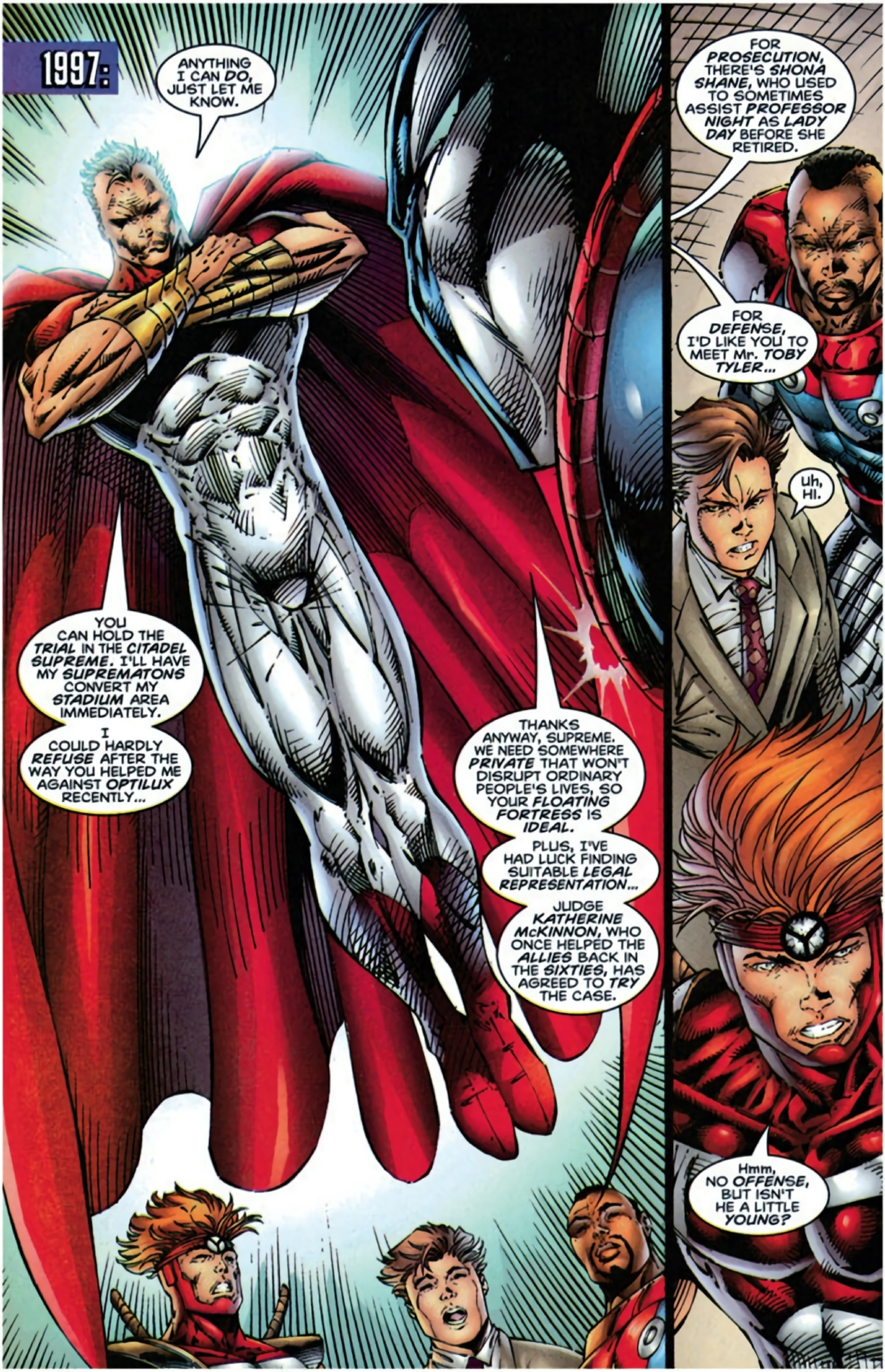

YEE-HAA!
TH-THEY'RE *LEAVIN'* NOW, Mr. PHANTOM, SIR, BUT YOU'LL BE OKAY WITH *ME!*
-KOFF KOFF- NO, BOY, I'M AFRAID I *WON'T.*
THE NAZIS WILL *SHELL* THIS POSITION IN FIVE MINUTES, AND I'LL BE *DEAD.* DON'T ASK HOW I KNOW. I JUST *DO.*
B-BUT YOU FOUGHT IN WORLD WAR ONE! YOU'RE *THE PHANTOM AVIATOR!* YOU *CAN'T* DIE!
EVEN *LEGENDS* DIE, SON. LISTEN, I WANT YOU TO TAKE *THIS* AND GET IT *OUT* OF HERE.
IT WAS GIVEN TO ME BY *JOHN PROPHET* BEFORE HE *VANISHED,* AND IT'S VERY PRECIOUS. DON'T *LOSE* IT.
B-BUT I'M JUST THE ROARER'S JUNIOR *MASCOT!* A-AND SERGEANT *BARON* SAID I SHOULD *STAY* WITH YOU!
IN GOD'S NAME *GO,* BOY! CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT *ARTILLERY?*
GO, BEFORE IT'S TOO...
BUHVOOM

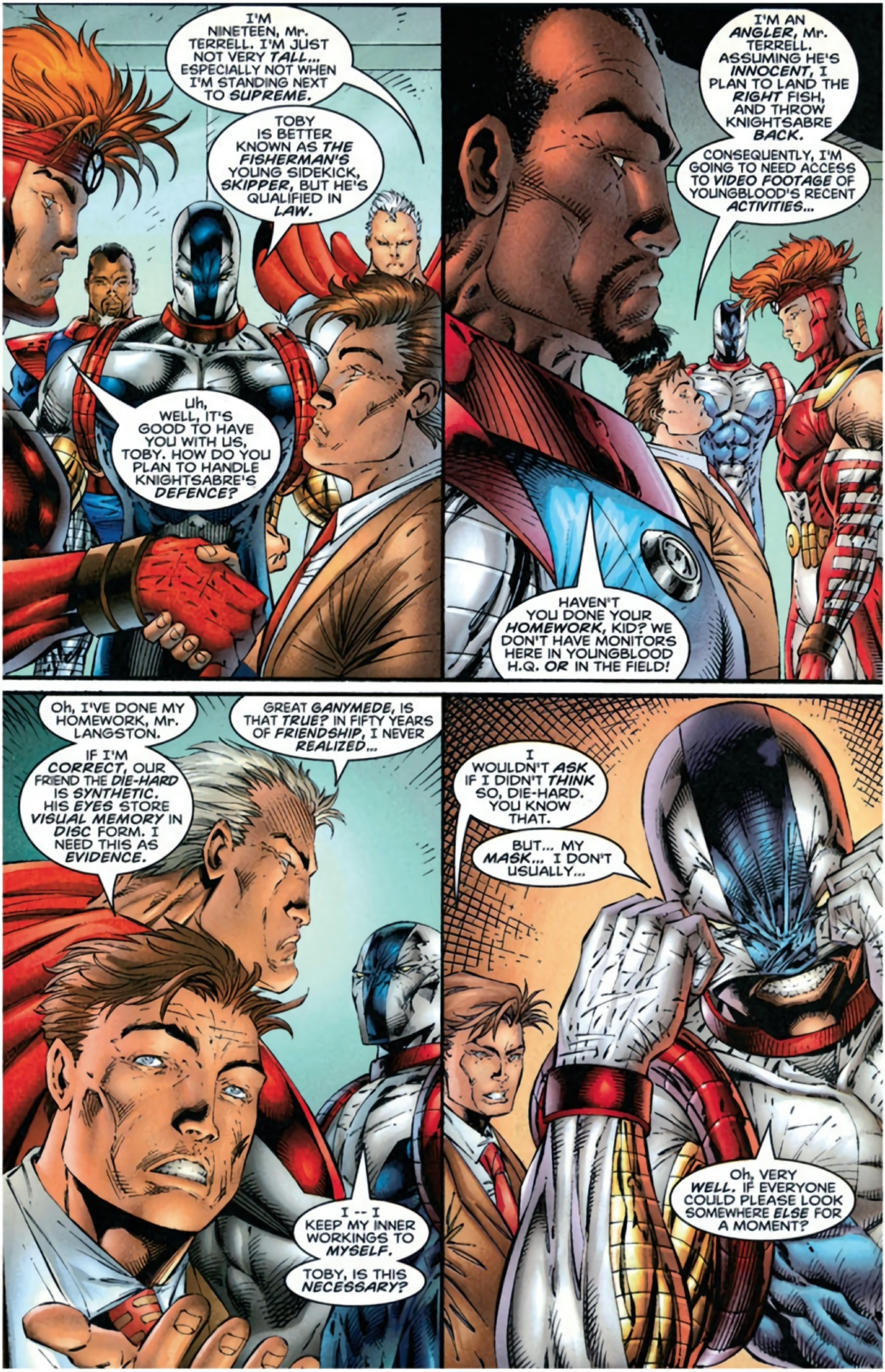

1997:
WELL YOU DID RIGHT IN CALLING ME.
THIS SITUATION IS DELICATE. IT COULD BLOW UP IN OUR FACES AT ANY MOMENT.
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN YOU'VE GOT A SUPER-HERO VICTIM. A SUSPECTED SUPER-HERO PERP AND SUPER-HERO WITNESSES.
OUR LEGAL SYSTEM HAS NEVER DEALT WITH ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE... AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THEY'RE NOT ANXIOUS TO START.
I'M NOT SURE I FOLLOW YOU.
OKAY, HERE'S THE DEAL...
...THE AUTHORITIES ARE WILLING TO LET THE SUPER-HERO COMMUNITY HANDLE THIS, PROVIDED THE LAW IS FULLY REPRESENTED.
I HANDLE PART OF THAT, BUT IF THIS GOES TO TRIAL, WE'LL NEED A JUDGE, A PROSECUTION, A DEFENSE...
HELL, WE'D PROBABLY NEED A SPECIAL COURTROOM.
Hmmm. WELL, I GUESS WE'LL TRUST YOUR JUDGMENT ON THIS ONE, DRAGON: WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK IT'S THE MOST GENEROUS OFFER YOU'RE LIKELY TO GET. I SAY TAKE IT.
ANY DIRTY LAUNDRY COMES OUT DURING THE TRIAL, AT LEAST IT'S BETWEEN FRIENDS.

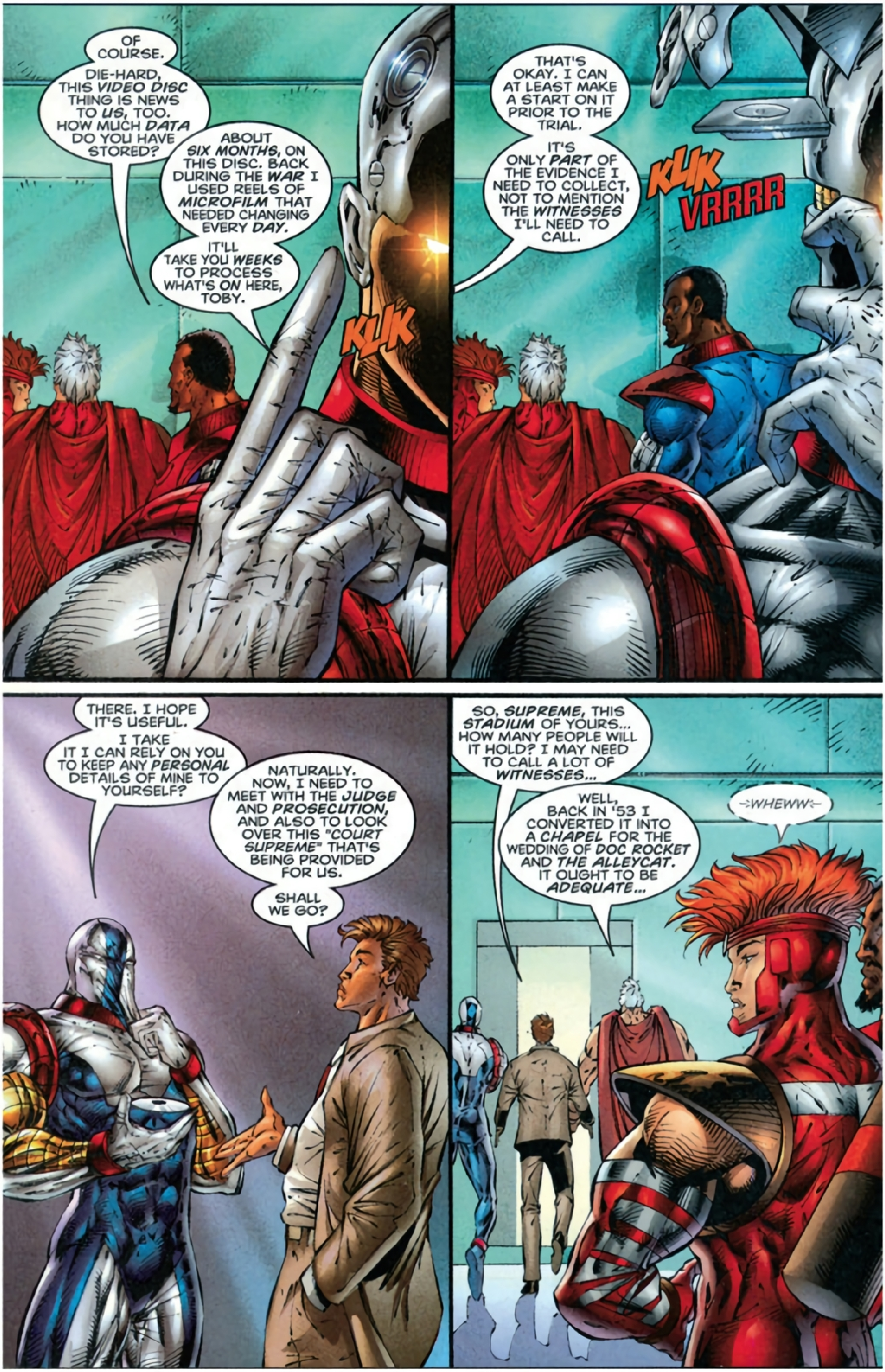

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING TO GET A COURTROOM FROM.
GOD, I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE WE'RE *TALKING* ABOUT THIS. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT *HAPPENED*...
IT HAPPENED. NOW, IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME, ME AND MY *MEN* HAVE TO PROCESS THE *CRIME* SCENE.
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO *DISCUSS* THINGS.
JEEZ. THIS IS SERIOUS, HUH, GUYS? WHERE ARE WE GONNA FIND A DEFENDER FOR A CASE LIKE THIS, LET ALONE A COURTROOM?
I GUESS AT LEAST WE GOT A SUSPECT...
I WAS *WITH* KNIGHTSABRE WHEN OFFICER DRAGON *ARRESTED* HIM. HE LOOKED SO *CONFUSED*...
HAS *GRAVES* BEEN TOLD YET?
YEAH. HE WENT COMPLETELY *POSTAL*. SEEMED LESS CONCERNED ABOUT *LEANNA* THAN ABOUT *KNIGHTSABRE*. YOU KNOW HOW *GRAVES* ALWAYS *FAVORED* HIM...
IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, MIGHT SOME OF AMERICA'S MORE SENIOR SUPERMEN BE OF HELP TO US HERE?
WE NEED ALL THE *SUPPORT* WE CAN *GET*. WHO DO YOU *SUGGEST*?
WELL, I *RAN* INTO SOME OLD... *ALLIES* OF MINE RECENTLY. LET ME CONTACT *THEM*. THEY'LL HAVE MORE *PERSPECTIVE* ON THIS BUSINESS. WE'RE TOO *CLOSE*.
WE CAN'T SEE THE *WOOD* FOR THE *TREES*.

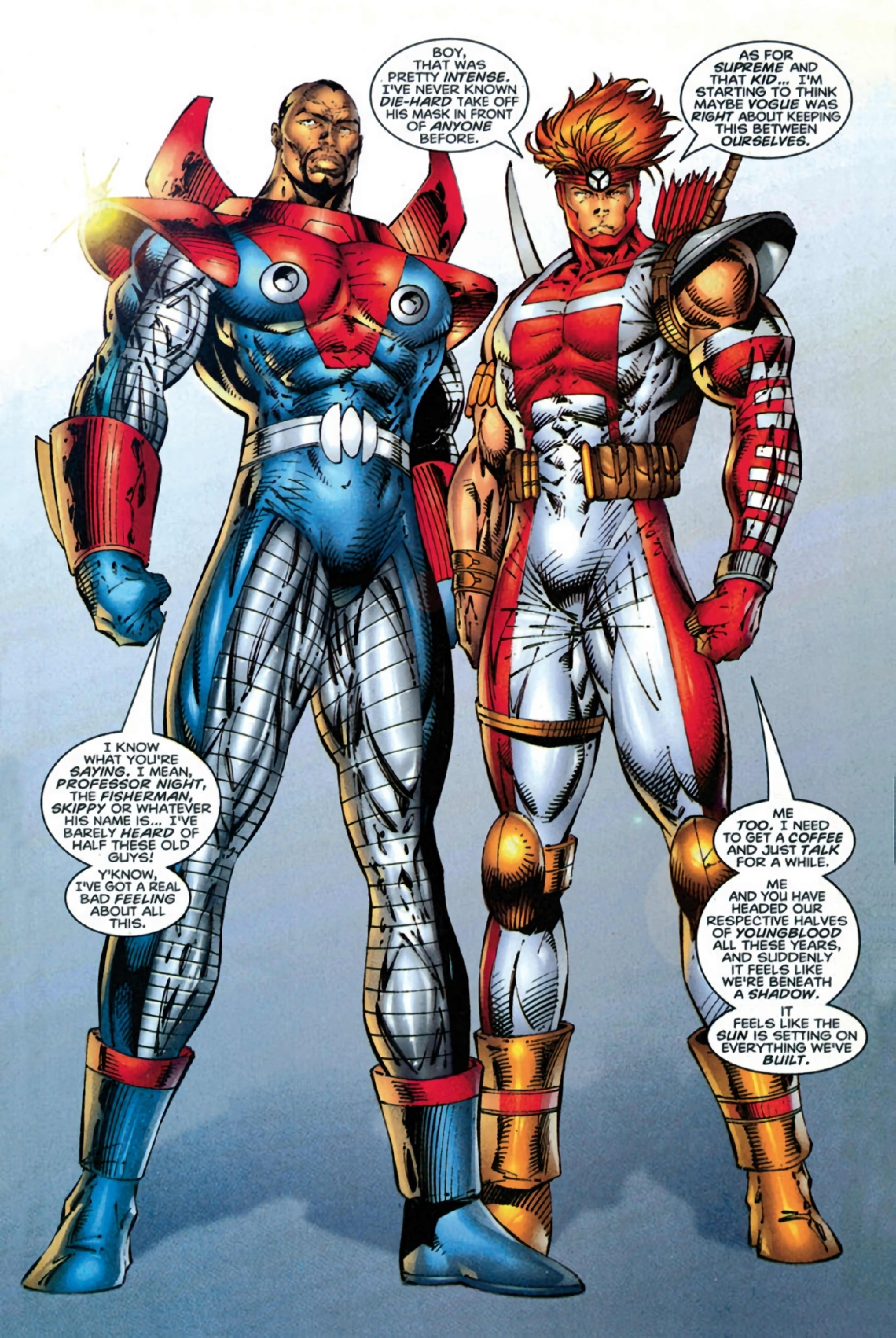

1918:
Concealed amidst exotic blooms, the jungle lord surveyed his enemies, watching as they pranced around their heathen idol.
Beneath his tousled silver mane, his ears twitched back, his nostrils flaring like those of some great, sleek feline.
The savages would not deter him from his quest.
Had he not tamed the immortal Queen Xanthea in her city all of silver?
Had he not fought his way triumphant from the giant mounds of the Termite Man?
He had seen the elephant's graveyard. He had vanquished the Crocodile King, and this affair was but one amongst
The Adventures of
Zantar
White God of the Congo

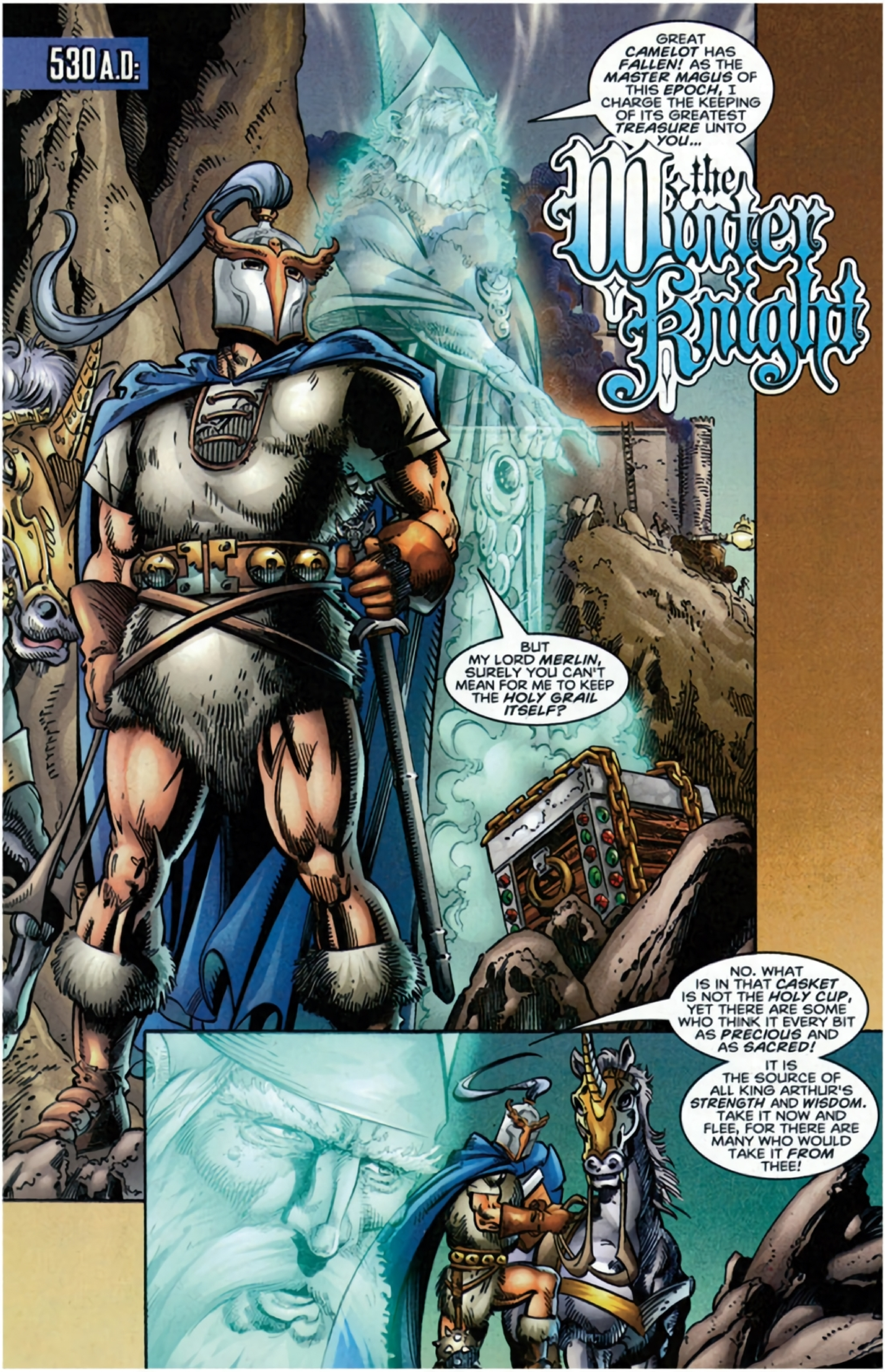

THE SUPERSTITIOUS TRIBESMEN WERE NO MATCH FOR ZANTAR'S KEEN INTELLIGENCE, BESTOWED ON HIM BY CENTURIES OF NOBLE ANGLO-SAXON BREEDING.
LEAVING THEM TO STRUGGLE, CURSING IN THEIR SAVAGE TONGUE, THE FORMER LORD CHARLES CONQUEROR STARED AT THEIR GHASTLY IDOL, RAISED ATOP ITS ROUGH-HEWN ALTAR.
A SKELETON IN KHAKI RAGS, IT SAT WITH SOMETHING CLUTCHED THERE IN ITS HANDS; ITS HOLLOW GAZE FIXED ON THE EQUATORIAL SKY.
IN ONE GREAT BOUND THE JUNGLE KING HAD REACHED THE CADAVER, PLUCKING THE CALFSKIN PACKAGE HELD TO THE BARE RIPS FROM OUT OF ITS BONY GRASP.
HIS HEAD THROWN BACK, HE GAVE THE DEEP, FULL-THROATED ROAR OF THE WHITE LIONS THAT RAISED HIM, FREEZING THE PURSUING NATIVES IN THEIR TRACKS.
THEIR PLUMED SPEARS WHISTLING ABOUT HIS EARS, HE VANISHED IN THE JUNGLE SHADOWS, CLASPING TO HIS POUNDING BREAST THE PRIZE THAT HE HADTAKEN.
ZANTAR GROWLED WITH SATISFACTION. ALL WAS WELL. AS SUNSET NEARED, THE FOREST CAME ALIVE.
SOMEWHERE NEAR, POWERFUL BEASTS WERE STIRRING...

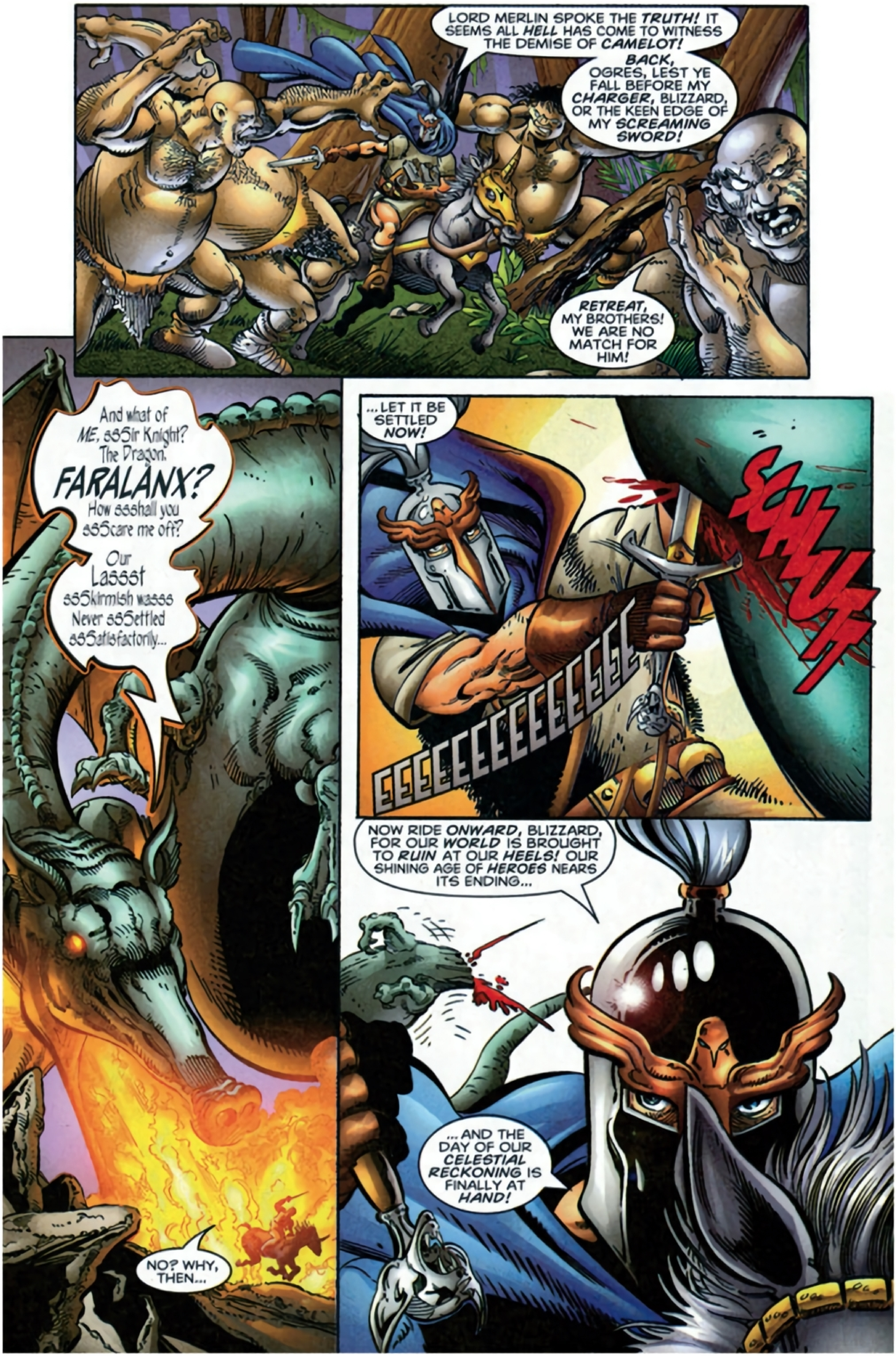

1997:
ANYTHING I CAN DO, JUST LET ME KNOW.
YOU CAN HOLD THE TRIAL IN THE CITADEL SUPREME. I'LL HAVE MY SUPREMATONS CONVERT MY STADIUM AREA IMMEDIATELY.
I COULD HARDLY REFUSE AFTER THE WAY YOU HELPED ME AGAINST OPTILUX RECENTLY...
THANKS ANYWAY, SUPREME. WE NEED SOMEWHERE PRIVATE THAT WON'T DISRUPT ORDINARY PEOPLE'S LIVES, SO YOUR FLOATING FORTRESS IS IDEAL.
PLUS, I'VE HAD LUCK FINDING SUITABLE LEGAL REPRESENTATION...
JUDGE KATHERINE McKINNON, WHO ONCE HELPED THE ALLIES BACK IN THE SIXTIES, HAS AGREED TO TRY THE CASE.
FOR PROSECUTION, THERE'S SHONA SHANE, WHO USED TO SOMETIMES ASSIST PROFESSOR NIGHT AS LADY DAY BEFORE SHE RETIRED.
FOR DEFENSE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET Mr. TOBY TYLER...
uh, HI.
Hmm, NO OFFENSE, BUT ISN'T HE A LITTLE YOUNG?

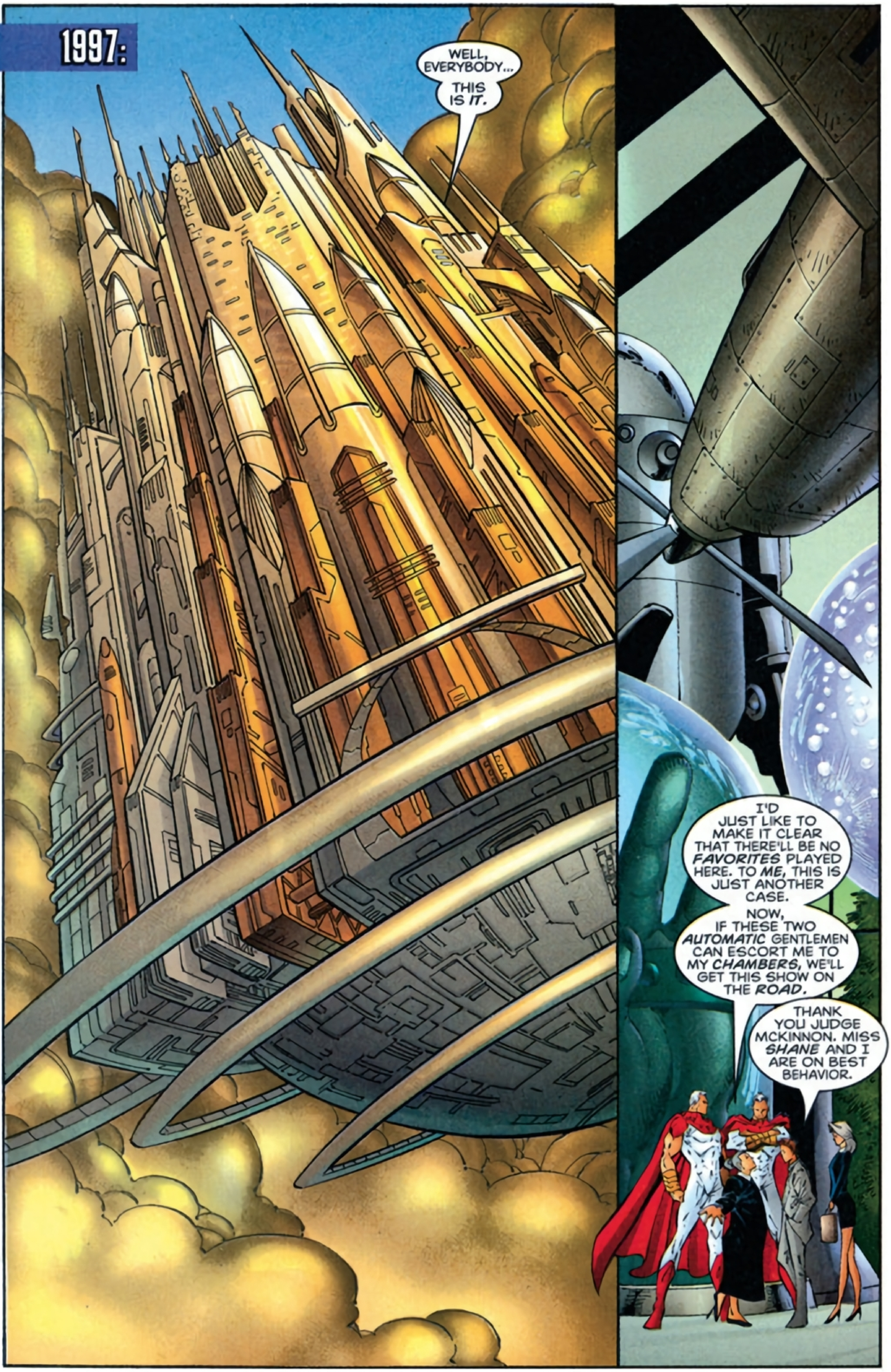

I'M NINETEEN, Mr. TERRELL. I'M JUST NOT VERY *TALL*... ESPECIALLY NOT WHEN I'M STANDING NEXT TO *SUPREME*.
TOBY IS BETTER KNOWN AS *THE FISHERMAN'S* YOUNG SIDEKICK, *SKIPPER*, BUT HE'S QUALIFIED IN *LAW*.
Uh, WELL, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, TOBY. HOW DO YOU PLAN TO HANDLE KNIGHTSABRE'S *DEFENCE*?
I'M AN *ANGLER*, Mr. TERRELL. ASSUMING HE'S *INNOCENT*, I PLAN TO LAND THE *RIGHT* FISH, AND THROW KNIGHTSABRE *BACK*.
CONSEQUENTLY, I'M GOING TO NEED ACCESS TO *VIDEO FOOTAGE* OF YOUNGBLOOD'S RECENT *ACTIVITIES*...
HAVEN'T YOU DONE YOUR *HOMEWORK*, KID? WE DON'T HAVE MONITORS HERE IN YOUNGBLOOD H.Q. *OR* IN THE FIELD!
Oh, I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK, Mr. LANGSTON.
IF I'M *CORRECT*, OUR FRIEND THE *DIE-HARD* IS *SYNTHETIC*. HIS *EYES* STORE *VISUAL MEMORY* IN *DISC* FORM. I NEED THIS AS *EVIDENCE*.
GREAT *GANYMEDE*, IS THAT *TRUE*? IN FIFTY YEARS OF *FRIENDSHIP*, I NEVER *REALIZED*...
I -- I KEEP MY INNER WORKINGS TO *MYSELF*.
TOBY, IS THIS *NECESSARY*?
I WOULDN'T *ASK* IF I DIDN'T *THINK* SO, DIE-HARD. YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT... MY *MASK*... I DON'T USUALLY...
Oh, VERY *WELL*. IF EVERYONE COULD PLEASE LOOK SOMEWHERE *ELSE* FOR A MOMENT?

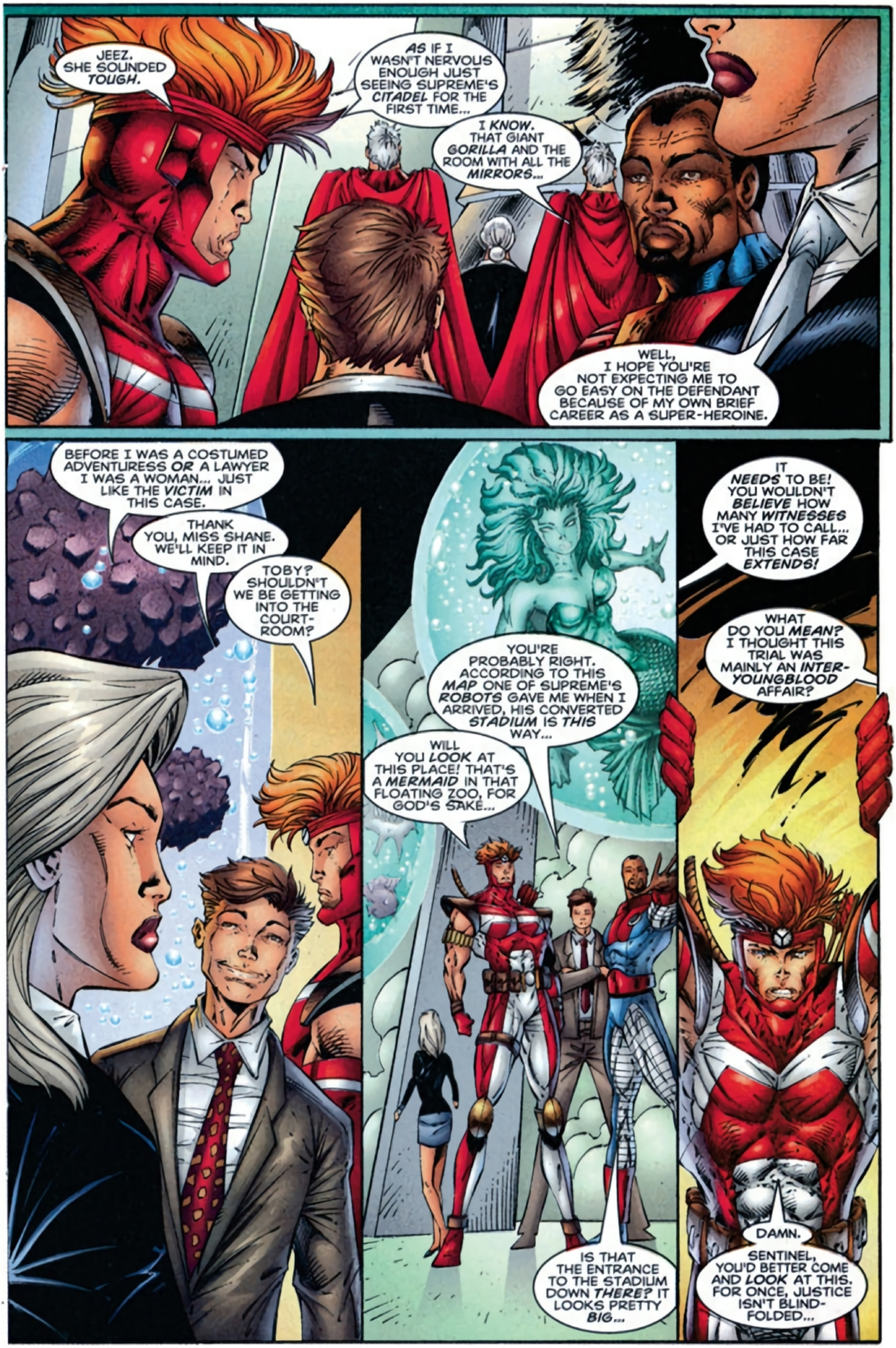

OF COURSE.
DIE-HARD, THIS *VIDEO DISC* THING IS NEWS TO *US*, TOO. HOW MUCH *DATA* DO YOU HAVE STORED?
ABOUT *SIX MONTHS*, ON THIS DISC. BACK DURING THE *WAR* I USED REELS OF *MICROFILM* THAT NEEDED CHANGING EVERY *DAY*.
IT'LL TAKE YOU *WEEKS* TO PROCESS WHAT'S *ON* HERE, TOBY.
KLIK
THAT'S OKAY. I CAN AT LEAST MAKE A START ON IT PRIOR TO THE TRIAL.
IT'S ONLY *PART* OF THE EVIDENCE I NEED TO COLLECT, NOT TO MENTION THE *WITNESSES* I'LL NEED TO CALL.
KLIK
VRRRR
THERE. I HOPE IT'S USEFUL.
I TAKE IT I CAN RELY ON YOU TO KEEP ANY *PERSONAL* DETAILS OF MINE TO YOURSELF?
NATURALLY. NOW, I NEED TO MEET WITH THE *JUDGE* AND *PROSECUTION*, AND ALSO TO LOOK OVER THIS *"COURT SUPREME"* THAT'S BEING PROVIDED FOR US.
SHALL WE GO?
SO, *SUPREME*, THIS *STADIUM* OF YOURS... HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL IT HOLD? I MAY NEED TO CALL A LOT OF *WITNESSES*...
WELL, BACK IN '53 I CONVERTED IT INTO A *CHAPEL* FOR THE WEDDING OF *DOC ROCKET* AND *THE ALLEYCAT*. IT OUGHT TO BE *ADEQUATE*...
*WHEWW*

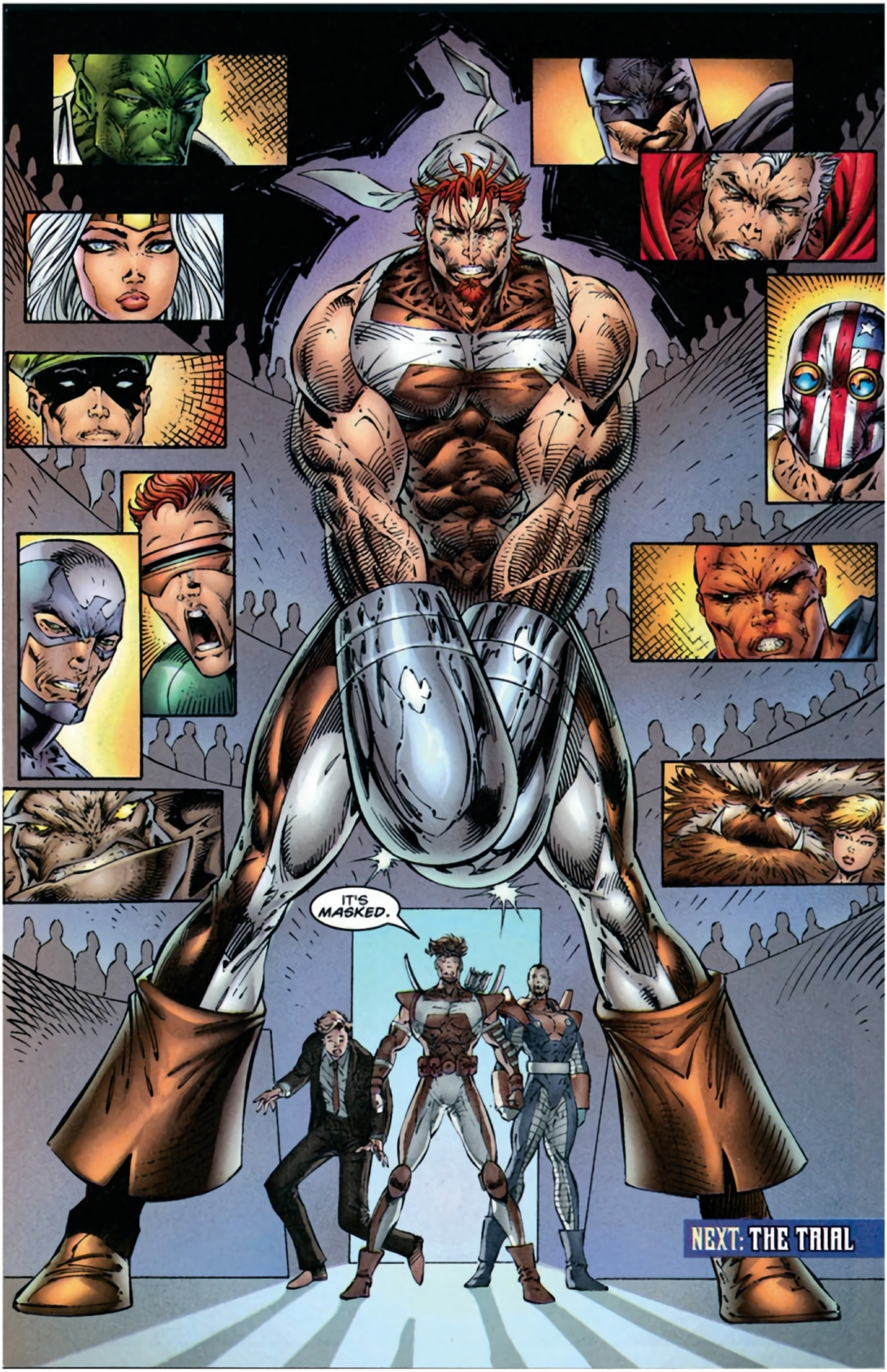

BOY, THAT WAS PRETTY *INTENSE.* I'VE NEVER KNOWN *DIE-HARD* TAKE OFF HIS MASK IN FRONT OF *ANYONE* BEFORE.
AS FOR *SUPREME* AND THAT *KID*... I'M STARTING TO THINK MAYBE *VOGUE* WAS *RIGHT* ABOUT KEEPING THIS BETWEEN *OURSELVES.*
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *SAYING.* I MEAN, *PROFESSOR NIGHT,* THE *FISHERMAN,* *SKIPPY* OR WHATEVER HIS NAME IS... I'VE BARELY *HEARD* OF HALF THESE OLD GUYS!
Y'KNOW, I'VE GOT A REAL BAD *FEELING* ABOUT ALL THIS.
ME *TOO.* I NEED TO GET A *COFFEE* AND JUST *TALK* FOR A WHILE.
ME AND YOU HAVE HEADED OUR RESPECTIVE HALVES OF *YOUNGBLOOD* ALL THESE YEARS, AND SUDDENLY IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE BENEATH A *SHADOW.*
IT FEELS LIKE THE *SUN* IS SETTING ON EVERYTHING WE'VE *BUILT.*


530 A.D:
GREAT CAMELOT HAS FALLEN! AS THE MASTER MAGUS OF THIS EPOCH, I CHARGE THE KEEPING OF ITS GREATEST TREASURE UNTO YOU...
the Winter Knight
BUT MY LORD MERLIN, SURELY YOU CAN'T MEAN FOR ME TO KEEP THE HOLY GRAIL ITSELF?
NO. WHAT IS IN THAT CASKET IS NOT THE HOLY CUP, YET THERE ARE SOME WHO THINK IT EVERY BIT AS PRECIOUS AND AS SACRED!
IT IS THE SOURCE OF ALL KING ARTHUR'S STRENGTH AND WISDOM. TAKE IT NOW AND FLEE, FOR THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD TAKE IT FROM THEE!


LORD MERLIN SPOKE THE *TRUTH!* IT SEEMS ALL *HELL* HAS COME TO WITNESS THE DEMISE OF *CAMELOT!*
*BACK,* OGRES, LEST YE FALL BEFORE MY *CHARGER,* BLIZZARD, OR THE KEEN EDGE OF MY *SCREAMING SWORD!*
*RETREAT,* MY BROTHERS! WE ARE NO MATCH FOR HIM!
And what of *ME,* sssir Knight? The Dragon, **FARALANX?** How ssshall you ssScare me off? Our Lassst ssSkirmish wasss Never ssSettled ssSatisfactorily...
NO? WHY, THEN...
...LET IT BE SETTLED *NOW!*
SCHUUT
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
NOW RIDE *ONWARD,* BLIZZARD, FOR OUR *WORLD* IS BROUGHT TO *RUIN* AT OUR *HEELS!* OUR SHINING AGE OF *HEROES* NEARS ITS ENDING...
...AND THE DAY OF OUR *CELESTIAL RECKONING* IS FINALLY AT *HAND!*


1997:
WELL, EVERYBODY... THIS IS *IT.*
I'D JUST LIKE TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT THERE'LL BE NO *FAVORITES* PLAYED HERE. TO *ME,* THIS IS JUST ANOTHER CASE.
NOW, IF THESE TWO *AUTOMATIC* GENTLEMEN CAN ESCORT ME TO MY *CHAMBERS,* WE'LL GET THIS SHOW ON THE *ROAD.*
THANK YOU JUDGE MCKINNON. MISS *SHANE* AND I ARE ON BEST BEHAVIOR.


JEEZ. SHE SOUNDED *TOUGH.*
*AS* IF I WASN'T NERVOUS ENOUGH JUST SEEING SUPREME'S *CITADEL* FOR THE FIRST TIME...
*I KNOW.* THAT GIANT *GORILLA* AND THE ROOM WITH ALL THE *MIRRORS...*
WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT EXPECTING ME TO GO EASY ON THE DEFENDANT BECAUSE OF MY OWN BRIEF CAREER AS A SUPER-HEROINE.
BEFORE I WAS A COSTUMED ADVENTURESS *OR* A LAWYER I WAS A WOMAN... JUST LIKE THE *VICTIM* IN THIS CASE.
THANK YOU, MISS SHANE. WE'LL KEEP IT IN MIND.
TOBY? SHOULDN'T WE BE GETTING INTO THE COURTROOM?
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. ACCORDING TO THIS *MAP* ONE OF SUPREME'S *ROBOTS* GAVE ME WHEN I ARRIVED, HIS CONVERTED *STADIUM* IS *THIS* WAY...
WILL YOU *LOOK* AT THIS PLACE! THAT'S A *MERMAID* IN THAT FLOATING ZOO, FOR GOD'S SAKE...
IS THAT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STADIUM DOWN *THERE?* IT LOOKS PRETTY *BIG...*
IT *NEEDS* TO BE! YOU WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* HOW MANY *WITNESSES* I'VE HAD TO CALL... OR JUST HOW FAR THIS CASE *EXTENDS!*
WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?* I THOUGHT THIS TRIAL WAS MAINLY AN *INTER-YOUNGBLOOD* AFFAIR?
DAMN.
SENTINEL, YOU'D BETTER COME AND *LOOK* AT THIS. FOR ONCE, JUSTICE ISN'T BLINDFOLDED...



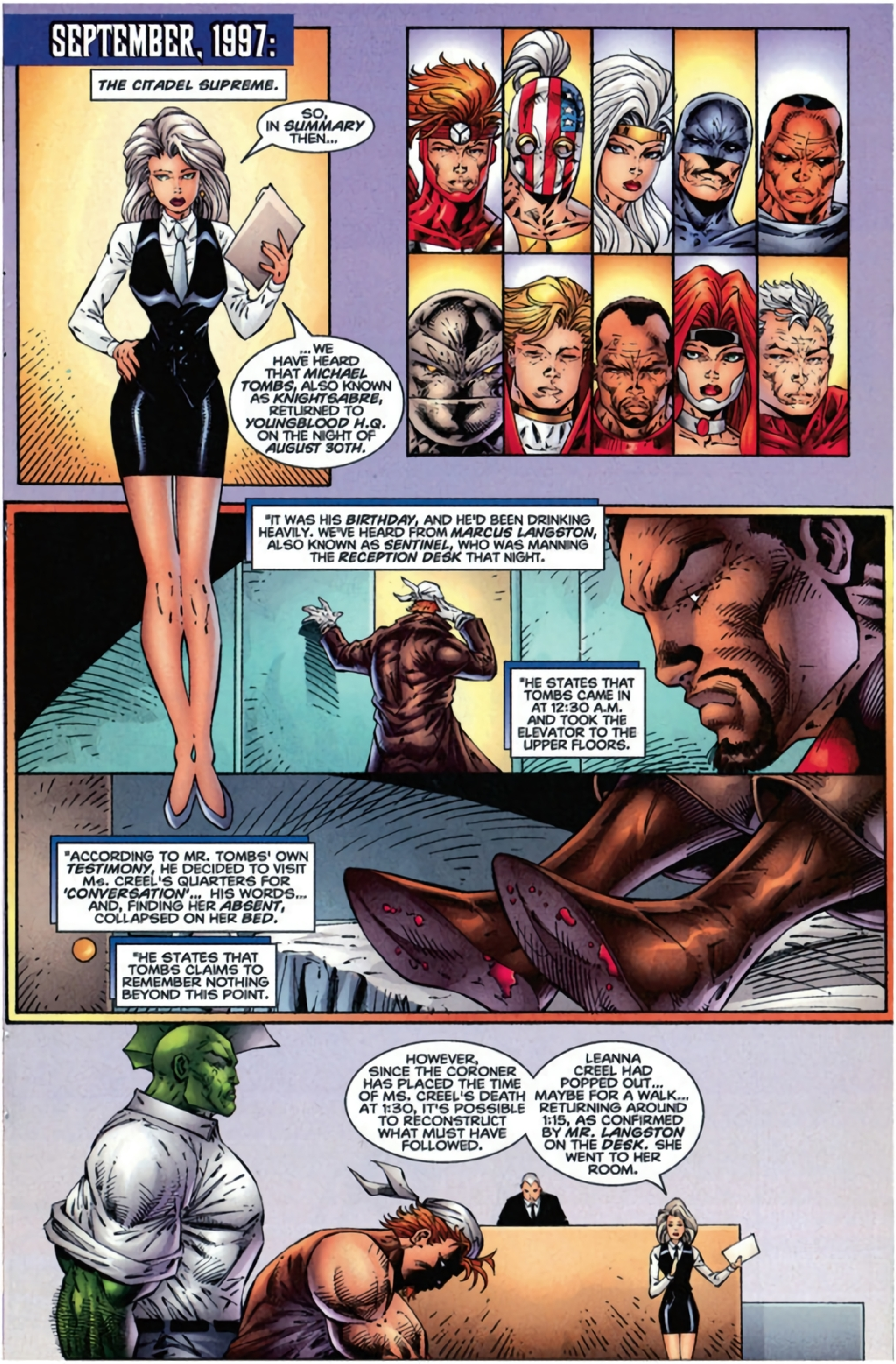
NEXT: THE TRIAL

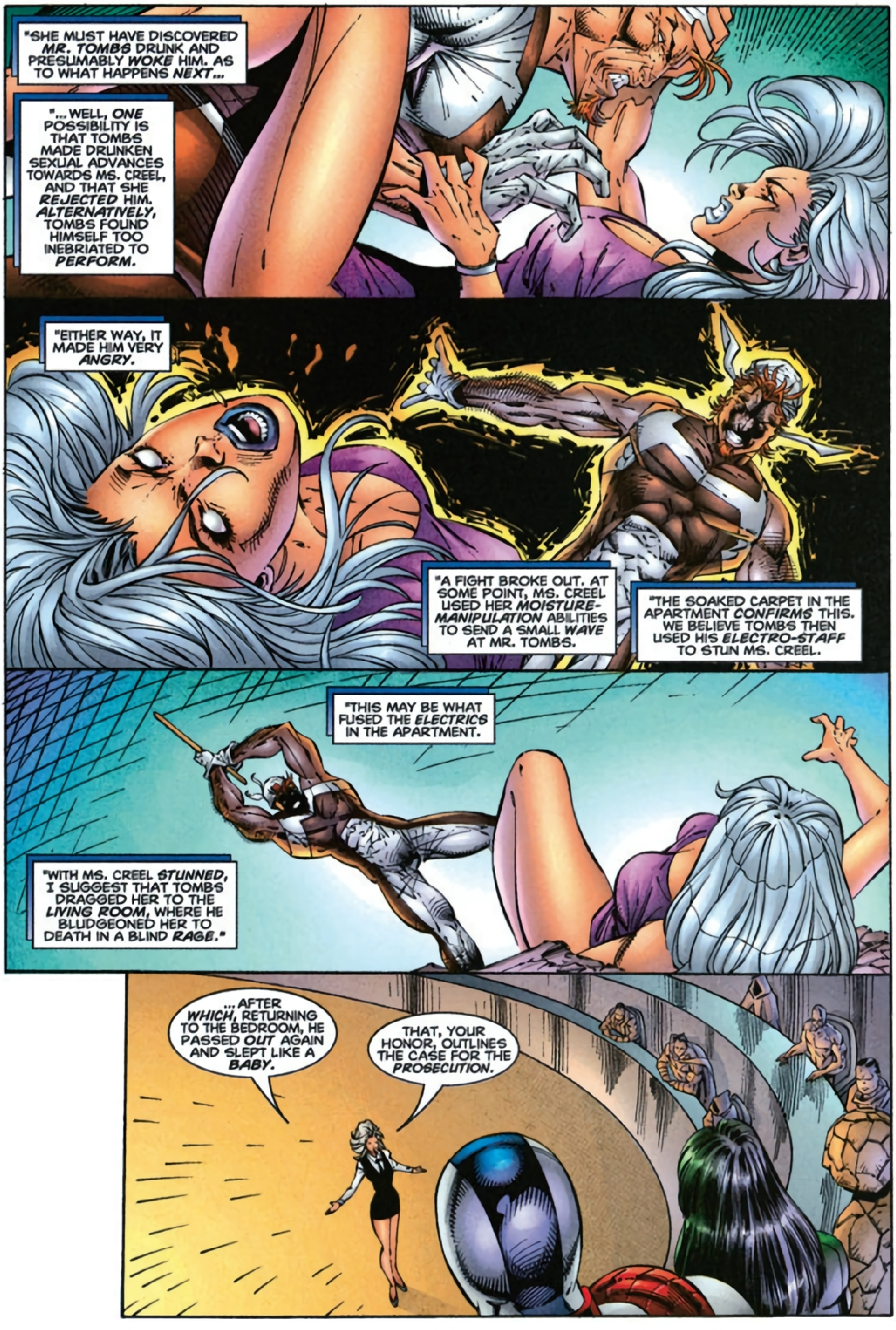
ALAN MOORE

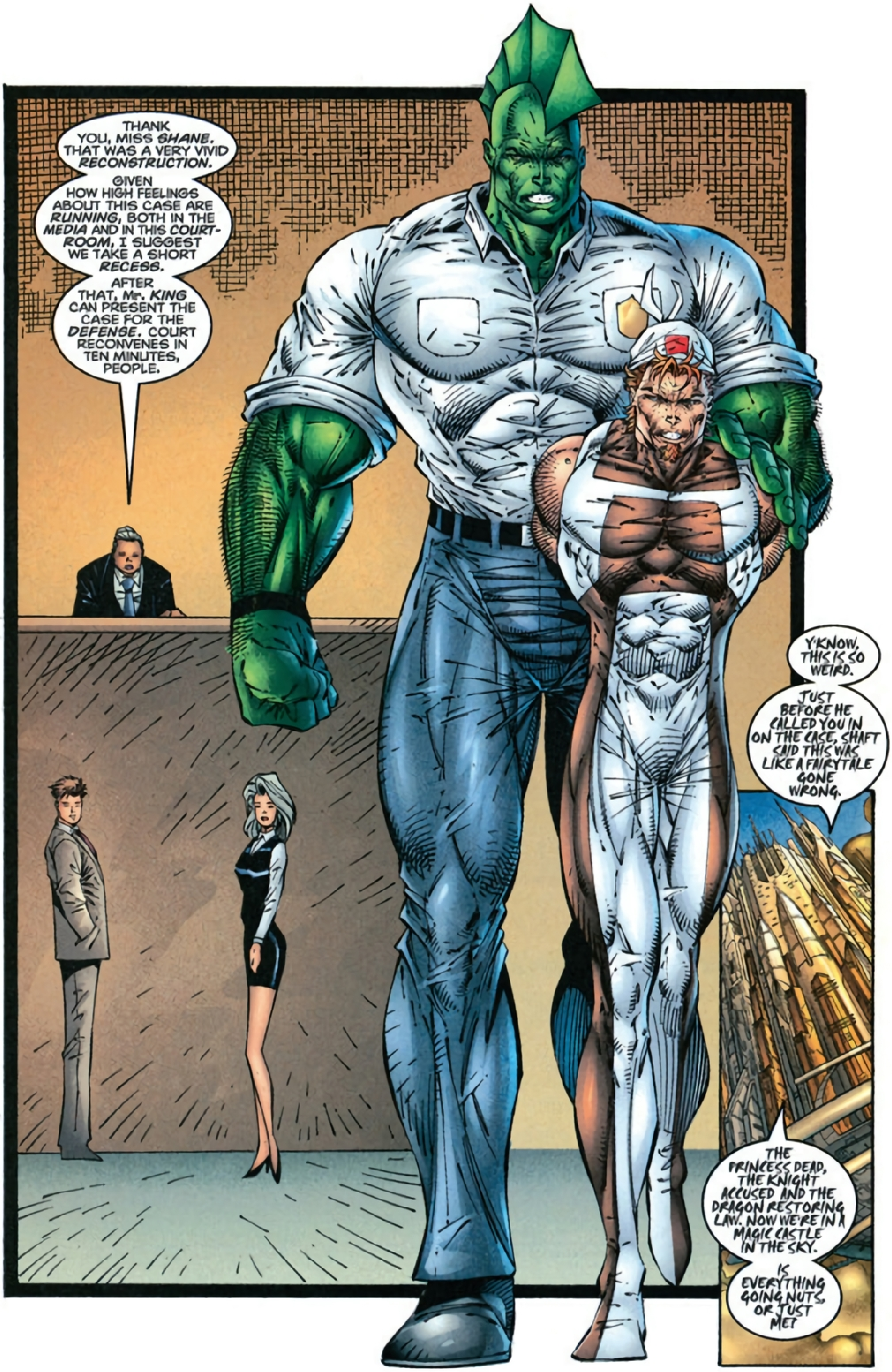
# JUDGMENT DAY
## Omega

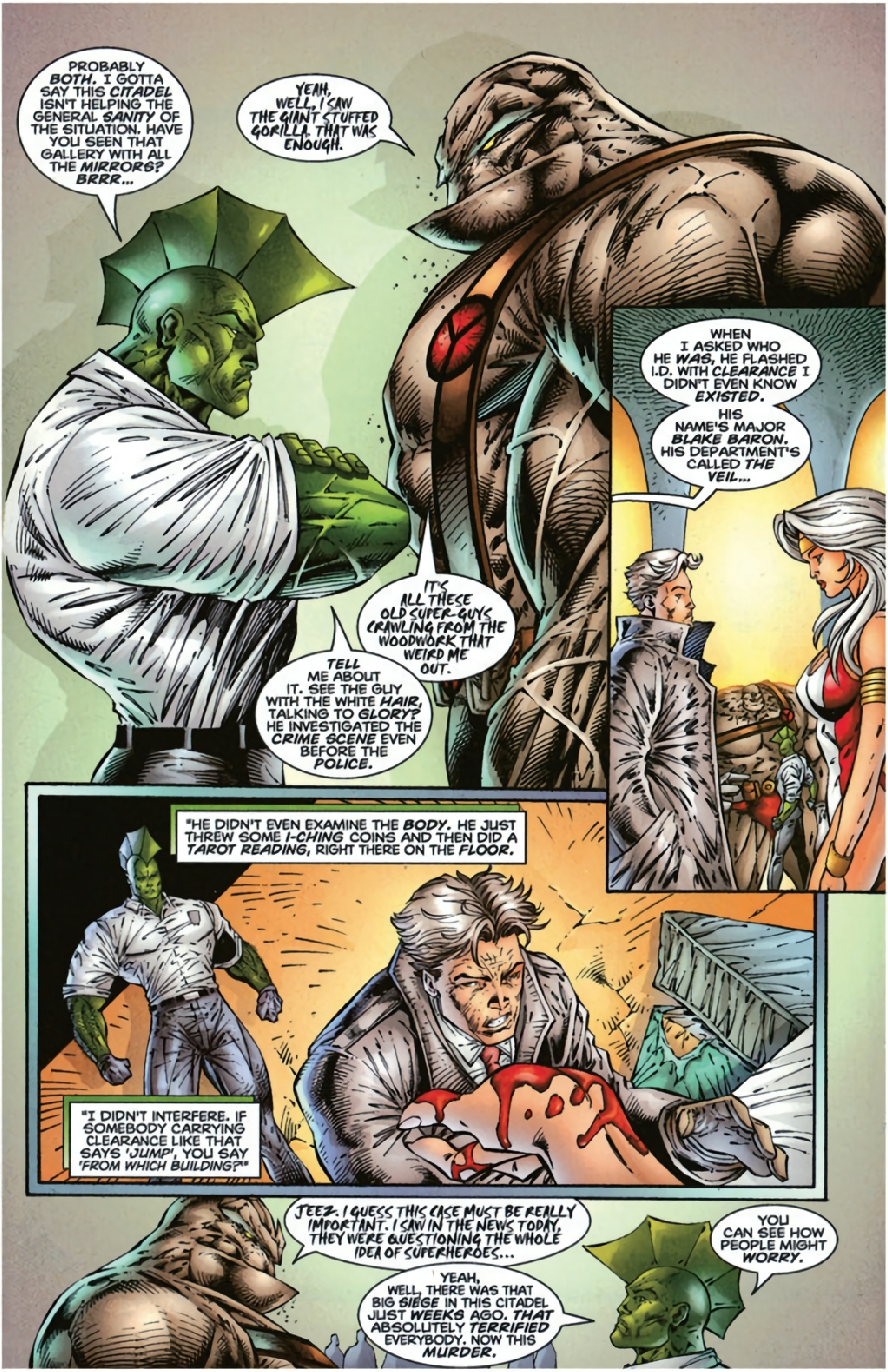
## Chapter Two

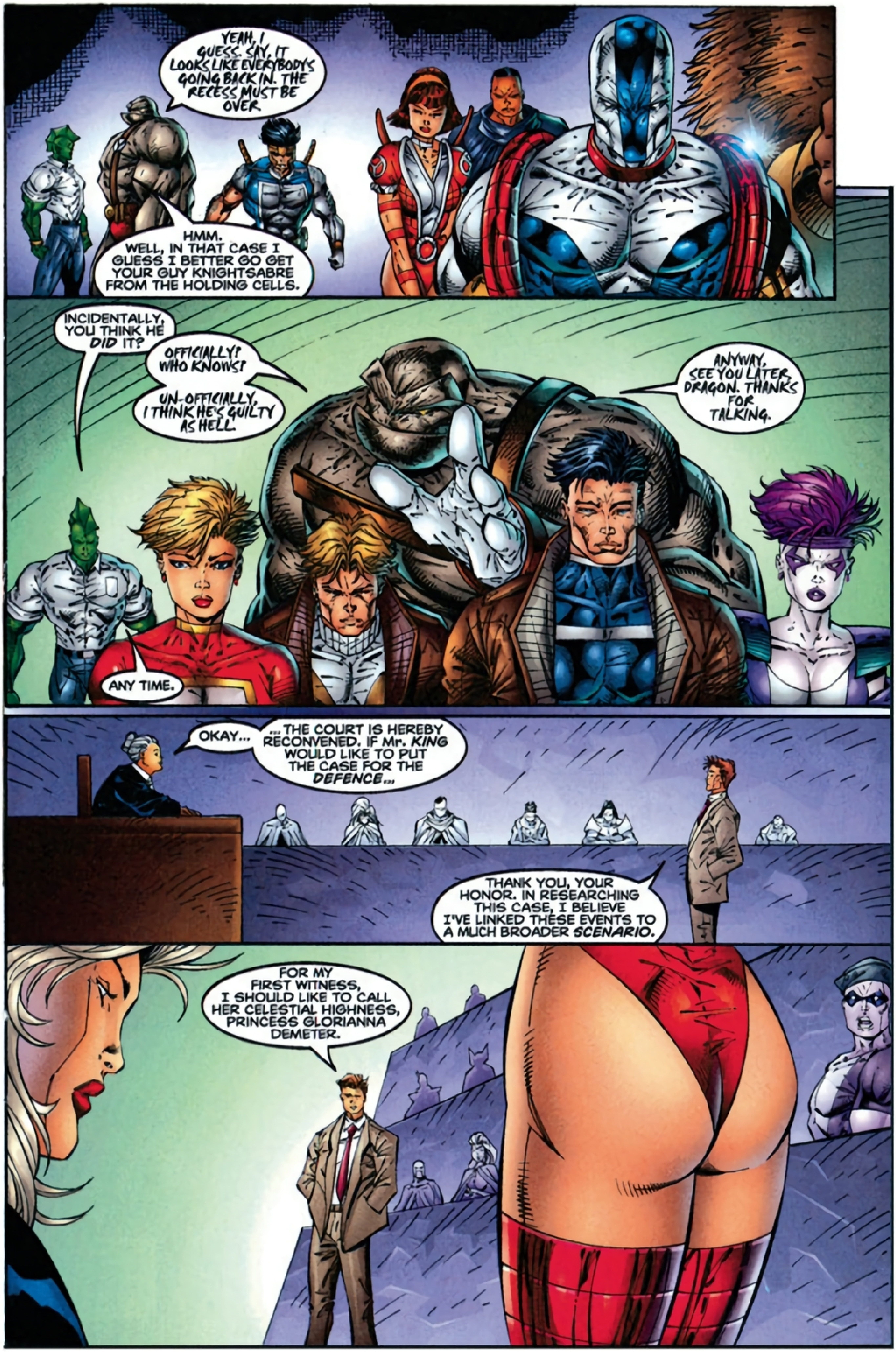
## The Trial

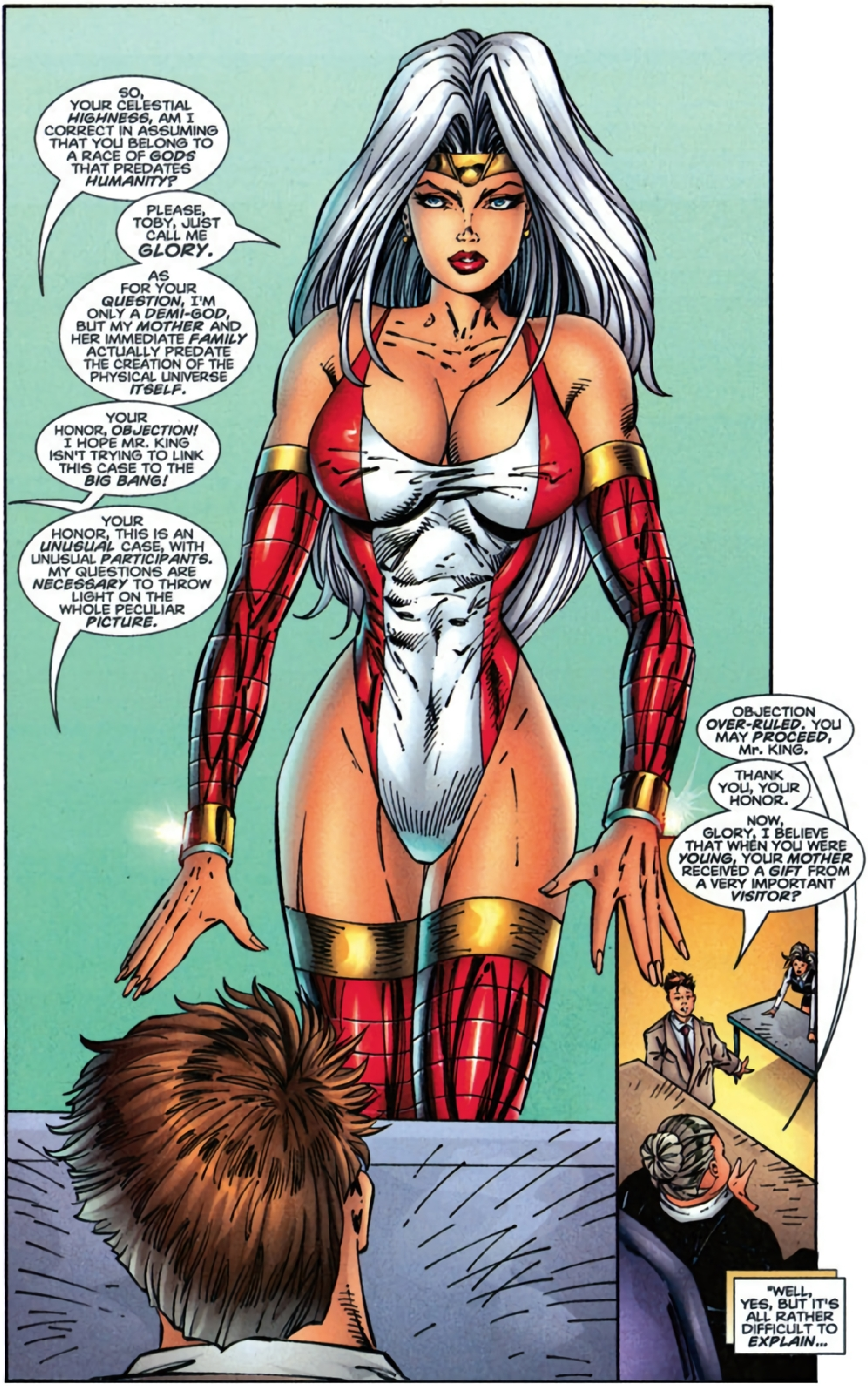

SEPTEMBER, 1997:
THE CITADEL SUPREME.
SO, IN SUMMARY THEN...
...WE HAVE HEARD THAT MICHAEL TOMBS, ALSO KNOWN AS KNIGHTSABRE, RETURNED TO YOUNGBLOOD H.Q. ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 30TH.
"IT WAS HIS BIRTHDAY, AND HE'D BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY. WE'VE HEARD FROM MARCUS LANGSTON, ALSO KNOWN AS SENTINEL, WHO WAS MANNING THE RECEPTION DESK THAT NIGHT.
"HE STATES THAT TOMBS CAME IN AT 12:30 A.M. AND TOOK THE ELEVATOR TO THE UPPER FLOORS.
"ACCORDING TO MR. TOMBS' OWN TESTIMONY, HE DECIDED TO VISIT Ms. CREEL'S QUARTERS FOR 'CONVERSATION'... HIS WORDS... AND, FINDING HER ABSENT, COLLAPSED ON HER BED.
"HE STATES THAT TOMBS CLAIMS TO REMEMBER NOTHING BEYOND THIS POINT.
LEANNA CREEL HAD POPPED OUT... MAYBE FOR A WALK... RETURNING AROUND 1:15, AS CONFIRMED BY MR. LANGSTON ON THE DESK. SHE WENT TO HER ROOM.
HOWEVER, SINCE THE CORONER HAS PLACED THE TIME OF MS. CREEL'S DEATH AT 1:30, IT'S POSSIBLE TO RECONSTRUCT WHAT MUST HAVE FOLLOWED.

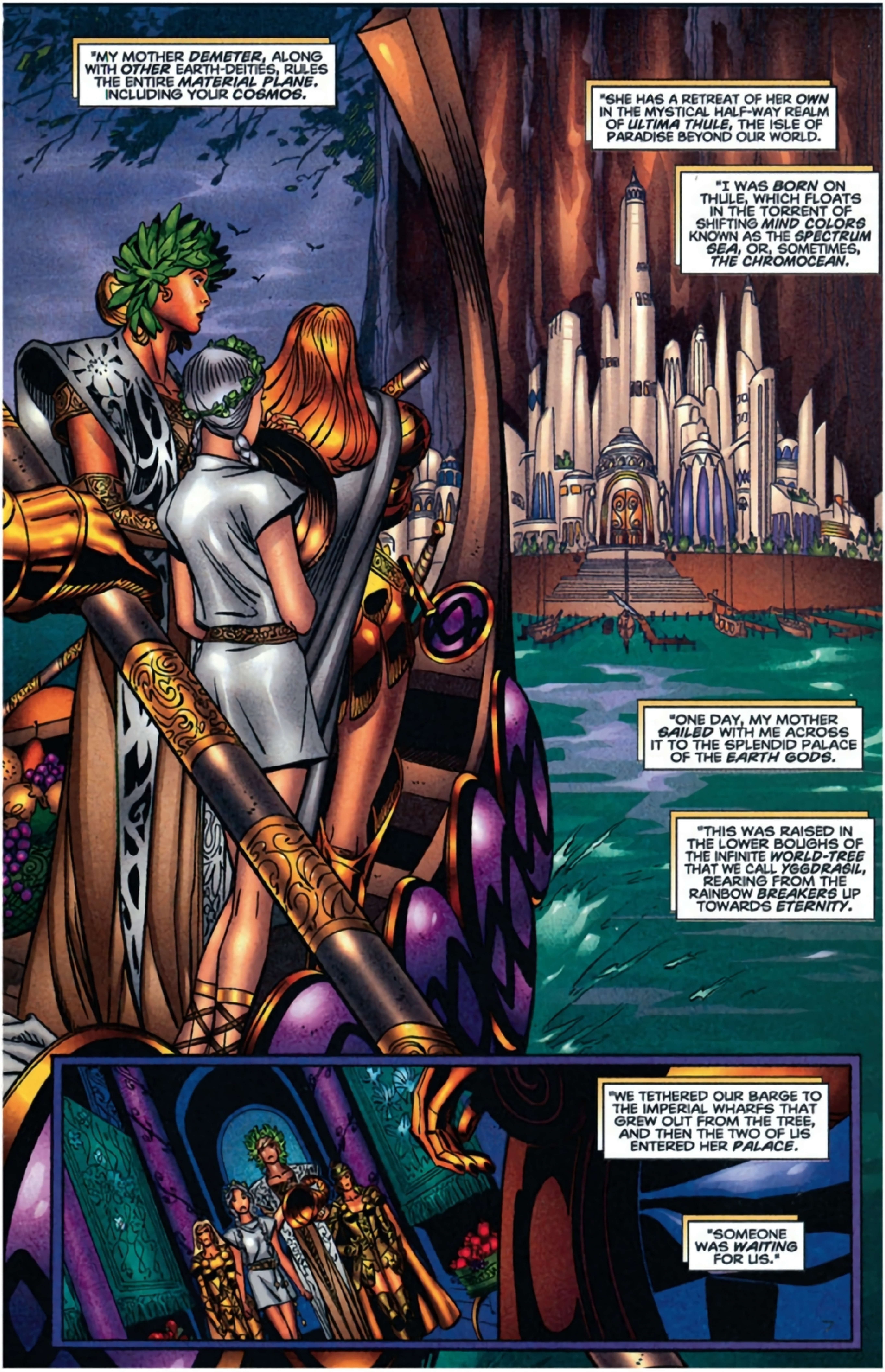

"SHE MUST HAVE DISCOVERED *MR. TOMBS* DRUNK AND PRESUMABLY *WOKE* HIM. AS TO WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT*...
"...WELL, *ONE* POSSIBILITY IS THAT TOMBS MADE DRUNKEN SEXUAL ADVANCES TOWARDS MS. CREEL, AND THAT SHE *REJECTED* HIM. *ALTERNATIVELY*, TOMBS FOUND HIMSELF TOO INEBRIATED TO *PERFORM*.
"EITHER WAY, IT MADE HIM VERY *ANGRY*.
"A FIGHT BROKE OUT. AT SOME POINT, MS. CREEL USED HER *MOISTURE-MANIPULATION* ABILITIES TO SEND A SMALL *WAVE* AT MR. TOMBS.
"THE SOAKED CARPET IN THE APARTMENT *CONFIRMS* THIS. WE BELIEVE TOMBS THEN USED HIS *ELECTRO-STAFF* TO STUN MS. CREEL.
"THIS MAY BE WHAT FUSED THE *ELECTRICS* IN THE APARTMENT.
"WITH MS. CREEL *STUNNED*, I SUGGEST THAT TOMBS DRAGGED HER TO THE *LIVING ROOM*, WHERE HE BLUDGEONED HER TO DEATH IN A BLIND *RAGE*."
...AFTER *WHICH*, RETURNING TO THE BEDROOM, HE PASSED *OUT* AGAIN AND SLEPT LIKE A *BABY*.
THAT, YOUR HONOR, OUTLINES THE CASE FOR THE *PROSECUTION*.

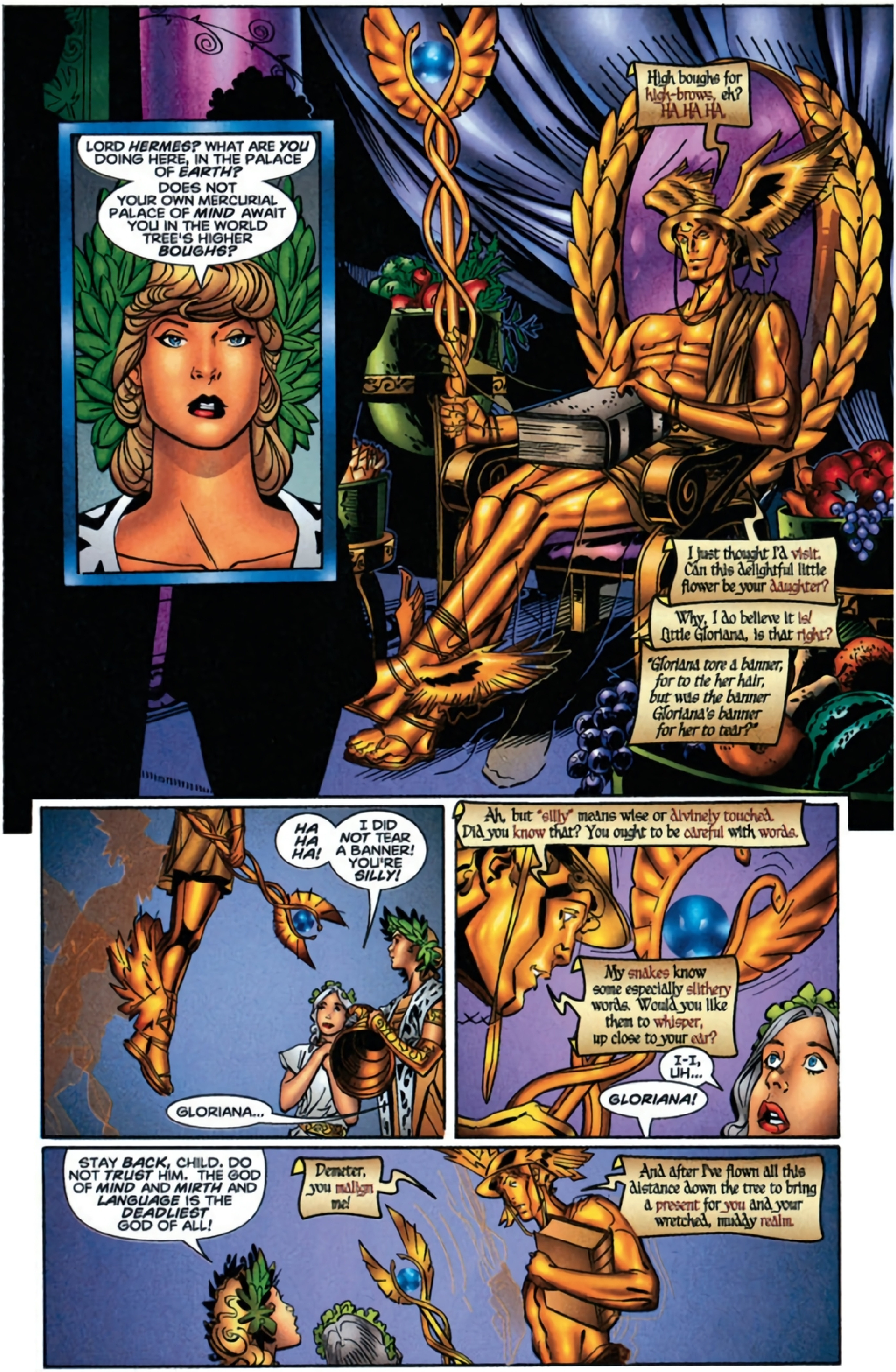

THANK YOU, MISS SHANE. THAT WAS A VERY VIVID RECONSTRUCTION.
GIVEN HOW HIGH FEELINGS ABOUT THIS CASE ARE RUNNING, BOTH IN THE MEDIA AND IN THIS COURTROOM, I SUGGEST WE TAKE A SHORT RECESS.
AFTER THAT, Mr. KING CAN PRESENT THE CASE FOR THE DEFENSE. COURT RECONVENES IN TEN MINUTES, PEOPLE.
Y'KNOW, THIS IS SO WEIRD.
JUST BEFORE HE CALLED YOU IN ON THE CASE, SHAFT SAID THIS WAS LIKE A FAIRYTALE GONE WRONG.
THE PRINCESS DEAD, THE KNIGHT ACCUSED AND THE DRAGON RESTORING LAW. NOW WE'RE IN A MAGIC CASTLE IN THE SKY.
IS EVERYTHING GOING NUTS, OR JUST ME?

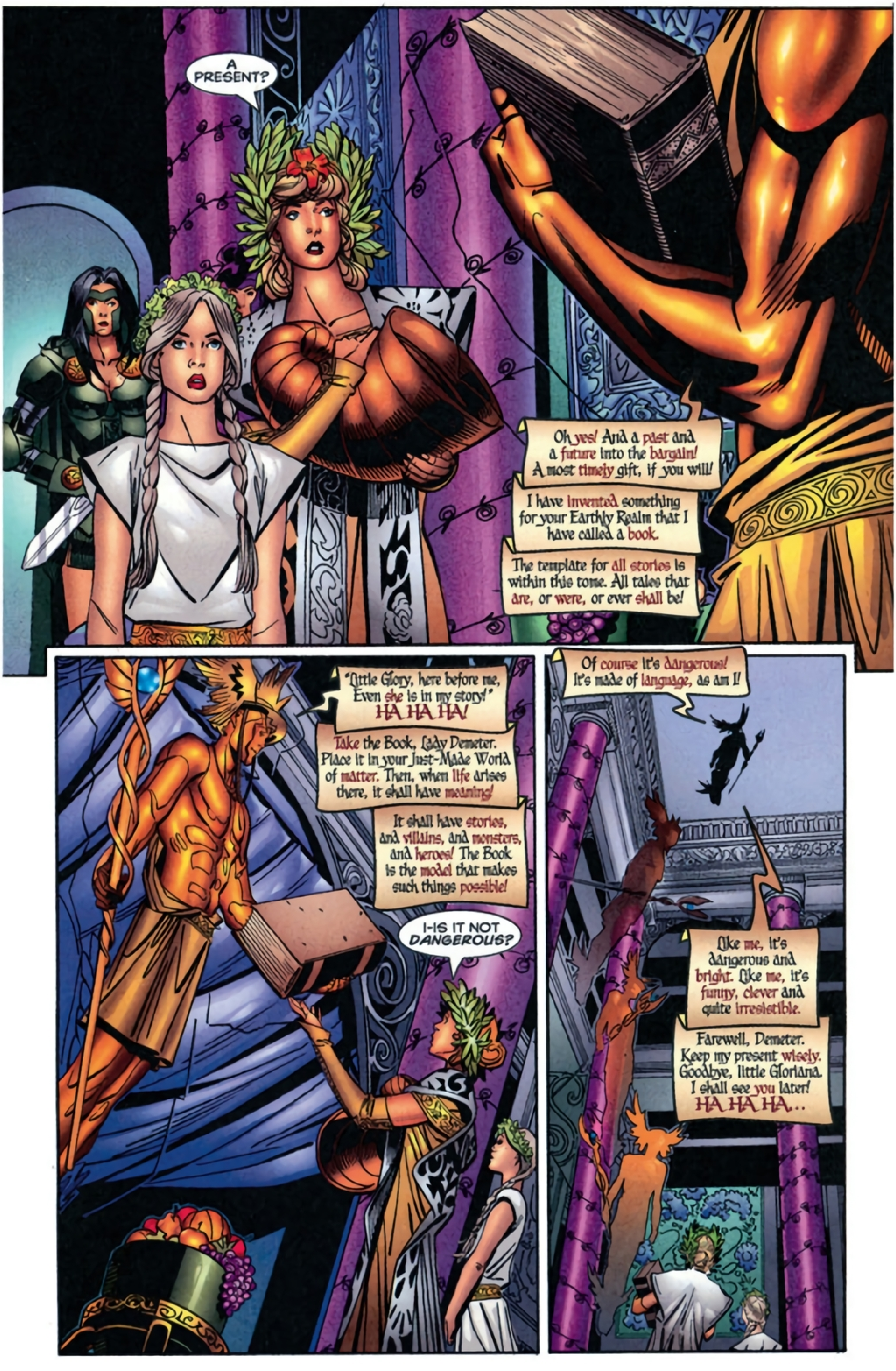

PROBABLY *BOTH*. I GOTTA SAY THIS *CITADEL* ISN'T HELPING THE GENERAL *SANITY* OF THE SITUATION. HAVE YOU SEEN THAT GALLERY WITH ALL THE *MIRRORS*? *BRRR...*
YEAH, WELL, I SAW THE *GIANT STUFFED GORILLA*. THAT WAS ENOUGH.
IT'S ALL THESE OLD SUPER-GUYS CRAWLING FROM THE WOODWORK THAT WEIRD ME OUT.
*TELL* ME ABOUT IT. SEE THE GUY WITH THE WHITE *HAIR*, TALKING TO *GLORY*? HE INVESTIGATED THE *CRIME SCENE* EVEN BEFORE THE *POLICE*.
WHEN I ASKED WHO HE *WAS*, HE FLASHED I.D. WITH *CLEARANCE* I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW *EXISTED*.
HIS NAME'S MAJOR *BLAKE BARON*. HIS DEPARTMENT'S CALLED *THE VEIL*...
"HE DIDN'T EVEN EXAMINE THE *BODY*. HE JUST THREW SOME *I-CHING* COINS AND THEN DID A *TAROT READING*, RIGHT THERE ON THE *FLOOR*.
"I DIDN'T INTERFERE. IF SOMEBODY CARRYING CLEARANCE LIKE THAT SAYS '*JUMP*', YOU SAY '*FROM WHICH BUILDING?*'"
JEEZ. I GUESS THIS CASE MUST BE REALLY IMPORTANT. I SAW IN THE NEWS TODAY, THEY WERE QUESTIONING THE WHOLE IDEA OF SUPERHEROES...
YOU CAN SEE HOW PEOPLE MIGHT *WORRY*.
YEAH, WELL, THERE WAS THAT BIG *SIEGE* IN THIS CITADEL JUST *WEEKS* AGO. *THAT* ABSOLUTELY *TERRIFIED* EVERYBODY. NOW THIS *MURDER*.

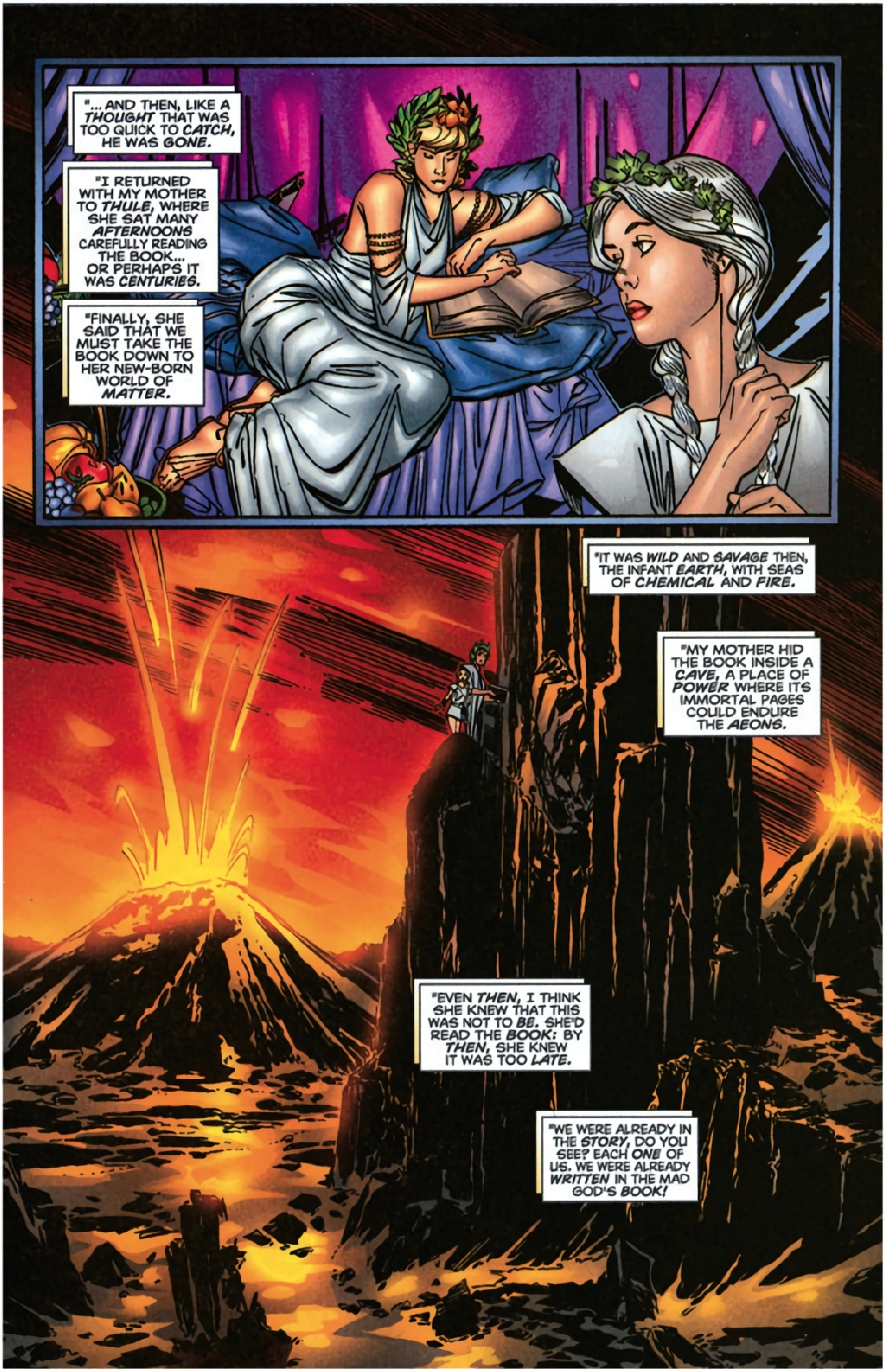

YEAH, I GUESS. SAY, IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY'S GOING BACK IN. THE RECESS MUST BE OVER
HMM. WELL, IN THAT CASE I GUESS I BETTER GO GET YOUR GUY KNIGHTSABRE FROM THE HOLDING CELLS.
INCIDENTALLY, YOU THINK HE *DID* IT?
OFFICIALLY? WHO KNOWS?
UN-OFFICIALLY, I THINK HE'S GUILTY AS HELL.
ANYWAY, SEE YOU LATER, DRAGON. THANKS FOR TALKING.
ANY TIME.
OKAY...
...THE COURT IS HEREBY RECONVENED. IF Mr. *KING* WOULD LIKE TO PUT THE CASE FOR THE *DEFENCE*...
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR. IN RESEARCHING THIS CASE, I BELIEVE I'VE LINKED THESE EVENTS TO A MUCH BROADER *SCENARIO*.
FOR MY FIRST WITNESS, I SHOULD LIKE TO CALL HER CELESTIAL HIGHNESS, PRINCESS GLORIANNA DEMETER.

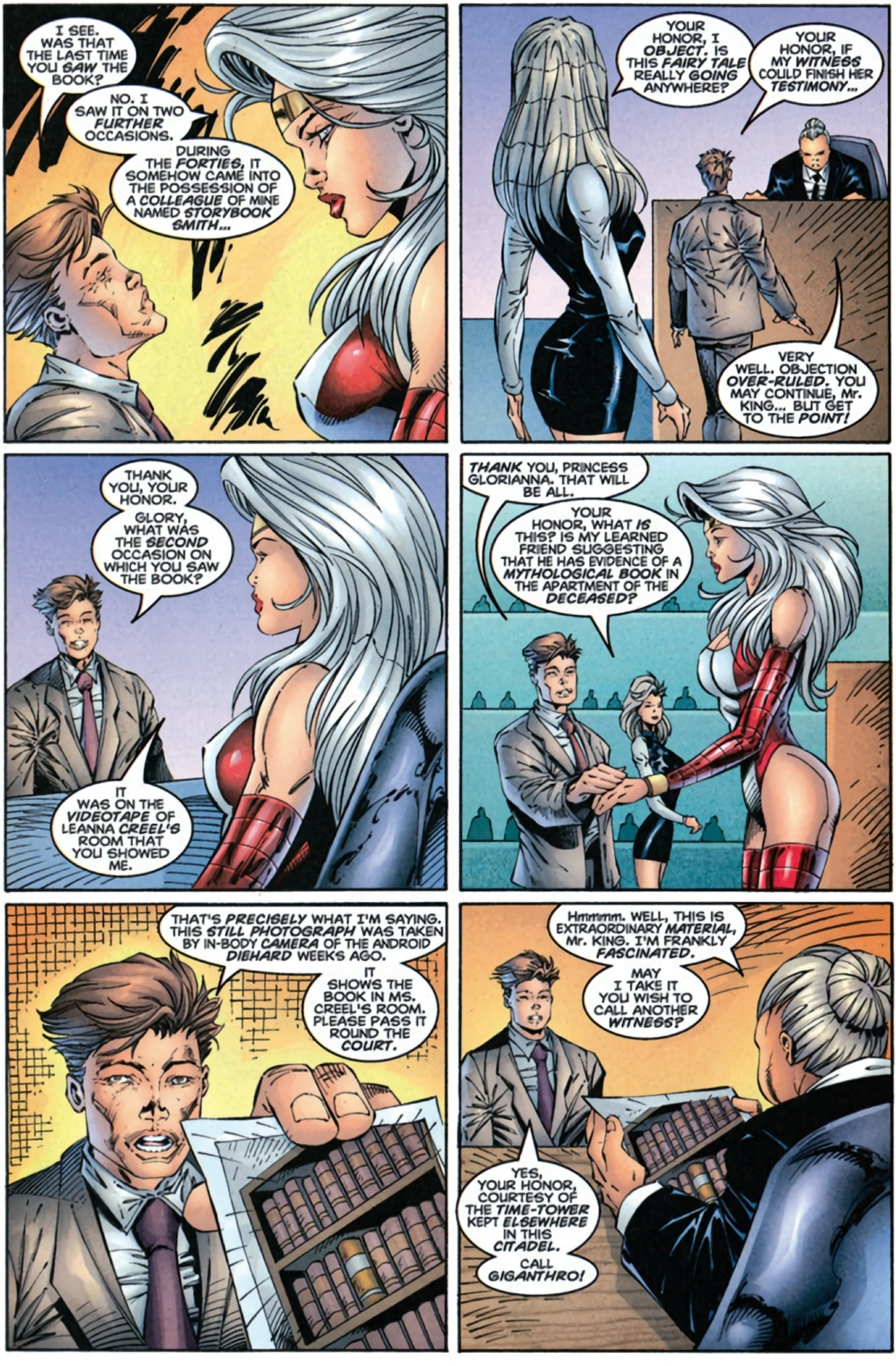

SO, YOUR CELESTIAL *HIGHNESS*, AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THAT YOU BELONG TO A RACE OF *GODS* THAT PREDATES *HUMANITY?*
PLEASE, TOBY, JUST CALL ME *GLORY*.
AS FOR YOUR *QUESTION*, I'M ONLY A *DEMI-GOD*, BUT MY *MOTHER* AND HER IMMEDIATE *FAMILY* ACTUALLY PREDATE THE CREATION OF THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE *ITSELF*.
YOUR HONOR, *OBJECTION!* I HOPE MR. KING ISN'T TRYING TO LINK THIS CASE TO THE *BIG BANG!*
YOUR HONOR, THIS IS AN *UNUSUAL* CASE, WITH UNUSUAL *PARTICIPANTS*. MY QUESTIONS ARE *NECESSARY* TO THROW LIGHT ON THE WHOLE PECULIAR *PICTURE*.
OBJECTION *OVER-RULED*. YOU MAY *PROCEED*, Mr. KING.
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.
NOW, GLORY, I BELIEVE THAT WHEN YOU WERE *YOUNG*, YOUR *MOTHER* RECEIVED A *GIFT* FROM A VERY IMPORTANT *VISITOR?*
"WELL, YES, BUT IT'S ALL RATHER DIFFICULT TO *EXPLAIN*...

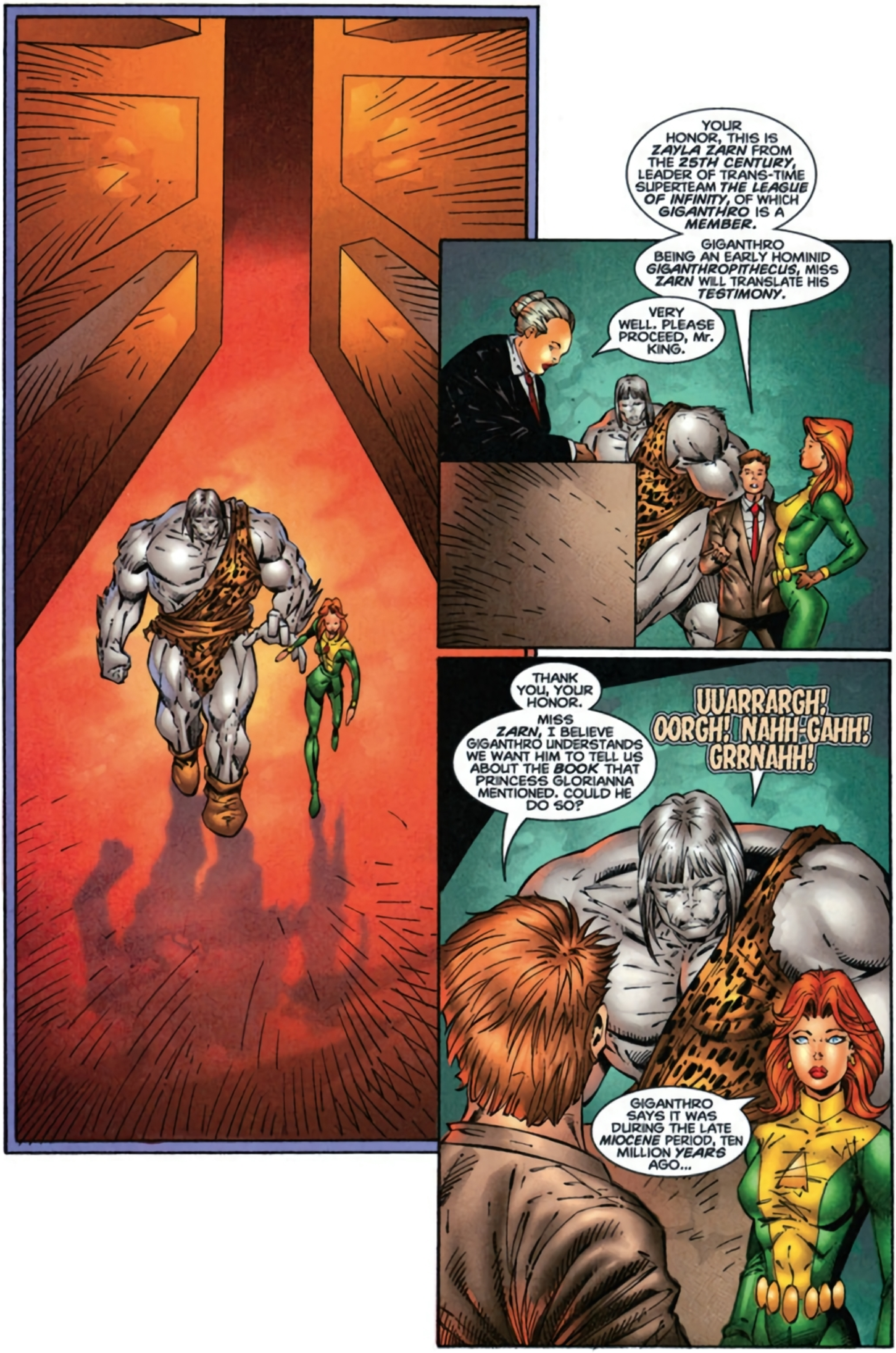

"MY MOTHER *DEMETER*, ALONG WITH *OTHER* EARTH-DEITIES, RULES THE ENTIRE *MATERIAL PLANE*. INCLUDING YOUR *COSMOS*.
"SHE HAS A RETREAT OF HER *OWN* IN THE MYSTICAL HALF-WAY REALM OF *ULTIMA THULE*, THE ISLE OF PARADISE BEYOND OUR WORLD.
"I WAS *BORN* ON THULE, WHICH FLOATS IN THE TORRENT OF SHIFTING *MIND COLORS* KNOWN AS THE *SPECTRUM SEA*, OR, SOMETIMES, *THE CHROMOCEAN*.
"ONE DAY, MY MOTHER *SAILED* WITH ME ACROSS IT TO THE SPLENDID PALACE OF THE *EARTH GODS*.
"THIS WAS RAISED IN THE LOWER BOUGHS OF THE INFINITE *WORLD-TREE* THAT WE CALL *YGGDRASIL*, REARING FROM THE RAINBOW *BREAKERS* UP TOWARDS *ETERNITY*.
"WE TETHERED OUR BARGE TO THE IMPERIAL WHARFS THAT GREW OUT FROM THE TREE, AND THEN THE TWO OF US ENTERED HER *PALACE*.
"SOMEONE WAS *WAITING* FOR US."

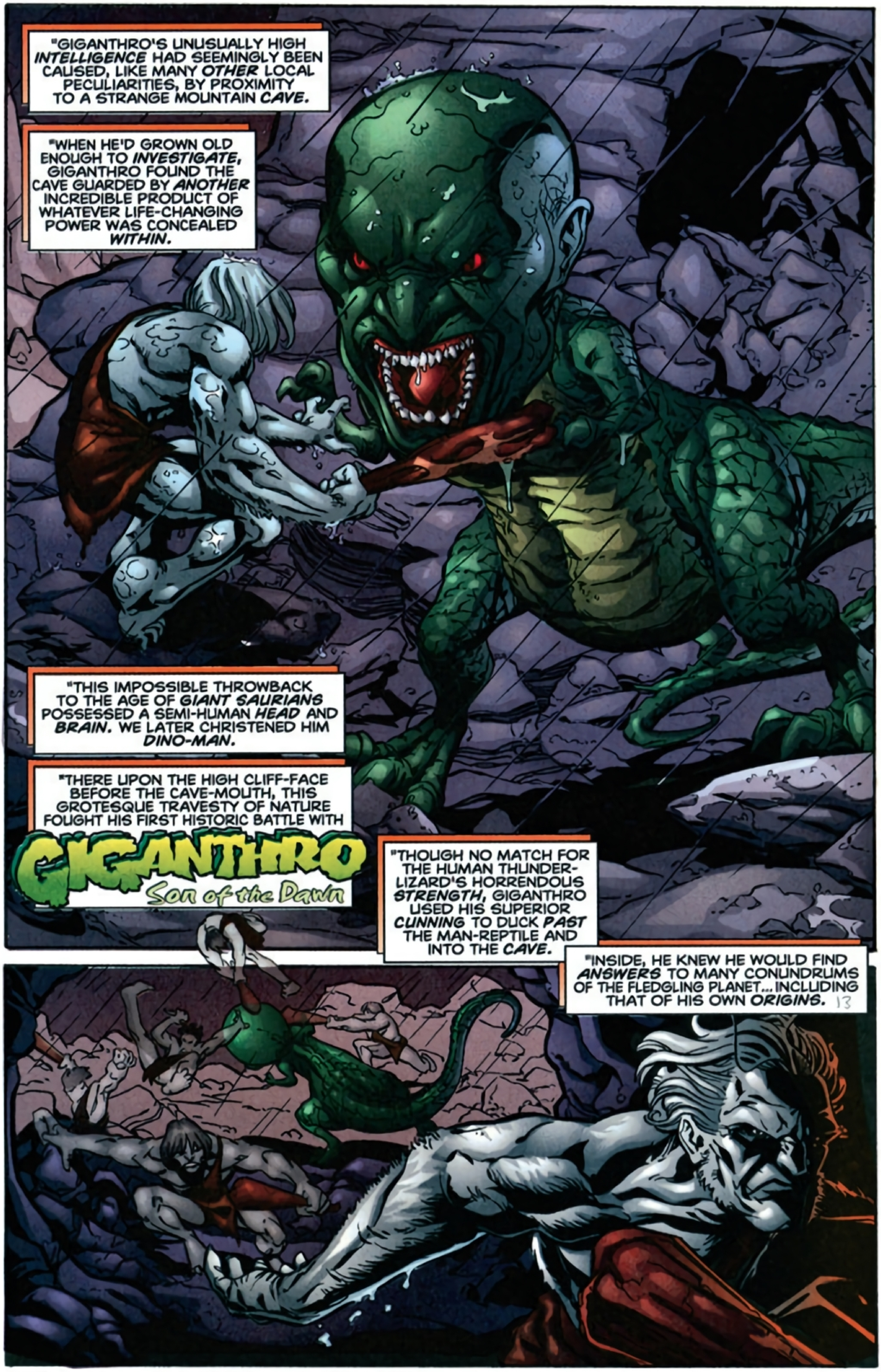

LORD HERMES? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, IN THE PALACE OF EARTH? DOES NOT YOUR OWN MERCURIAL PALACE OF MIND AWAIT YOU IN THE WORLD TREE'S HIGHER BOUGHS?
High boughs for high-brows, eh? HA HA HA.
I just thought I'd visit. Can this delightful little flower be your daughter?
Why, I do believe it is! Little Gloriana, is that right?
"Gloriana tore a banner, for to tie her hair, but was the banner Gloriana's banner for her to tear?"
HA HA HA!
I DID NOT TEAR A BANNER! YOU'RE SILLY!
GLORIANA...
Ah, but "silly" means wise or divinely touched. Did you know that? You ought to be careful with words.
My snakes know some especially slithery words. Would you like them to whisper, up close to your ear?
I-I, UH...
GLORIANA!
STAY BACK, CHILD. DO NOT TRUST HIM. THE GOD OF MIND AND MIRTH AND LANGUAGE IS THE DEADLIEST GOD OF ALL!
Demeter, you malign me!
And after I've flown all this distance down the tree to bring a present for you and your wretched, muddy realm.

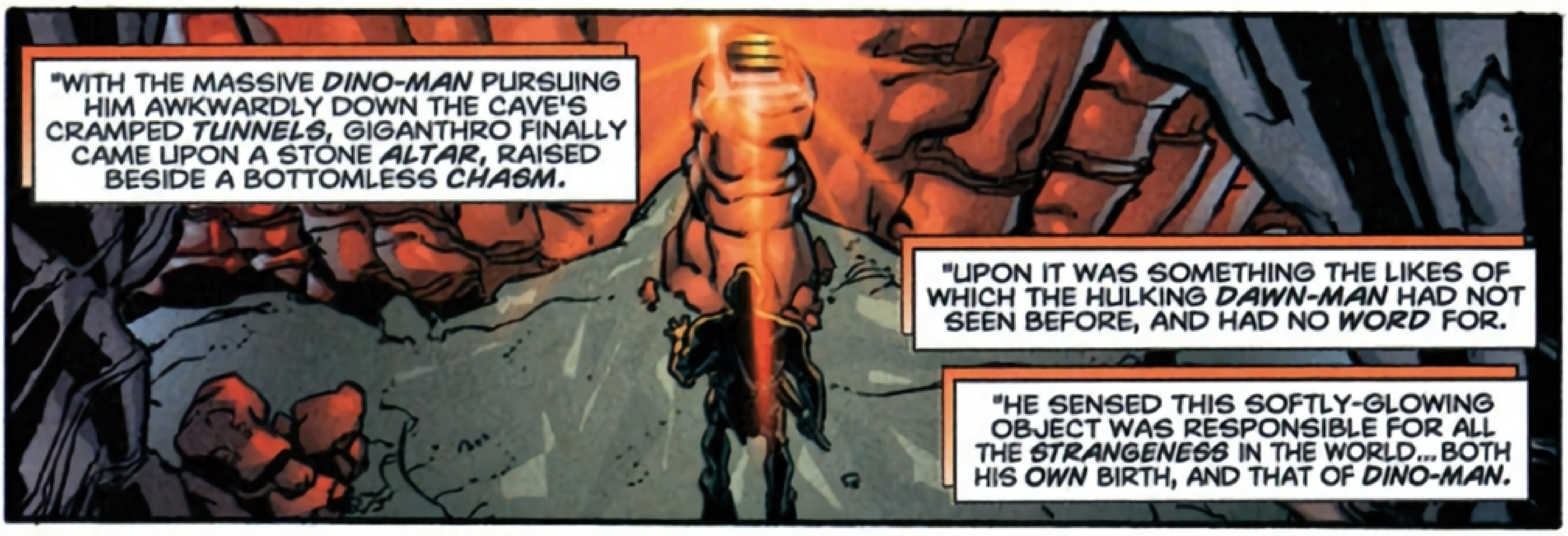

A PRESENT?
Oh yes! And a past and a future into the bargain! A most timely gift, if you will!
I have invented something for your Earthly Realm that I have called a book.
The template for all stories is within this tome. All tales that are, or were, or ever shall be!
"Little Glory, here before me, Even she is in my story!" HA HA HA!
Take the Book, Lady Demeter. Place it in your Just-Made World of matter. Then, when life arises there, it shall have meaning!
It shall have stories, and villains, and monsters, and heroes! The Book is the model that makes such things possible!
I-IS IT NOT DANGEROUS?
Of course it's dangerous! It's made of language, as am I!
Like me, it's dangerous and bright. Like me, it's funny, clever and quite irresistible.
Farewell, Demeter. Keep my present wisely. Goodbye, little Gloriana. I shall see you later! HA HA HA...

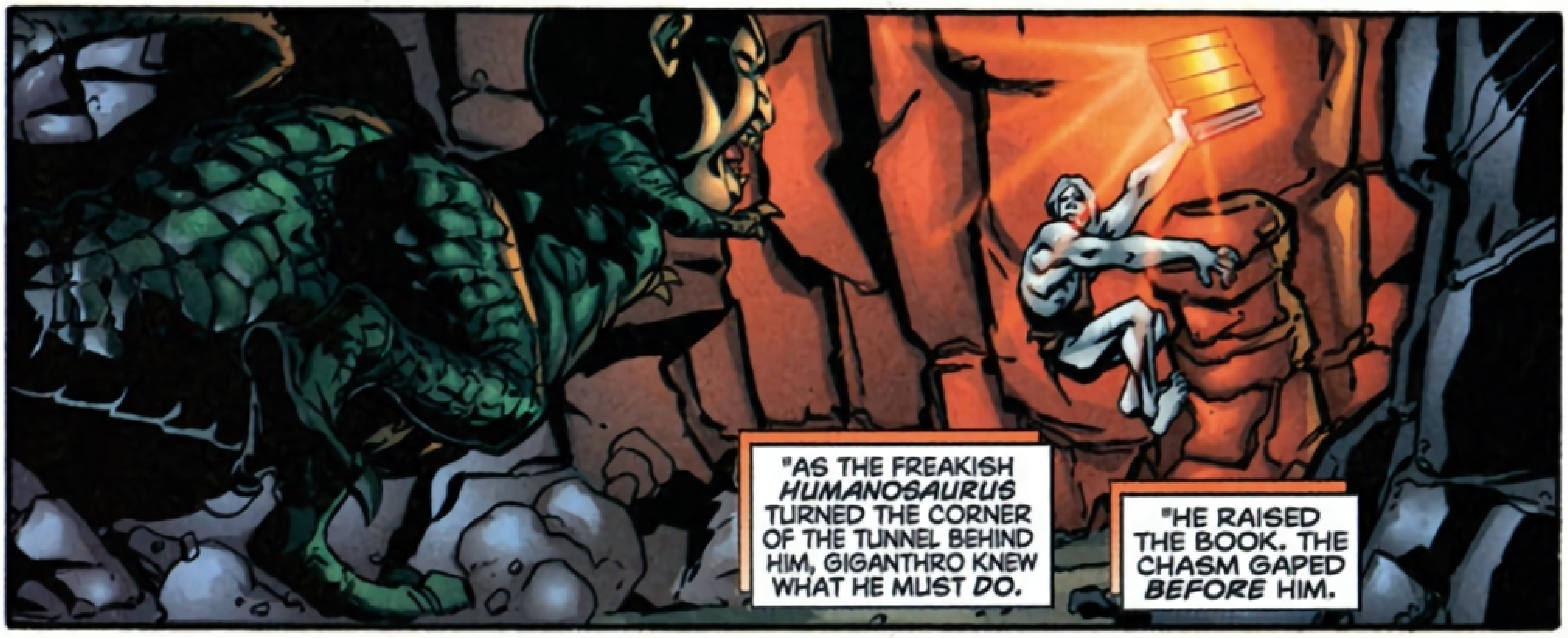

"...AND THEN, LIKE A *THOUGHT* THAT WAS TOO QUICK TO *CATCH*, HE WAS *GONE*.
"I RETURNED WITH MY MOTHER TO *THULE*, WHERE SHE SAT MANY *AFTERNOONS* CAREFULLY READING THE BOOK... OR PERHAPS IT WAS *CENTURIES*.
"FINALLY, SHE SAID THAT WE MUST TAKE THE BOOK DOWN TO HER NEW-BORN WORLD OF *MATTER*.
"IT WAS *WILD* AND *SAVAGE* THEN, THE INFANT *EARTH*, WITH SEAS OF *CHEMICAL* AND *FIRE*.
"MY MOTHER HID THE BOOK INSIDE A *CAVE*, A PLACE OF *POWER* WHERE ITS IMMORTAL PAGES COULD ENDURE THE *AEONS*.
"EVEN *THEN*, I THINK SHE KNEW THAT THIS WAS NOT TO *BE*. SHE'D READ THE *BOOK*: BY *THEN*, SHE KNEW IT WAS TOO *LATE*.
"WE WERE ALREADY IN THE *STORY*, DO YOU SEE? EACH *ONE* OF US. WE WERE ALREADY *WRITTEN* IN THE MAD GOD'S *BOOK*!

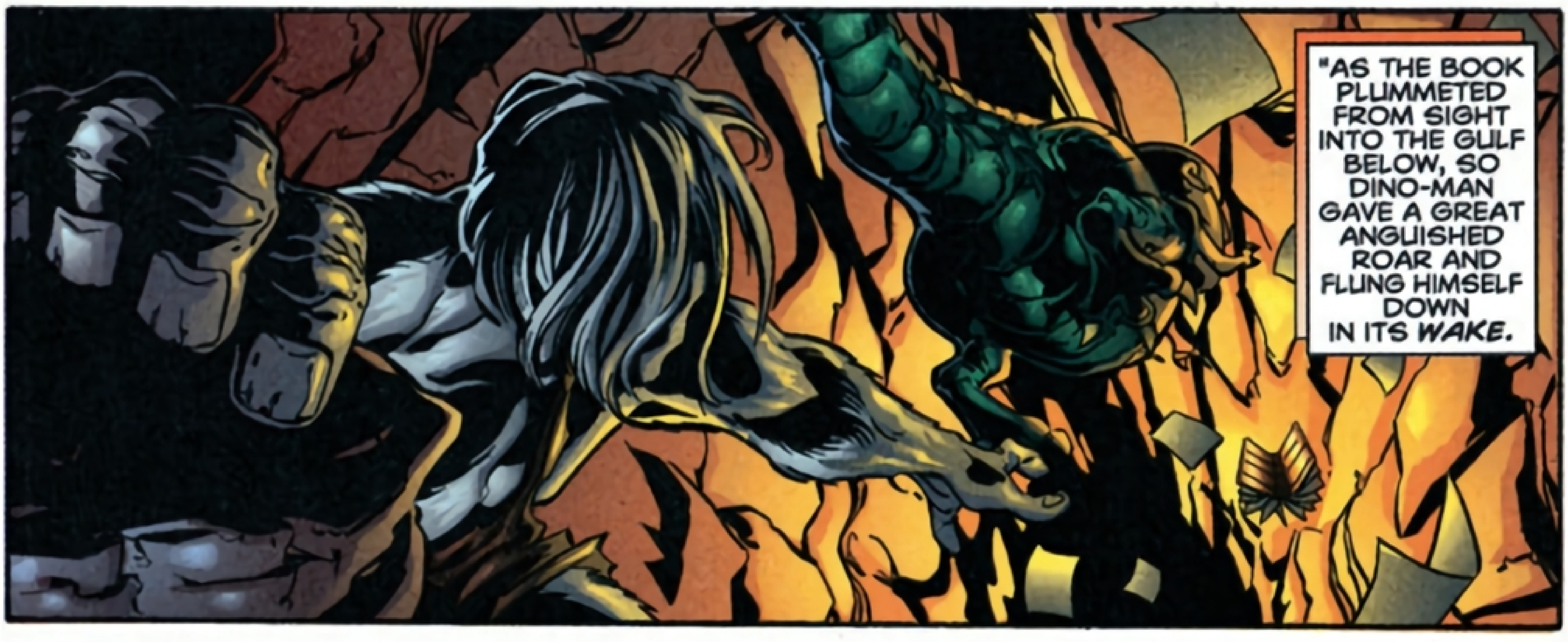

I SEE. WAS THAT THE LAST TIME YOU *SAW* THE BOOK?
NO. I SAW IT ON TWO *FURTHER* OCCASIONS.
DURING THE *FORTIES,* IT SOMEHOW CAME INTO THE POSSESSION OF A *COLLEAGUE* OF MINE NAMED *STORYBOOK SMITH...*
YOUR HONOR, I *OBJECT.* IS THIS *FAIRY TALE* REALLY *GOING* ANYWHERE?
YOUR HONOR, IF MY *WITNESS* COULD FINISH HER *TESTIMONY...*
VERY WELL. OBJECTION *OVER-RULED.* YOU MAY CONTINUE, Mr. KING... BUT GET TO THE *POINT!*
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.
GLORY, WHAT WAS THE *SECOND* OCCASION ON WHICH YOU SAW THE BOOK?
IT WAS ON THE *VIDEOTAPE* OF LEANNA *CREEL'S* ROOM THAT YOU SHOWED ME.
*THANK* YOU, PRINCESS GLORIANNA. THAT WILL BE ALL.
YOUR HONOR, WHAT *IS* THIS? IS MY LEARNED FRIEND SUGGESTING THAT HE HAS EVIDENCE OF A *MYTHOLOGICAL BOOK* IN THE APARTMENT OF THE *DECEASED?*
THAT'S *PRECISELY* WHAT I'M SAYING. THIS *STILL PHOTOGRAPH* WAS TAKEN BY IN-BODY *CAMERA* OF THE ANDROID *DIEHARD* WEEKS AGO.
IT SHOWS THE BOOK IN MS. CREEL'S ROOM. PLEASE PASS IT ROUND THE *COURT.*
Hmmmm. WELL, THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY *MATERIAL,* Mr. KING. I'M FRANKLY *FASCINATED.*
MAY I TAKE IT YOU WISH TO CALL ANOTHER *WITNESS?*
YES, YOUR HONOR, COURTESY OF THE *TIME-TOWER* KEPT *ELSEWHERE* IN THIS *CITADEL.*
CALL *GIGANTHRO!*

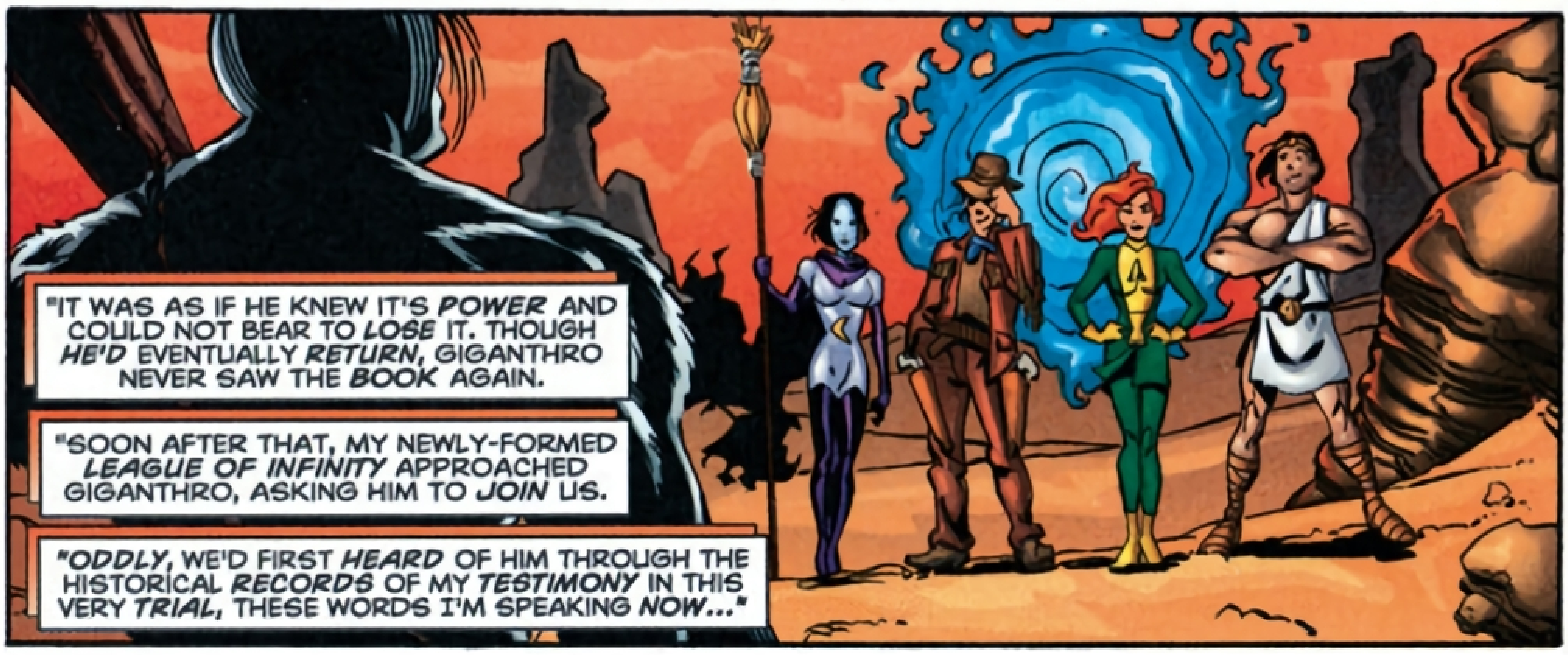

YOUR HONOR, THIS IS *ZAYLA ZARN* FROM THE *25TH CENTURY*, LEADER OF TRANS-TIME SUPERTEAM *THE LEAGUE OF INFINITY*, OF WHICH *GIGANTHRO* IS A *MEMBER*.
GIGANTHRO BEING AN EARLY HOMINID *GIGANTHROPITHECUS*, MISS *ZARN* WILL TRANSLATE HIS *TESTIMONY*.
VERY WELL. PLEASE PROCEED, Mr. KING.
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR. MISS *ZARN*, I BELIEVE GIGANTHRO UNDERSTANDS WE WANT HIM TO TELL US ABOUT THE *BOOK* THAT PRINCESS GLORIANNA MENTIONED. COULD HE DO SO?
UUARRARGH! OORGH! NAHH-GAHH! GRRNAHH!
GIGANTHRO SAYS IT WAS DURING THE LATE *MIOCENE* PERIOD, TEN MILLION *YEARS* AGO...

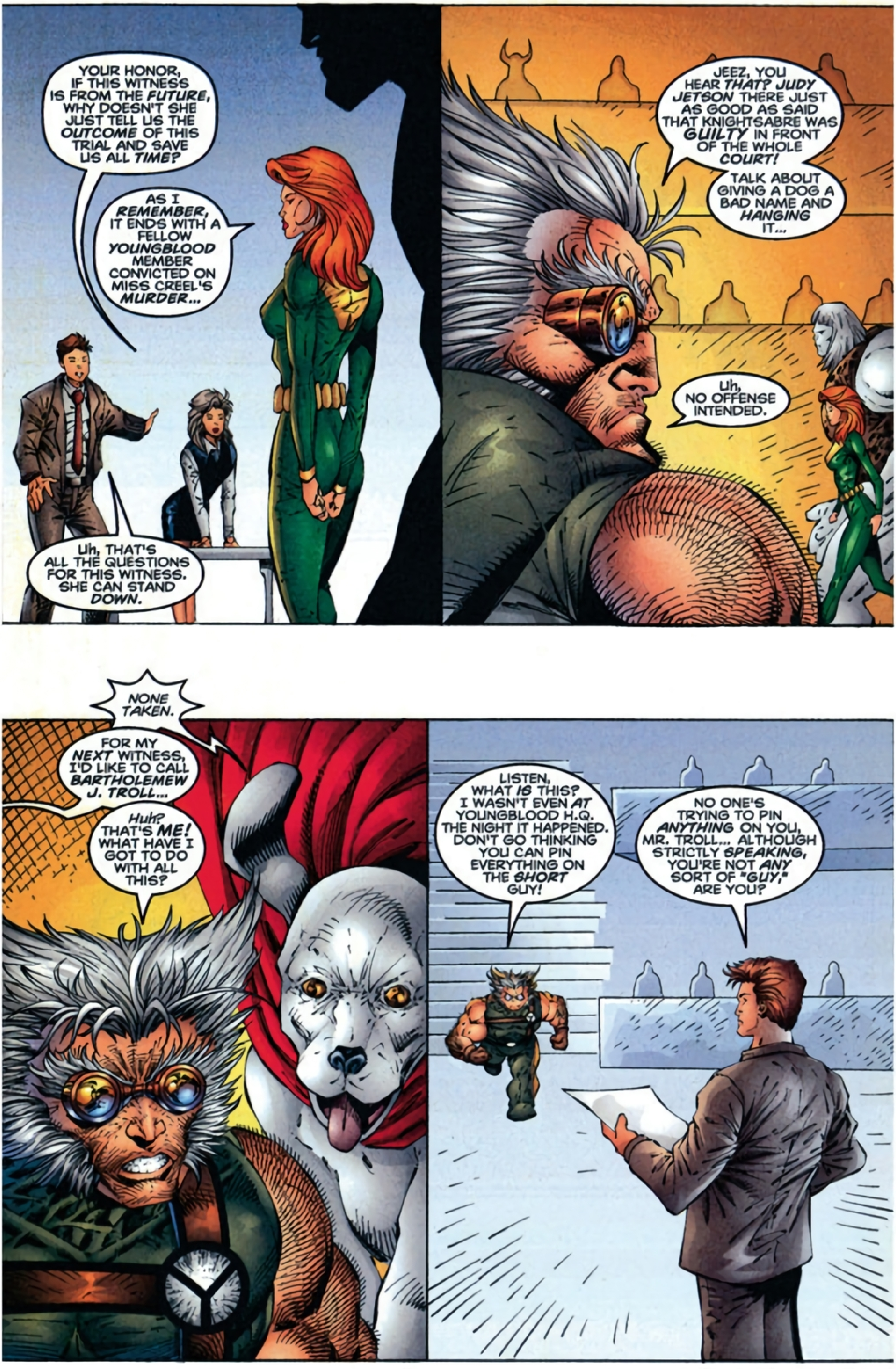

"GIGANTHRO'S UNUSUALLY HIGH *INTELLIGENCE* HAD SEEMINGLY BEEN CAUSED, LIKE MANY *OTHER* LOCAL PECULIARITIES, BY PROXIMITY TO A STRANGE MOUNTAIN *CAVE*.
"WHEN HE'D GROWN OLD ENOUGH TO *INVESTIGATE*, GIGANTHRO FOUND THE CAVE GUARDED BY *ANOTHER* INCREDIBLE PRODUCT OF WHATEVER LIFE-CHANGING POWER WAS CONCEALED *WITHIN*.
"THIS IMPOSSIBLE THROWBACK TO THE AGE OF *GIANT SAURIANS* POSSESSED A SEMI-HUMAN *HEAD* AND *BRAIN*. WE LATER CHRISTENED HIM *DINO-MAN*.
"THERE UPON THE HIGH CLIFF-FACE BEFORE THE CAVE-MOUTH, THIS GROTESQUE TRAVESTY OF NATURE FOUGHT HIS FIRST HISTORIC BATTLE WITH
GIGANTHRO
Son of the Dawn
"THOUGH NO MATCH FOR THE HUMAN THUNDER-LIZARD'S HORRENDOUS *STRENGTH*, GIGANTHRO USED HIS SUPERIOR *CUNNING* TO DUCK *PAST* THE MAN-REPTILE AND INTO THE *CAVE*.
"INSIDE, HE KNEW HE WOULD FIND *ANSWERS* TO MANY CONUNDRUMS OF THE FLEDGLING PLANET...INCLUDING THAT OF HIS OWN *ORIGINS*.

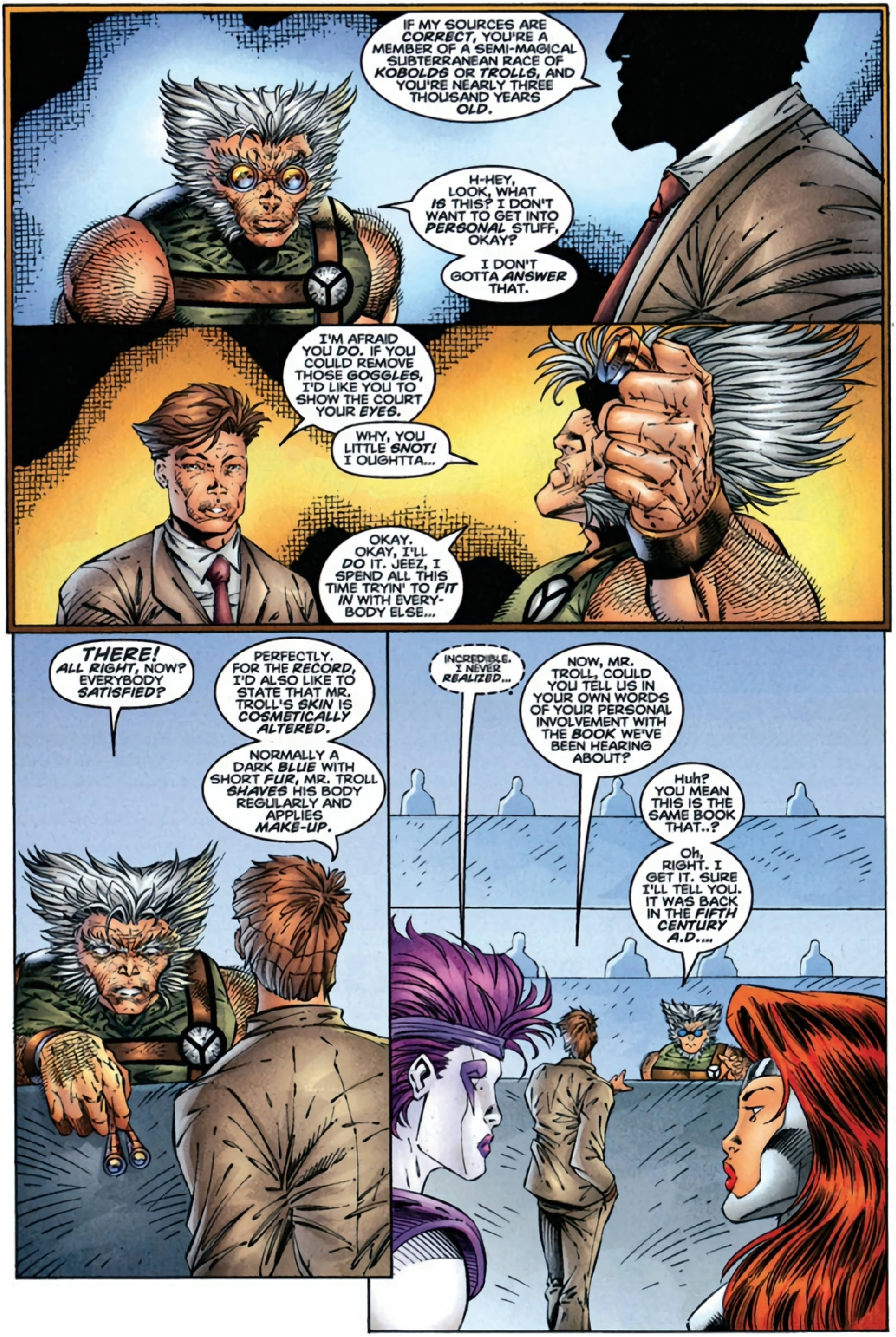

"WITH THE MASSIVE *DINO-MAN* PURSUING HIM AWKWARDLY DOWN THE CAVE'S CRAMPED *TUNNELS*, GIGANTHRO FINALLY CAME UPON A STONE *ALTAR*, RAISED BESIDE A BOTTOMLESS *CHASM*.
"UPON IT WAS SOMETHING THE LIKES OF WHICH THE HULKING *DAWN-MAN* HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE, AND HAD NO *WORD* FOR.
"HE SENSED THIS SOFTLY-GLOWING OBJECT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE *STRANGENESS* IN THE WORLD... BOTH HIS *OWN* BIRTH, AND THAT OF *DINO-MAN*.

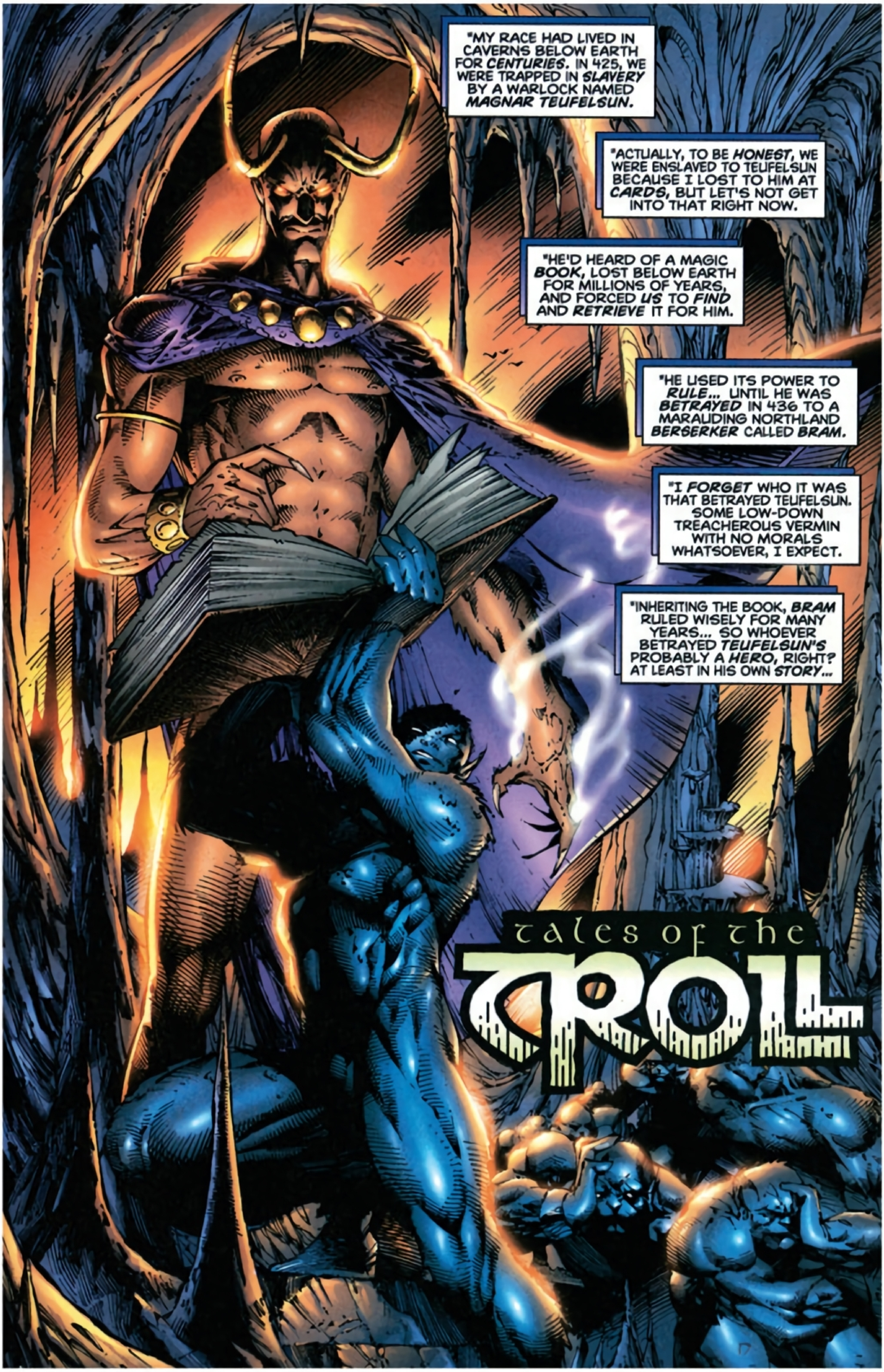

"AS THE FREAKISH *HUMANOSAURUS* TURNED THE CORNER OF THE TUNNEL BEHIND HIM, GIGANTHRO KNEW WHAT HE MUST *DO*.
"HE RAISED THE BOOK. THE CHASM GAPED *BEFORE* HIM.

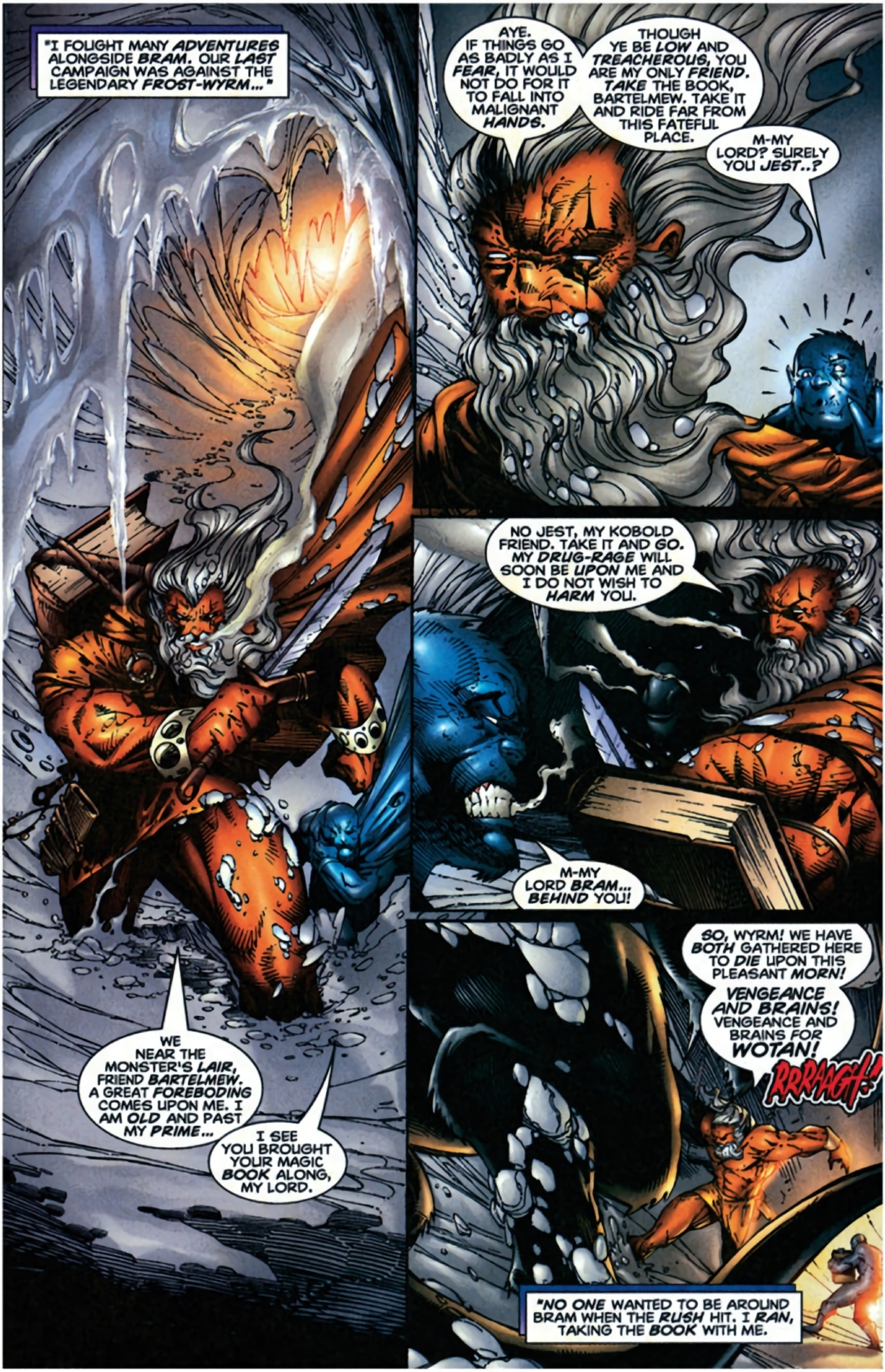

"AS THE BOOK PLUMMETED FROM SIGHT INTO THE GULF BELOW, SO DINO-MAN GAVE A GREAT ANGUISHED ROAR AND FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN IN ITS *WAKE*.

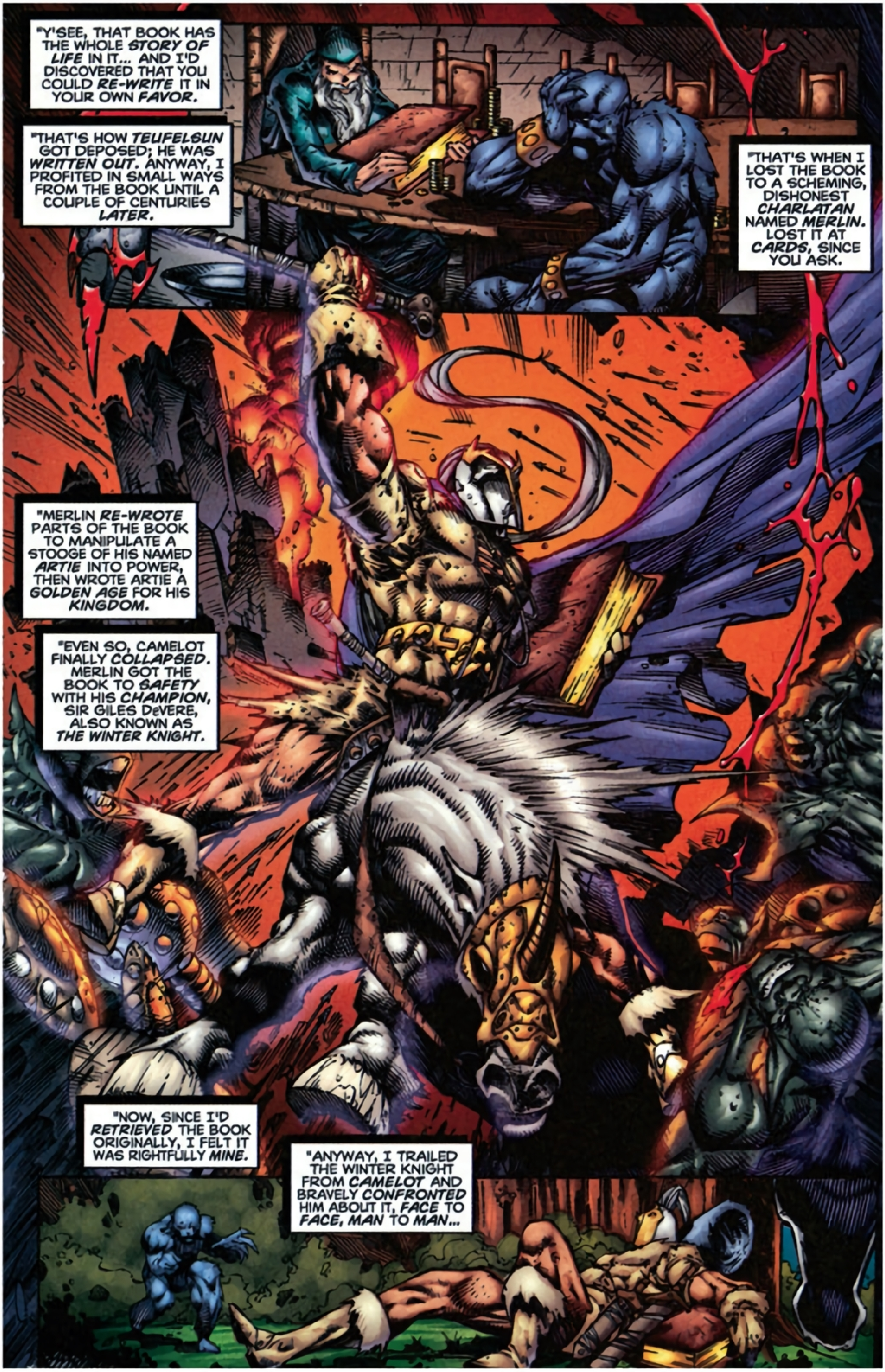

"IT WAS AS IF HE KNEW IT'S *POWER* AND COULD NOT BEAR TO *LOSE* IT. THOUGH *HE'D* EVENTUALLY *RETURN*, GIGANTHRO NEVER SAW THE *BOOK* AGAIN.
"SOON AFTER THAT, MY NEWLY-FORMED *LEAGUE OF INFINITY* APPROACHED GIGANTHRO, ASKING HIM TO *JOIN* US.
"*ODDLY*, WE'D FIRST *HEARD* OF HIM THROUGH THE HISTORICAL *RECORDS* OF MY *TESTIMONY* IN THIS VERY *TRIAL*, THESE WORDS I'M SPEAKING *NOW*..."

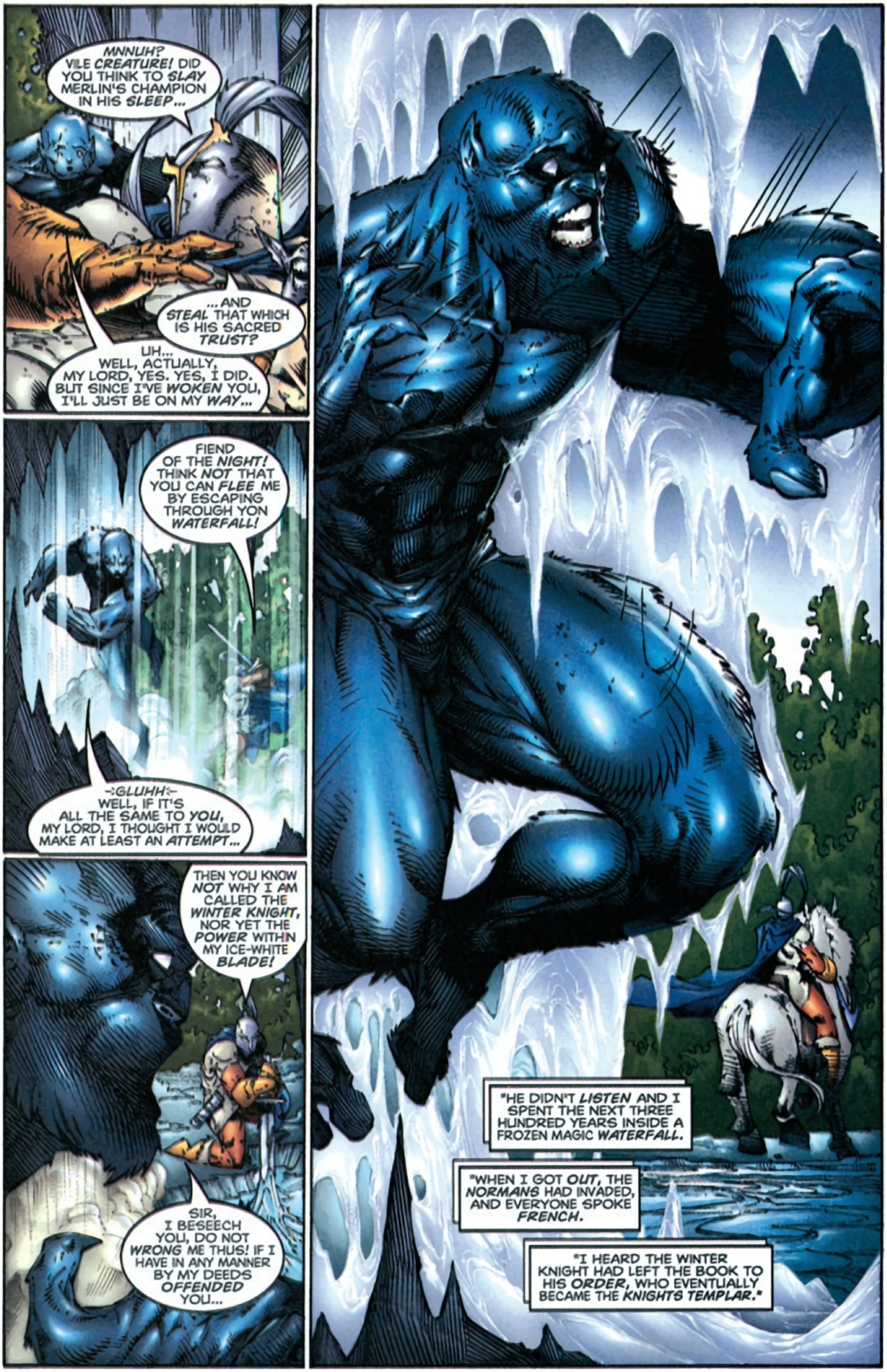

YOUR HONOR, IF THIS WITNESS IS FROM THE *FUTURE*, WHY DOESN'T SHE JUST TELL US THE *OUTCOME* OF THIS TRIAL AND SAVE US ALL *TIME*?
AS I *REMEMBER*, IT ENDS WITH A FELLOW *YOUNGBLOOD* MEMBER CONVICTED ON MISS CREEL'S *MURDER*...
UH, THAT'S ALL THE QUESTIONS FOR THIS WITNESS. SHE CAN STAND *DOWN*.
JEEZ, YOU HEAR *THAT*? *JUDY JETSON* THERE JUST AS GOOD AS SAID THAT KNIGHTSABRE WAS *GUILTY* IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE *COURT!*
TALK ABOUT GIVING A DOG A BAD NAME AND *HANGING* IT...
UH, NO OFFENSE INTENDED.
*NONE TAKEN.*
FOR MY *NEXT* WITNESS, I'D LIKE TO CALL *BARTHOLEMEW J. TROLL*...
*HUH?* THAT'S *ME!* WHAT HAVE I GOT TO DO WITH ALL THIS?
LISTEN, WHAT *IS* THIS? I WASN'T EVEN *AT* YOUNGBLOOD H.Q. THE NIGHT IT HAPPENED. DON'T GO THINKING YOU CAN PIN EVERYTHING ON THE *SHORT* GUY!
NO ONE'S TRYING TO PIN *ANYTHING* ON YOU, MR. TROLL... ALTHOUGH STRICTLY *SPEAKING*, YOU'RE NOT *ANY* SORT OF *"GUY,"* ARE YOU?

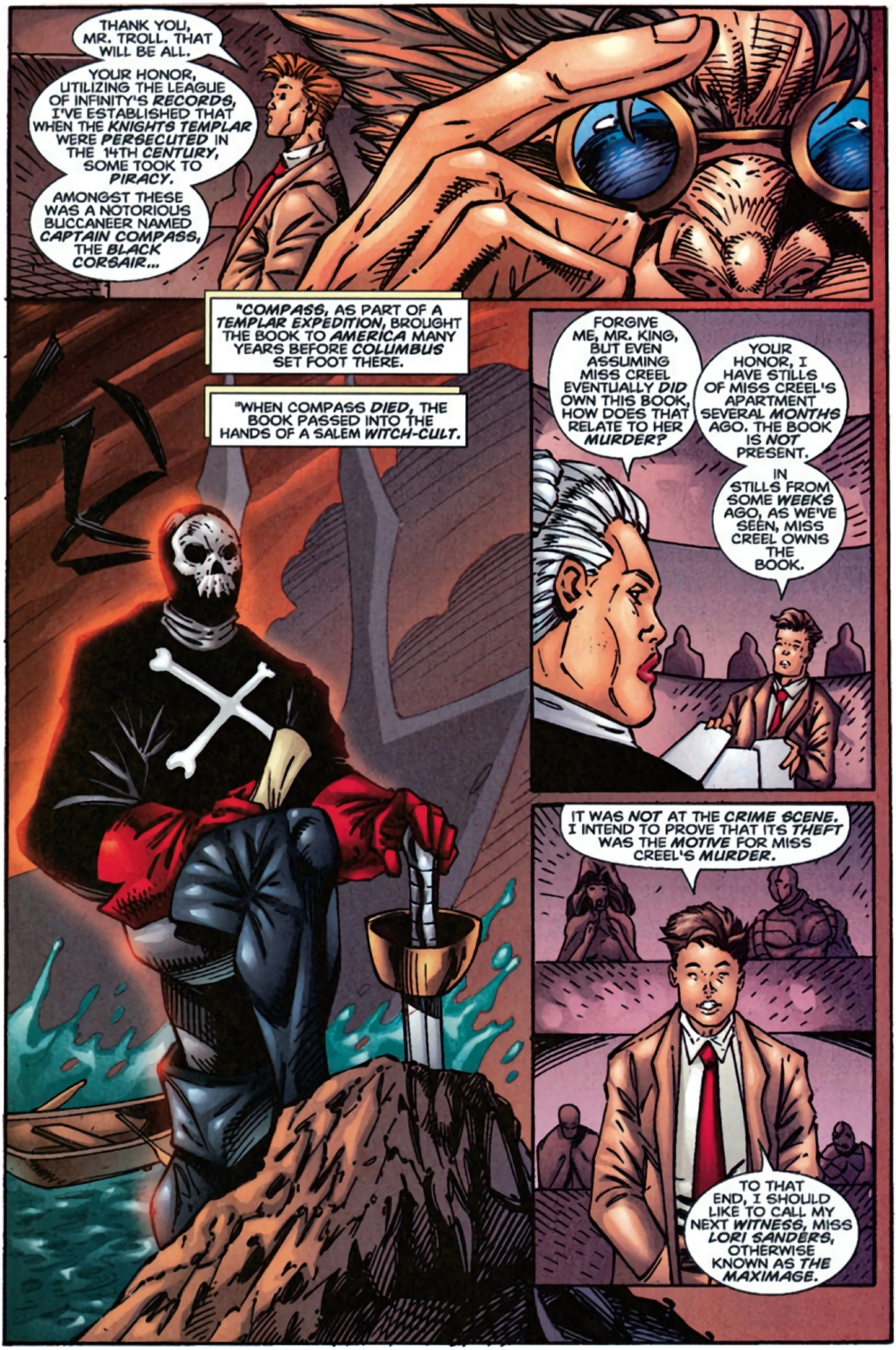

IF MY SOURCES ARE *CORRECT*, YOU'RE A MEMBER OF A SEMI-MAGICAL SUBTERRANEAN RACE OF *KOBOLDS* OR *TROLLS*, AND YOU'RE NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS *OLD*.
H-HEY, LOOK, WHAT *IS* THIS? I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO *PERSONAL* STUFF, OKAY?
I DON'T GOTTA *ANSWER* THAT.
I'M AFRAID YOU *DO*. IF YOU COULD REMOVE THOSE *GOGGLES*, I'D LIKE YOU TO SHOW THE COURT YOUR *EYES*.
WHY, YOU LITTLE *SNOT!* I OUGHTTA...
OKAY. OKAY, I'LL *DO* IT. JEEZ, I SPEND ALL THIS TIME TRYIN' TO *FIT IN* WITH EVERYBODY ELSE...
*THERE! ALL RIGHT*, NOW? EVERYBODY *SATISFIED?*
PERFECTLY. FOR THE *RECORD*, I'D ALSO LIKE TO STATE THAT MR. TROLL'S *SKIN* IS *COSMETICALLY ALTERED*.
NORMALLY A DARK *BLUE* WITH SHORT *FUR*, MR. TROLL *SHAVES* HIS BODY REGULARLY AND APPLIES *MAKE-UP*.
INCREDIBLE. I NEVER *REALIZED*...
NOW, MR. TROLL, COULD YOU TELL US IN YOUR OWN WORDS OF YOUR PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT WITH THE *BOOK* WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT?
Huh? YOU MEAN THIS IS THE SAME BOOK THAT..?
Oh, RIGHT. I GET IT. SURE I'LL TELL YOU. IT WAS BACK IN THE *FIFTH CENTURY A.D.*...

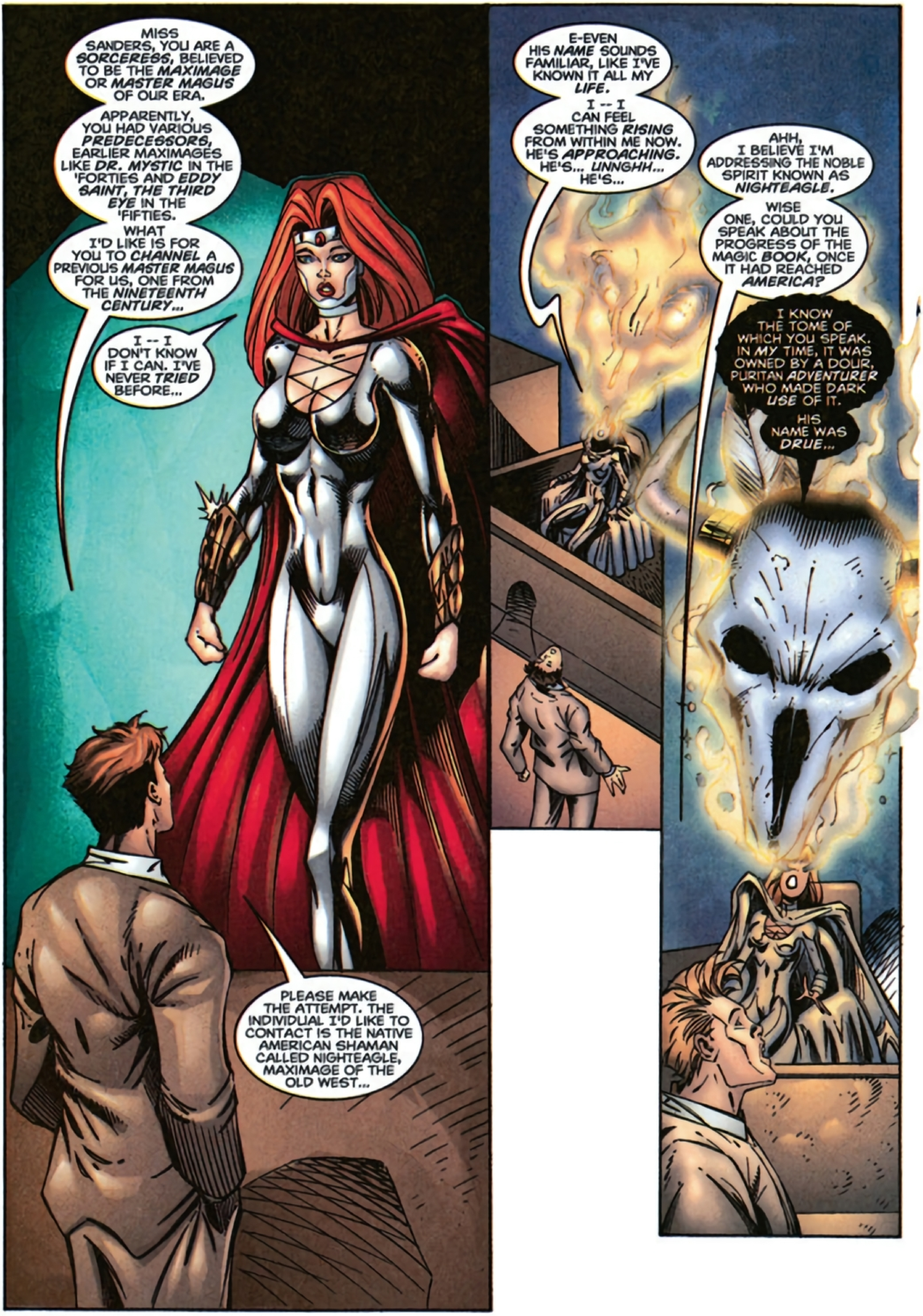

"MY RACE HAD LIVED IN CAVERNS BELOW EARTH FOR *CENTURIES*. IN 425, WE WERE TRAPPED IN *SLAVERY* BY A WARLOCK NAMED *MAGNAR TEUFELSUN*.
"ACTUALLY, TO BE *HONEST*, WE WERE ENSLAVED TO TEUFELSUN BECAUSE I LOST TO HIM AT *CARDS*, BUT LET'S NOT GET INTO THAT RIGHT NOW.
"HE'D HEARD OF A MAGIC *BOOK*, LOST BELOW EARTH FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, AND FORCED *US* TO *FIND* AND *RETRIEVE* IT FOR HIM.
"HE USED ITS POWER TO *RULE*... UNTIL HE WAS *BETRAYED* IN 436 TO A MARAUDING NORTHLAND *BERSERKER* CALLED *BRAM*.
"I *FORGET* WHO IT WAS THAT BETRAYED TEUFELSUN. SOME LOW-DOWN TREACHEROUS VERMIN WITH NO MORALS WHATSOEVER, I EXPECT.
"INHERITING THE BOOK, *BRAM* RULED WISELY FOR MANY YEARS... SO WHOEVER BETRAYED *TEUFELSUN'S* PROBABLY A *HERO*, RIGHT? AT LEAST IN HIS OWN *STORY*...
tales of the
TROLL

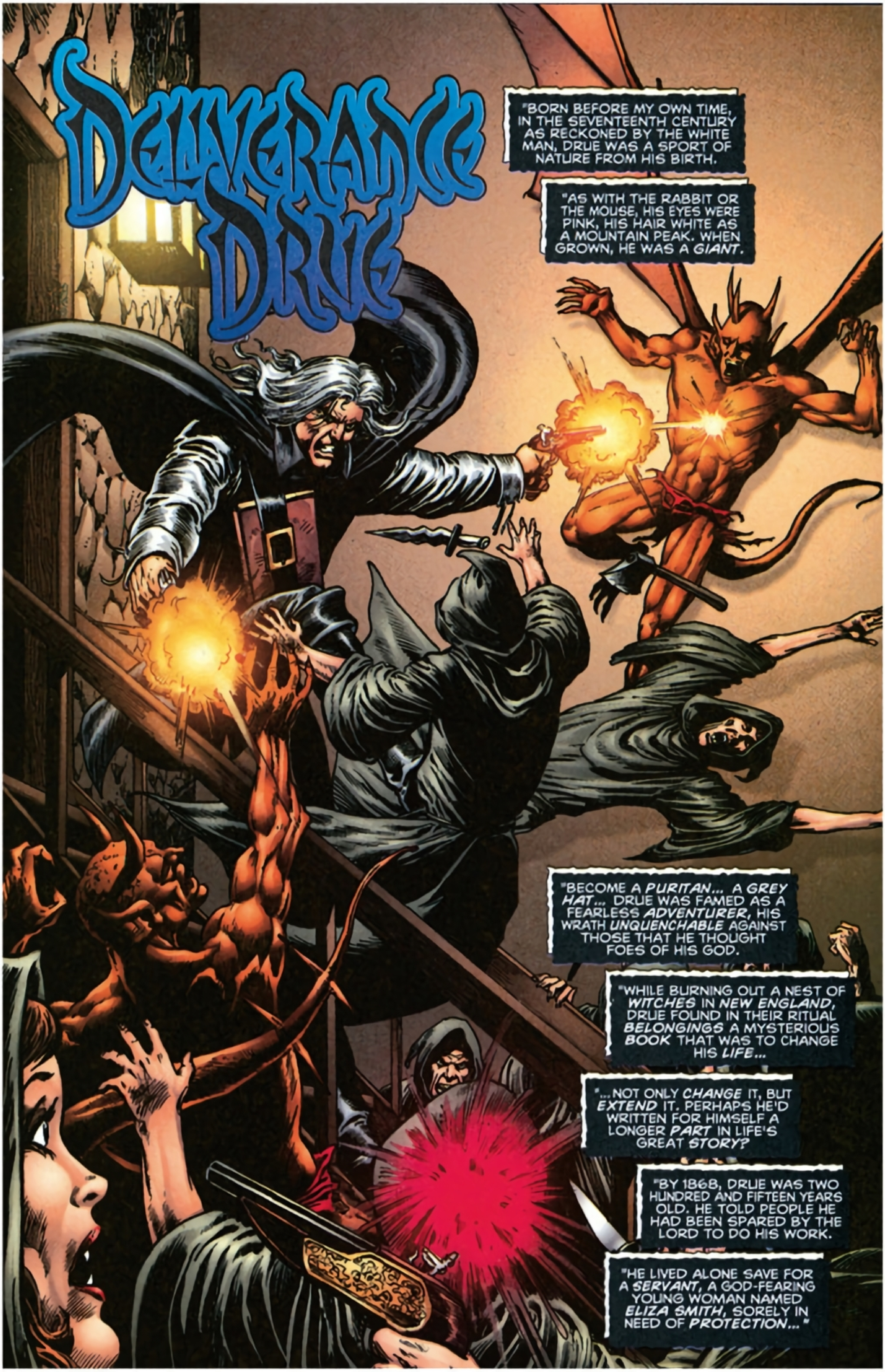

"I FOUGHT MANY *ADVENTURES* ALONGSIDE *BRAM*. OUR *LAST* CAMPAIGN WAS AGAINST THE LEGENDARY *FROST-WYRM*..."
WE NEAR THE MONSTER'S *LAIR*, FRIEND *BARTELMEW*. A GREAT *FOREBODING* COMES UPON ME. I AM *OLD* AND PAST MY *PRIME*...
I SEE YOU BROUGHT YOUR MAGIC *BOOK* ALONG, MY LORD.
AYE. IF THINGS GO AS BADLY AS I *FEAR*, IT WOULD NOT DO FOR IT TO FALL INTO MALIGNANT *HANDS*.
THOUGH YE BE *LOW* AND *TREACHEROUS*, YOU ARE MY ONLY *FRIEND*. *TAKE* THE BOOK, BARTELMEW. TAKE IT AND RIDE FAR FROM THIS FATEFUL PLACE.
M-MY LORD? SURELY YOU *JEST*..?
NO JEST, MY KOBOLD FRIEND. TAKE IT AND *GO*. MY *DRUG-RAGE* WILL SOON BE *UPON* ME AND I DO NOT WISH TO *HARM* YOU.
M-MY LORD *BRAM*... *BEHIND* YOU!
*SO, WYRM!* WE HAVE *BOTH* GATHERED HERE TO *DIE* UPON THIS PLEASANT *MORN!*
*VENGEANCE AND BRAINS!* VENGEANCE AND BRAINS FOR *WOTAN!*
RRRAAGH!
"*NO ONE* WANTED TO BE AROUND BRAM WHEN THE *RUSH* HIT. I *RAN*, TAKING THE *BOOK* WITH ME.

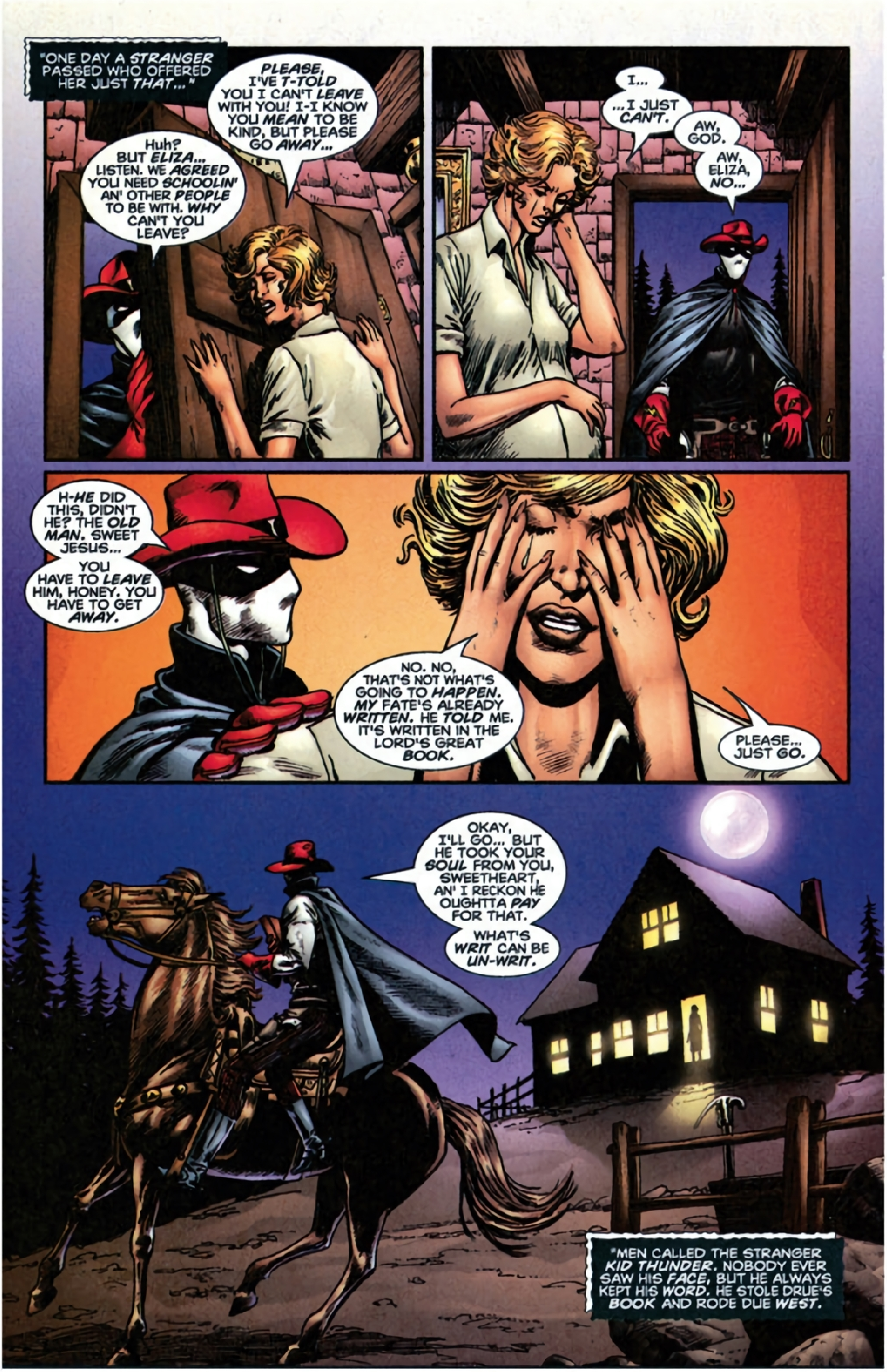

"Y'SEE, THAT BOOK HAS THE WHOLE *STORY OF LIFE* IN IT... AND I'D DISCOVERED THAT YOU COULD *RE-WRITE* IT IN YOUR OWN *FAVOR.*
"THAT'S HOW *TEUFELSUN* GOT DEPOSED; HE WAS *WRITTEN OUT.* ANYWAY, I PROFITED IN SMALL WAYS FROM THE BOOK UNTIL A COUPLE OF CENTURIES *LATER.*
"THAT'S WHEN I LOST THE BOOK TO A SCHEMING, DISHONEST *CHARLATAN* NAMED *MERLIN.* LOST IT AT *CARDS,* SINCE YOU ASK.
"MERLIN *RE-WROTE* PARTS OF THE BOOK TO MANIPULATE A STOOGE OF HIS NAMED *ARTIE* INTO POWER, THEN WROTE ARTIE A *GOLDEN AGE* FOR HIS *KINGDOM.*
"EVEN SO, CAMELOT FINALLY *COLLAPSED.* MERLIN GOT THE BOOK TO *SAFETY* WITH HIS *CHAMPION,* SIR GILES DeVERE, ALSO KNOWN AS *THE WINTER KNIGHT.*
"NOW, SINCE I'D *RETRIEVED* THE BOOK ORIGINALLY, I FELT IT WAS RIGHTFULLY *MINE.*
"ANYWAY, I TRAILED THE WINTER KNIGHT FROM *CAMELOT* AND BRAVELY *CONFRONTED* HIM ABOUT IT, *FACE* TO *FACE, MAN* TO *MAN*...

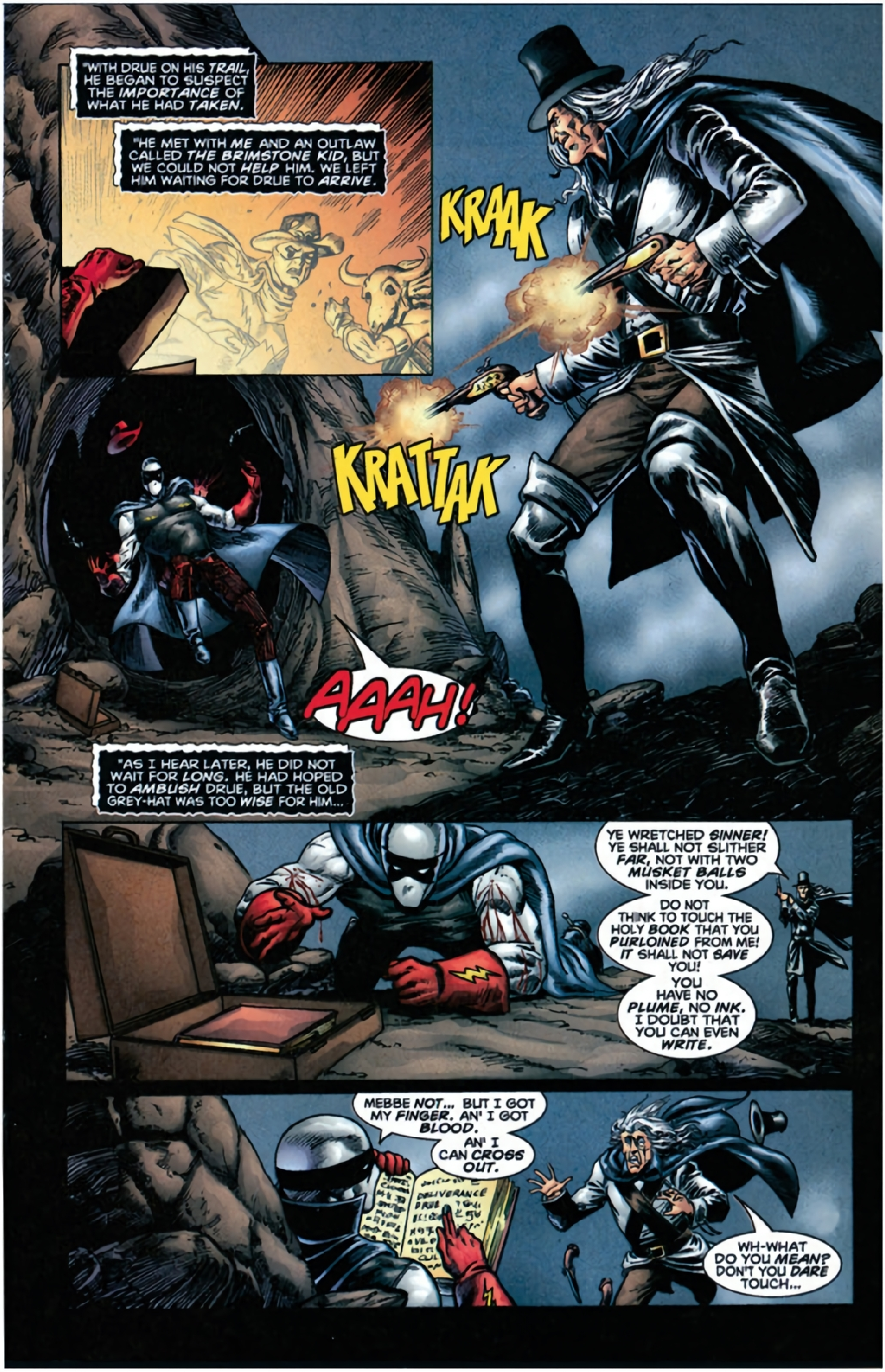

MNNUH? VILE CREATURE! DID YOU THINK TO SLAY MERLIN'S CHAMPION IN HIS SLEEP...
...AND STEAL THAT WHICH IS HIS SACRED TRUST?
UH... WELL, ACTUALLY, MY LORD, YES. YES, I DID. BUT SINCE I'VE WOKEN YOU, I'LL JUST BE ON MY WAY...
FIEND OF THE NIGHT! THINK NOT THAT YOU CAN FLEE ME BY ESCAPING THROUGH YON WATERFALL!
-GLUHH- WELL, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, MY LORD, I THOUGHT I WOULD MAKE AT LEAST AN ATTEMPT...
THEN YOU KNOW NOT WHY I AM CALLED THE WINTER KNIGHT, NOR YET THE POWER WITHIN MY ICE-WHITE BLADE!
SIR, I BESEECH YOU, DO NOT WRONG ME THUS! IF I HAVE IN ANY MANNER BY MY DEEDS OFFENDED YOU...
"HE DIDN'T LISTEN AND I SPENT THE NEXT THREE HUNDRED YEARS INSIDE A FROZEN MAGIC WATERFALL.
"WHEN I GOT OUT, THE NORMANS HAD INVADED, AND EVERYONE SPOKE FRENCH.
"I HEARD THE WINTER KNIGHT HAD LEFT THE BOOK TO HIS ORDER, WHO EVENTUALLY BECAME THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR."

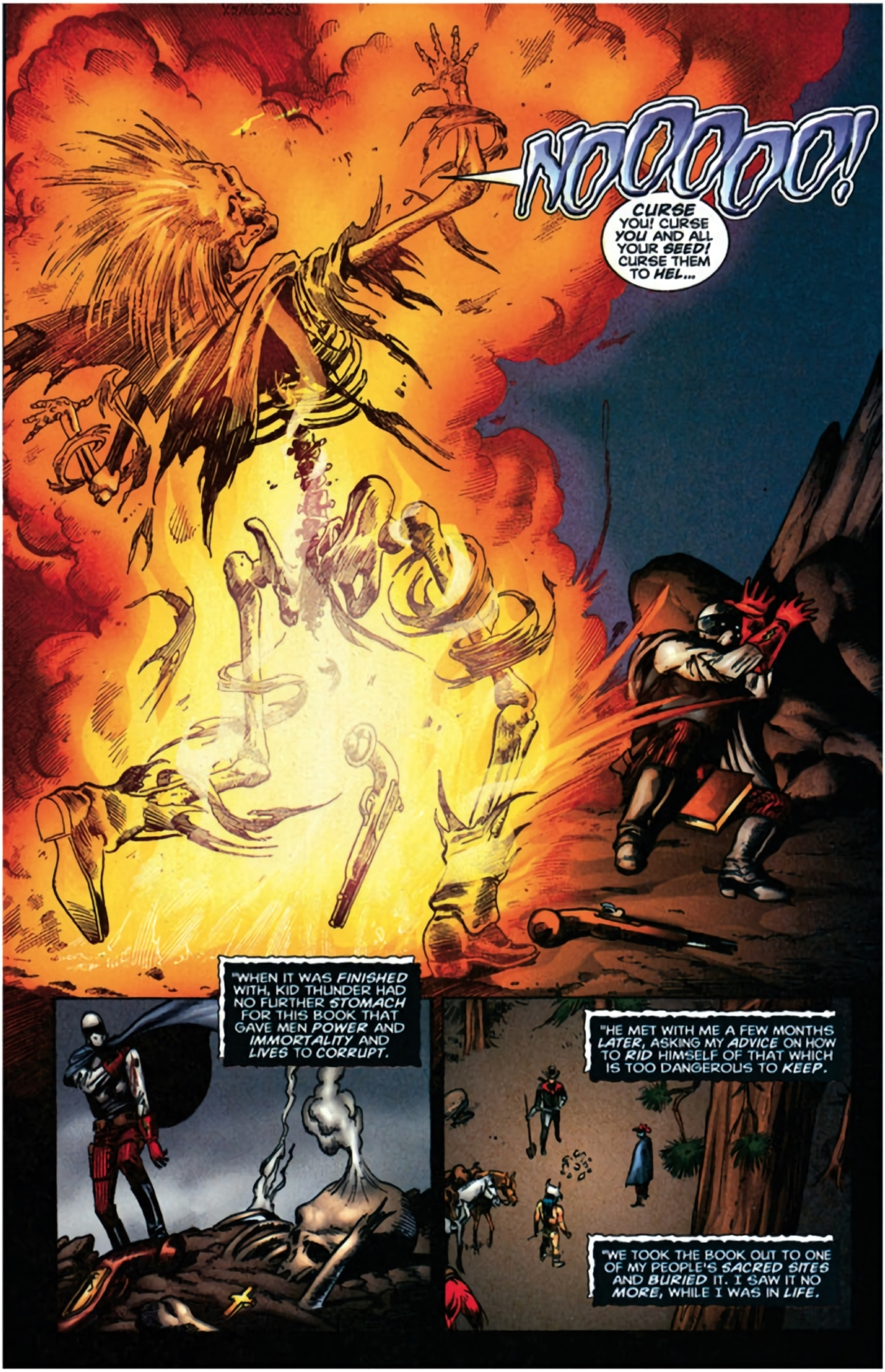

THANK YOU, MR. TROLL. THAT WILL BE ALL.
YOUR HONOR, UTILIZING THE LEAGUE OF INFINITY'S *RECORDS*, I'VE ESTABLISHED THAT WHEN THE *KNIGHTS TEMPLAR* WERE *PERSECUTED* IN THE 14TH *CENTURY*, SOME TOOK TO *PIRACY*.
AMONGST THESE WAS A NOTORIOUS BUCCANEER NAMED *CAPTAIN COMPASS*, THE *BLACK CORSAIR*...
"*COMPASS*, AS PART OF A *TEMPLAR EXPEDITION*, BROUGHT THE BOOK TO *AMERICA* MANY YEARS BEFORE *COLUMBUS* SET FOOT THERE.
"WHEN COMPASS *DIED*, THE BOOK PASSED INTO THE HANDS OF A SALEM *WITCH-CULT*.
FORGIVE ME, MR. KING, BUT EVEN ASSUMING MISS CREEL EVENTUALLY *DID* OWN THIS BOOK, HOW DOES THAT RELATE TO HER *MURDER?*
YOUR HONOR, I HAVE STILLS OF MISS CREEL'S APARTMENT SEVERAL *MONTHS* AGO. THE BOOK IS *NOT* PRESENT.
IN STILLS FROM SOME *WEEKS* AGO, AS WE'VE SEEN, MISS CREEL OWNS THE BOOK.
IT WAS *NOT* AT THE *CRIME SCENE*. I INTEND TO PROVE THAT ITS *THEFT* WAS THE *MOTIVE* FOR MISS CREEL'S *MURDER*.
TO THAT END, I SHOULD LIKE TO CALL MY NEXT *WITNESS*, MISS *LORI SANDERS*, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS *THE MAXIMAGE*.

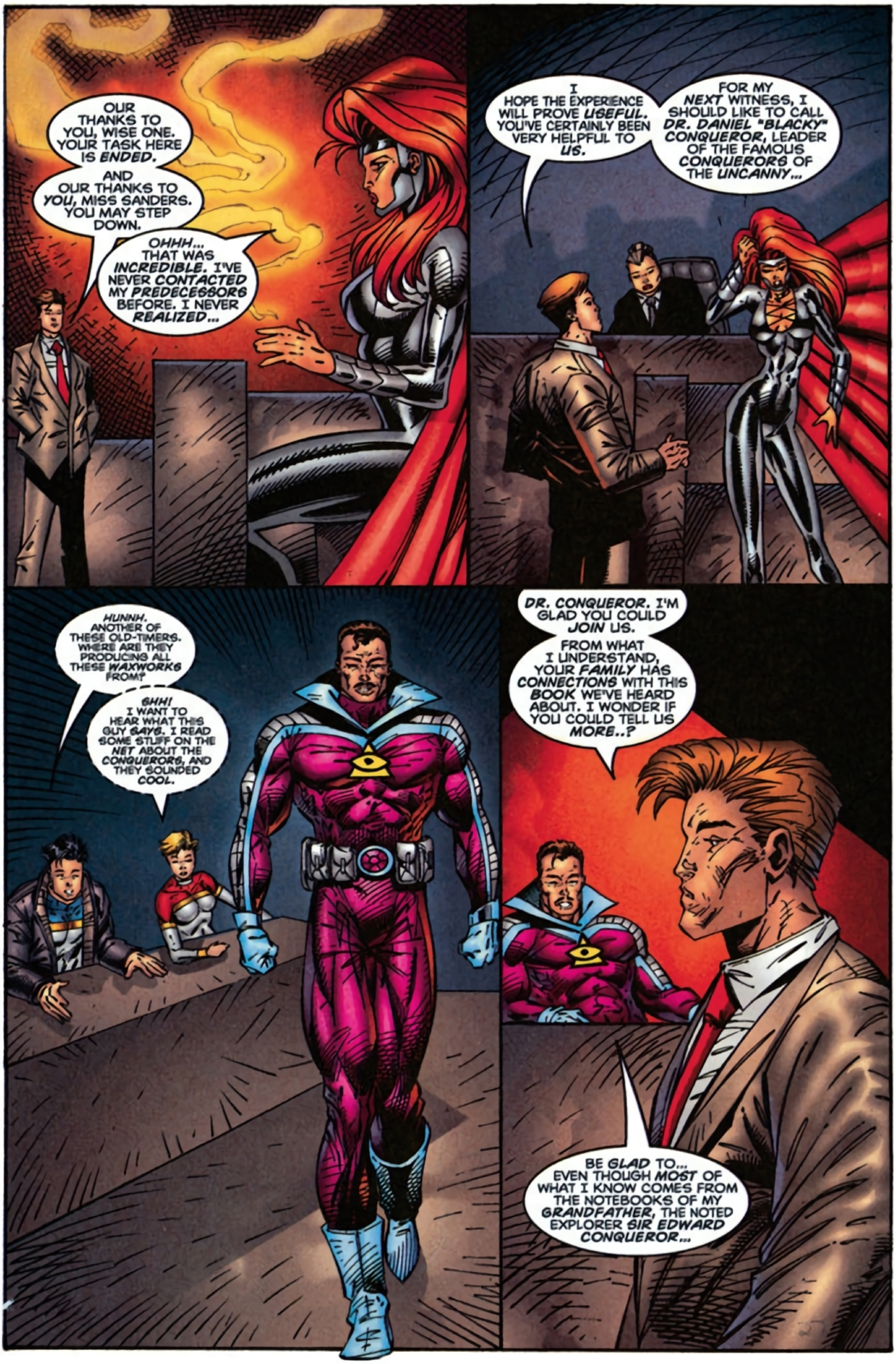

MISS SANDERS, YOU ARE A *SORCERESS*, BELIEVED TO BE THE *MAXIMAGE* OR *MASTER MAGUS* OF OUR ERA.
APPARENTLY, YOU HAD VARIOUS *PREDECESSORS*, EARLIER MAXIMAGES LIKE *DR. MYSTIC* IN THE 'FORTIES AND *EDDY SAINT, THE THIRD EYE* IN THE 'FIFTIES.
WHAT I'D LIKE IS FOR YOU TO *CHANNEL* A PREVIOUS *MASTER MAGUS* FOR US, ONE FROM THE *NINETEENTH CENTURY*...
I -- I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN. I'VE NEVER *TRIED* BEFORE...
PLEASE MAKE THE ATTEMPT. THE INDIVIDUAL I'D LIKE TO CONTACT IS THE NATIVE AMERICAN SHAMAN CALLED NIGHTEAGLE, MAXIMAGE OF THE OLD WEST...
E-EVEN HIS *NAME* SOUNDS FAMILIAR, LIKE I'VE KNOWN IT ALL MY *LIFE*.
I -- I CAN FEEL SOMETHING *RISING* FROM WITHIN ME NOW. HE'S *APPROACHING*. HE'S... *UNNGHH*... HE'S...
AHH, I BELIEVE I'M ADDRESSING THE NOBLE SPIRIT KNOWN AS *NIGHTEAGLE*.
WISE ONE, COULD YOU SPEAK ABOUT THE PROGRESS OF THE MAGIC *BOOK*, ONCE IT HAD REACHED *AMERICA*?
I KNOW THE TOME OF WHICH YOU SPEAK. IN *MY* TIME, IT WAS OWNED BY A DOUR, PURITAN *ADVENTURER* WHO MADE DARK *USE* OF IT.
HIS NAME WAS *DRUE*...

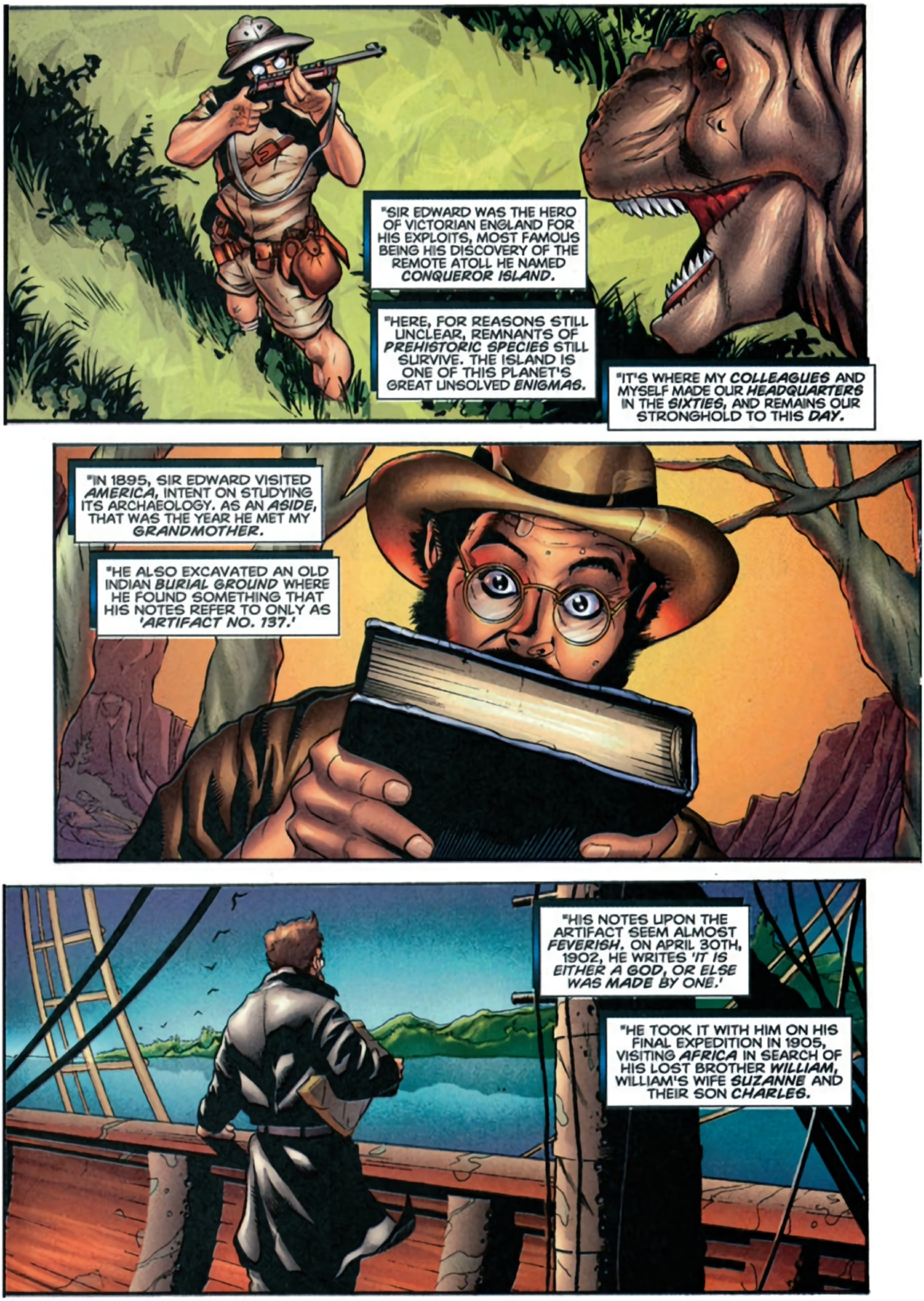

DELIVERANCE DRUE
"BORN BEFORE MY OWN TIME, IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AS RECKONED BY THE WHITE MAN, DRUE WAS A SPORT OF NATURE FROM HIS BIRTH.
"AS WITH THE RABBIT OR THE MOUSE, HIS EYES WERE PINK, HIS HAIR WHITE AS A MOUNTAIN PEAK. WHEN GROWN, HE WAS A *GIANT*.
"BECOME A *PURITAN*... A *GREY HAT*... DRUE WAS FAMED AS A FEARLESS *ADVENTURER*, HIS WRATH *UNQUENCHABLE* AGAINST THOSE THAT HE THOUGHT FOES OF HIS GOD.
"WHILE BURNING OUT A NEST OF *WITCHES* IN *NEW ENGLAND*, DRUE FOUND IN THEIR RITUAL *BELONGINGS* A MYSTERIOUS *BOOK* THAT WAS TO CHANGE HIS *LIFE*...
"...NOT ONLY *CHANGE* IT, BUT *EXTEND* IT. PERHAPS HE'D WRITTEN FOR HIMSELF A LONGER *PART* IN LIFE'S GREAT *STORY*?
"BY 1868, DRUE WAS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. HE TOLD PEOPLE HE HAD BEEN SPARED BY THE LORD TO DO HIS WORK.
"HE LIVED ALONE SAVE FOR A *SERVANT*, A GOD-FEARING YOUNG WOMAN NAMED *ELIZA SMITH*, SORELY IN NEED OF *PROTECTION*..."

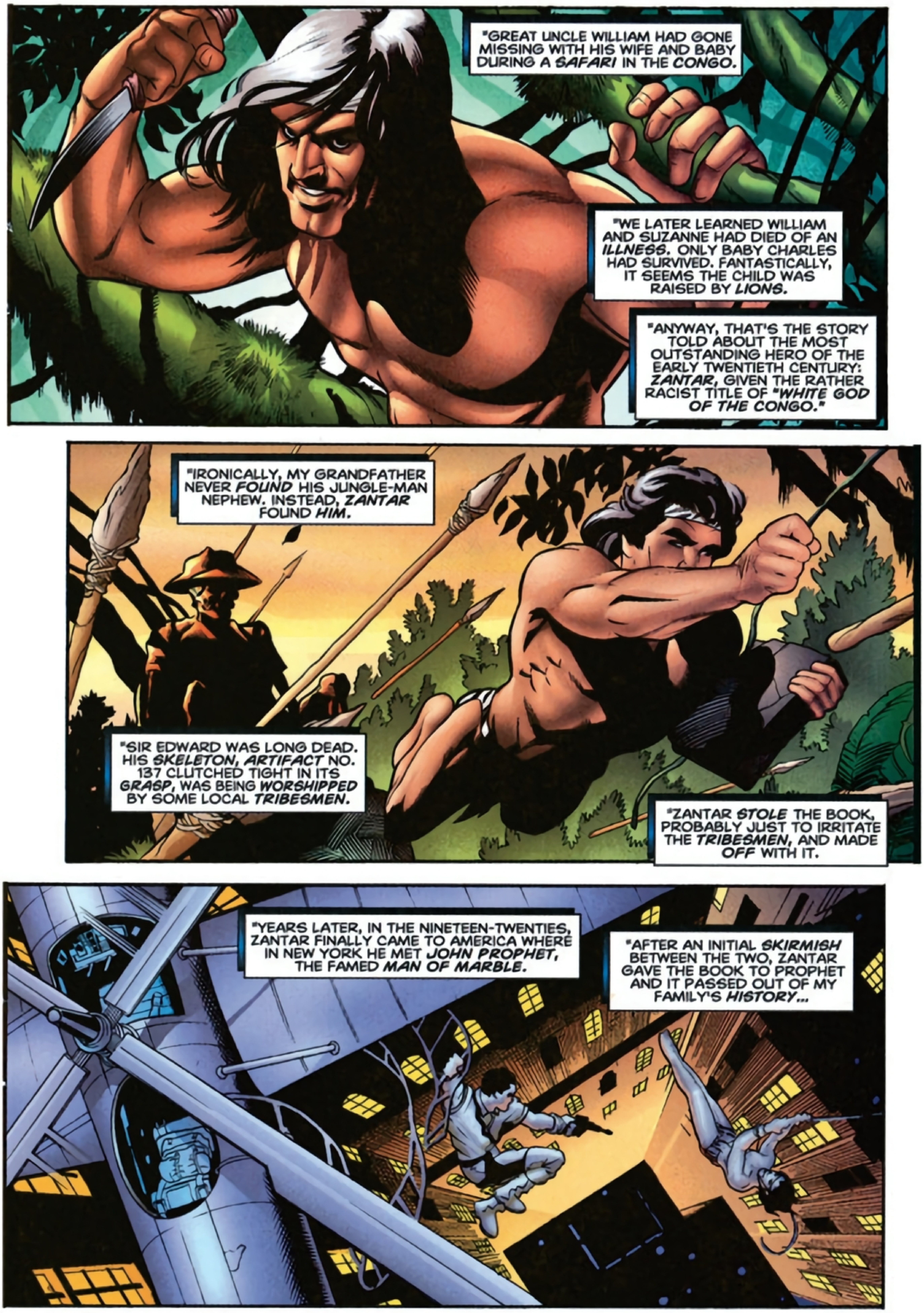

"ONE DAY A STRANGER PASSED WHO OFFERED HER JUST THAT..."
PLEASE, I'VE T-TOLD YOU I CAN'T LEAVE WITH YOU! I-I KNOW YOU MEAN TO BE KIND, BUT PLEASE GO AWAY...
Huh? BUT ELIZA... LISTEN. WE AGREED YOU NEED SCHOOLIN' AN' OTHER PEOPLE TO BE WITH. WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE?
I...
...I JUST CAN'T.
AW, GOD.
AW, ELIZA, NO...
H-HE DID THIS, DIDN'T HE? THE OLD MAN. SWEET JESUS...
YOU HAVE TO LEAVE HIM, HONEY. YOU HAVE TO GET AWAY.
NO. NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. MY FATE'S ALREADY WRITTEN. HE TOLD ME. IT'S WRITTEN IN THE LORD'S GREAT BOOK.
PLEASE... JUST GO.
OKAY, I'LL GO... BUT HE TOOK YOUR SOUL FROM YOU, SWEETHEART, AN' I RECKON HE OUGHTTA PAY FOR THAT.
WHAT'S WRIT CAN BE UN-WRIT.
"MEN CALLED THE STRANGER KID THUNDER. NOBODY EVER SAW HIS FACE, BUT HE ALWAYS KEPT HIS WORD. HE STOLE DRUE'S BOOK AND RODE DUE WEST.

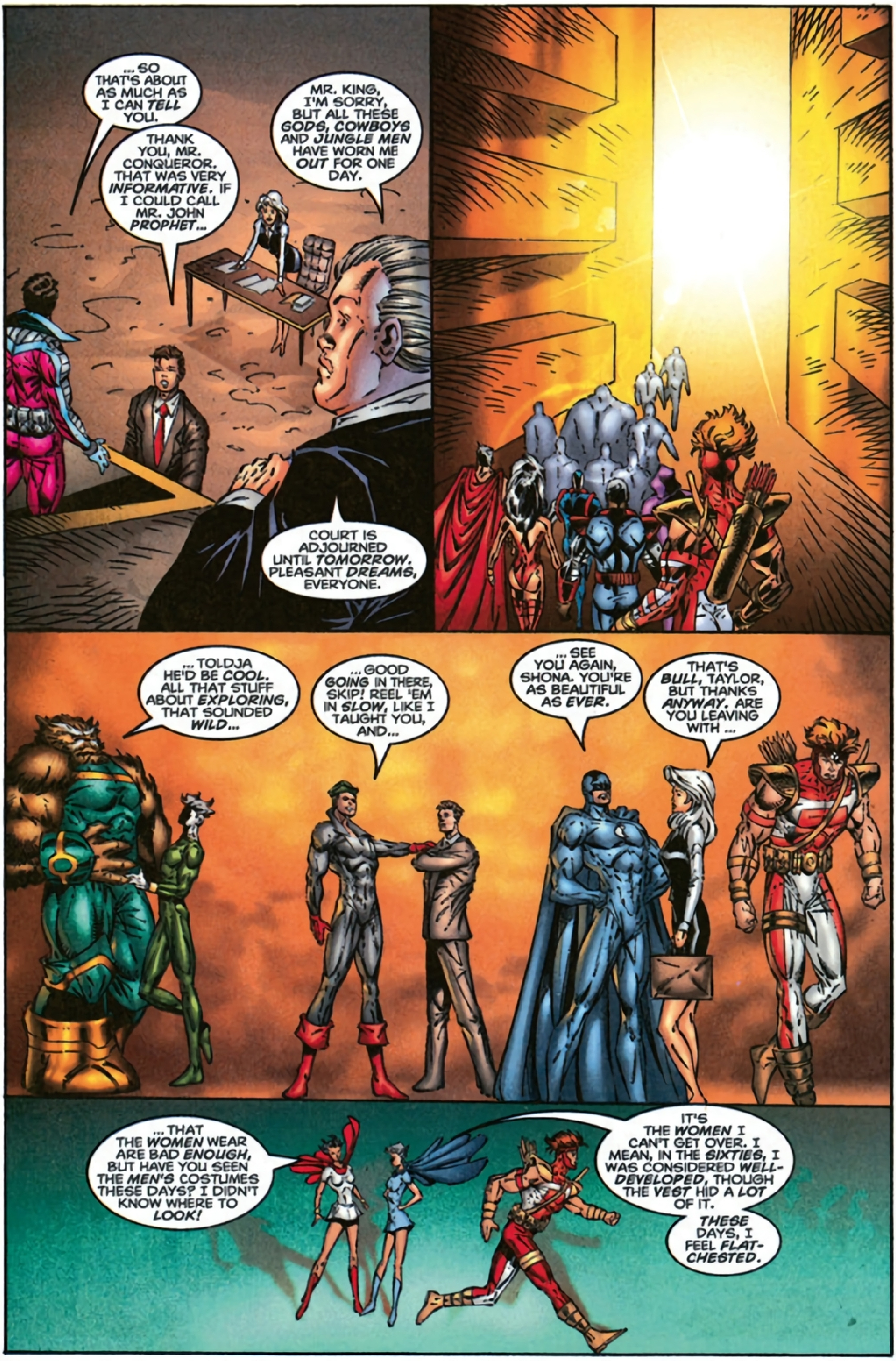

"WITH DRUE ON HIS *TRAIL*, HE BEGAN TO SUSPECT THE *IMPORTANCE* OF WHAT HE HAD *TAKEN*.
"HE MET WITH *ME* AND AN OUTLAW CALLED *THE BRIMSTONE KID*, BUT WE COULD NOT *HELP* HIM. WE LEFT HIM WAITING FOR DRUE TO *ARRIVE*.
KRAAK
KRATTAK
AAAH!
"AS I HEAR LATER, HE DID NOT WAIT FOR *LONG*. HE HAD HOPED TO *AMBUSH* DRUE, BUT THE OLD GREY-HAT WAS TOO *WISE* FOR HIM...
YE WRETCHED *SINNER!* YE SHALL NOT SLITHER *FAR*, NOT WITH TWO *MUSKET BALLS* INSIDE YOU.
DO NOT THINK TO TOUCH THE HOLY *BOOK* THAT YOU *PURLOINED* FROM ME! *IT* SHALL NOT *SAVE* YOU!
YOU HAVE NO *PLUME*, NO *INK*. I DOUBT THAT YOU CAN EVEN *WRITE*.
MEBBE *NOT*... BUT I GOT MY *FINGER*. AN' I GOT *BLOOD*.
AN' I CAN *CROSS OUT*.
DELIVERANCE
WH-WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?* DON'T YOU *DARE* TOUCH...

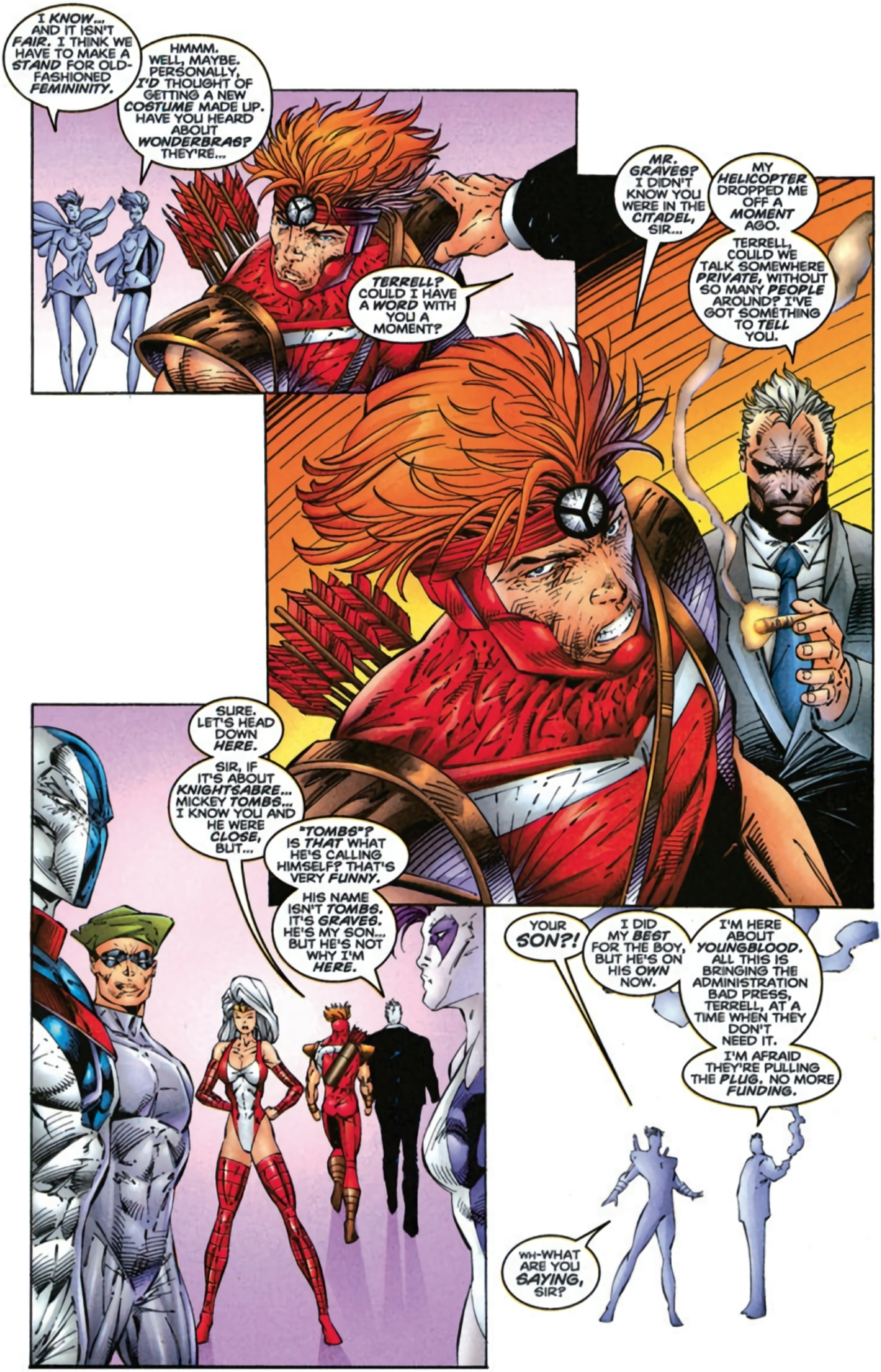

NOOOOO!
CURSE YOU! CURSE YOU AND ALL YOUR SEED! CURSE THEM TO HEL...
"WHEN IT WAS FINISHED WITH, KID THUNDER HAD NO FURTHER STOMACH FOR THIS BOOK THAT GAVE MEN POWER AND IMMORTALITY AND LIVES TO CORRUPT.
"HE MET WITH ME A FEW MONTHS LATER, ASKING MY ADVICE ON HOW TO RID HIMSELF OF THAT WHICH IS TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP.
"WE TOOK THE BOOK OUT TO ONE OF MY PEOPLE'S SACRED SITES AND BURIED IT. I SAW IT NO MORE, WHILE I WAS IN LIFE.

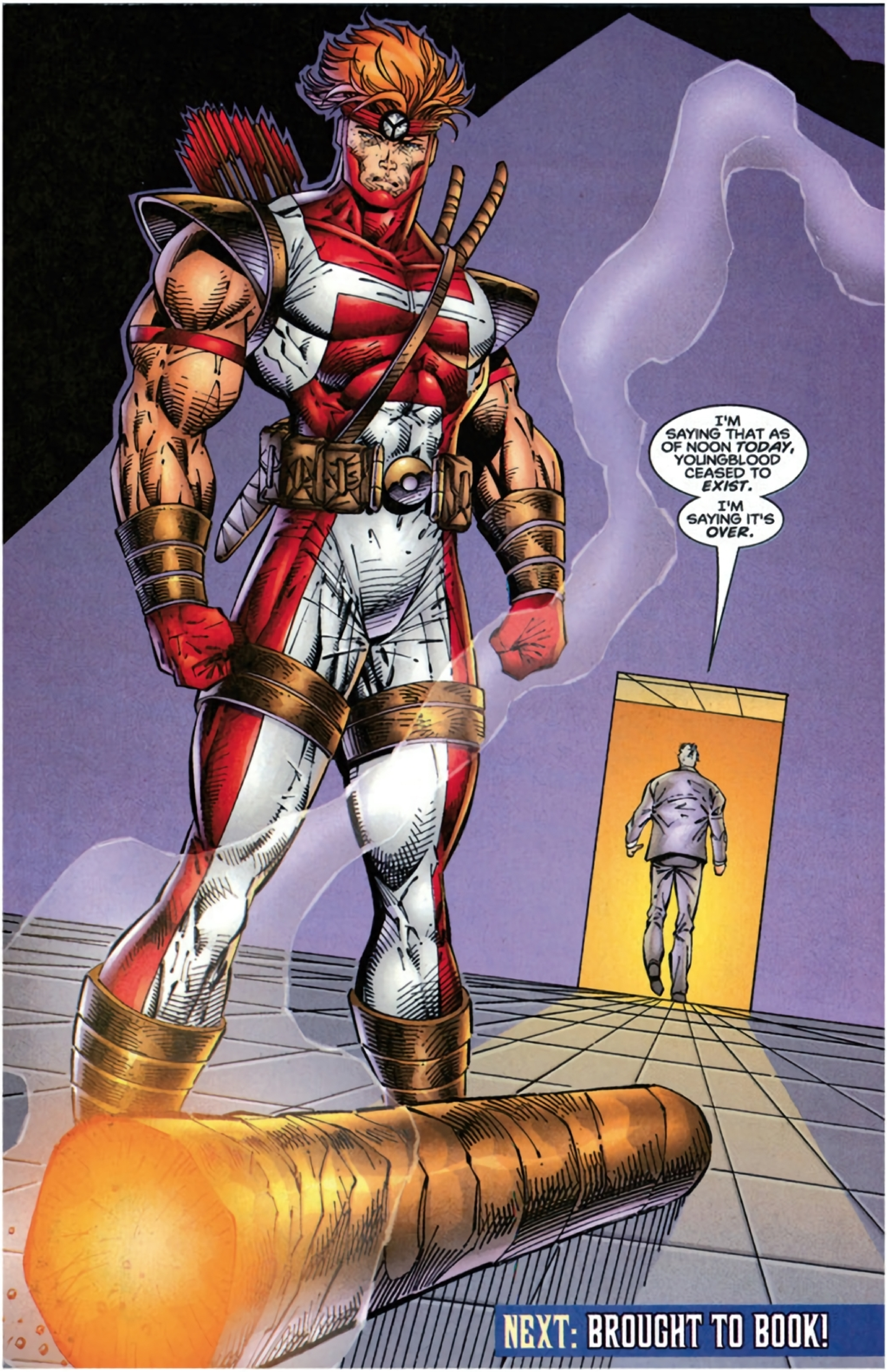

OUR THANKS TO YOU, WISE ONE. YOUR TASK HERE IS *ENDED.*
AND OUR THANKS TO *YOU,* MISS SANDERS. YOU MAY STEP DOWN.
*OHHH...* THAT WAS *INCREDIBLE.* I'VE NEVER *CONTACTED* MY *PREDECESSORS* BEFORE. I NEVER *REALIZED...*
I HOPE THE EXPERIENCE WILL PROVE *USEFUL.* YOU'VE CERTAINLY BEEN VERY HELPFUL TO *US.*
FOR MY *NEXT* WITNESS, I SHOULD LIKE TO CALL *DR. DANIEL "BLACKY" CONQUEROR,* LEADER OF THE FAMOUS *CONQUERORS* OF THE *UNCANNY...*
*HUNNH.* ANOTHER OF THESE OLD-TIMERS. WHERE ARE THEY PRODUCING ALL THESE *WAXWORKS* FROM?
*SHH!* I WANT TO HEAR WHAT THIS GUY *SAYS.* I READ SOME STUFF ON THE *NET* ABOUT THE *CONQUERORS,* AND THEY SOUNDED *COOL.*
*DR. CONQUEROR.* I'M GLAD YOU COULD *JOIN* US.
FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, YOUR *FAMILY* HAS *CONNECTIONS* WITH THIS *BOOK* WE'VE HEARD ABOUT. I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL US *MORE..?*
BE *GLAD* TO... EVEN THOUGH *MOST* OF WHAT I KNOW COMES FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF MY *GRANDFATHER,* THE NOTED EXPLORER *SIR EDWARD CONQUEROR...*


"SIR EDWARD WAS THE HERO OF VICTORIAN ENGLAND FOR HIS EXPLOITS, MOST FAMOUS BEING HIS DISCOVERY OF THE REMOTE ATOLL HE NAMED *CONQUEROR ISLAND*.
"HERE, FOR REASONS STILL UNCLEAR, REMNANTS OF *PREHISTORIC SPECIES* STILL SURVIVE. THE ISLAND IS ONE OF THIS PLANET'S GREAT UNSOLVED *ENIGMAS*.
"IT'S WHERE MY *COLLEAGUES* AND MYSELF MADE OUR *HEADQUARTERS* IN THE *SIXTIES*, AND REMAINS OUR STRONGHOLD TO THIS *DAY*.
"IN 1895, SIR EDWARD VISITED *AMERICA*, INTENT ON STUDYING ITS ARCHAEOLOGY. AS AN *ASIDE*, THAT WAS THE YEAR HE MET MY *GRANDMOTHER*.
"HE ALSO EXCAVATED AN OLD INDIAN *BURIAL GROUND* WHERE HE FOUND SOMETHING THAT HIS NOTES REFER TO ONLY AS *'ARTIFACT NO. 137.'*
"HIS NOTES UPON THE ARTIFACT SEEM ALMOST *FEVERISH*. ON APRIL 30TH, 1902, HE WRITES *'IT IS EITHER A GOD, OR ELSE WAS MADE BY ONE.'*
"HE TOOK IT WITH HIM ON HIS FINAL EXPEDITION IN 1905, VISITING *AFRICA* IN SEARCH OF HIS LOST BROTHER *WILLIAM*, WILLIAM'S WIFE *SUZANNE* AND THEIR SON *CHARLES*.


"GREAT UNCLE WILLIAM HAD GONE MISSING WITH HIS WIFE AND BABY DURING A *SAFARI* IN THE *CONGO*.
"WE LATER LEARNED WILLIAM AND SUZANNE HAD DIED OF AN *ILLNESS*. ONLY BABY CHARLES HAD SURVIVED. FANTASTICALLY, IT SEEMS THE CHILD WAS RAISED BY *LIONS*.
"ANYWAY, THAT'S THE STORY TOLD ABOUT THE MOST OUTSTANDING HERO OF THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY: *ZANTAR*, GIVEN THE RATHER RACIST TITLE OF *"WHITE GOD OF THE CONGO."*
"IRONICALLY, MY GRANDFATHER NEVER *FOUND* HIS JUNGLE-MAN NEPHEW. INSTEAD, *ZANTAR* FOUND *HIM*.
"SIR EDWARD WAS LONG DEAD. HIS *SKELETON, ARTIFACT* NO. 137 CLUTCHED TIGHT IN ITS *GRASP*, WAS BEING *WORSHIPPED* BY SOME LOCAL *TRIBESMEN*.
"ZANTAR *STOLE* THE BOOK, PROBABLY JUST TO IRRITATE THE *TRIBESMEN*, AND MADE *OFF* WITH IT.
"YEARS LATER, IN THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES, ZANTAR FINALLY CAME TO AMERICA WHERE IN NEW YORK HE MET *JOHN PROPHET*, THE FAMED *MAN OF MARBLE*.
"AFTER AN INITIAL *SKIRMISH* BETWEEN THE TWO, ZANTAR GAVE THE BOOK TO PROPHET AND IT PASSED OUT OF MY FAMILY'S *HISTORY*...


...SO THAT'S ABOUT AS MUCH AS I CAN *TELL* YOU.
THANK YOU, MR. CONQUEROR. THAT WAS VERY *INFORMATIVE*. IF I COULD CALL MR. JOHN *PROPHET*...
MR. KING, I'M SORRY, BUT ALL THESE *GODS, COWBOYS* AND *JUNGLE MEN* HAVE WORN ME *OUT* FOR ONE DAY.
COURT IS ADJOURNED UNTIL *TOMORROW*. PLEASANT *DREAMS*, EVERYONE.
...TOLDJA HE'D BE *COOL*. ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT *EXPLORING*, THAT SOUNDED *WILD*...
...GOOD *GOING* IN THERE, SKIP! REEL 'EM IN *SLOW*, LIKE I TAUGHT YOU, AND...
...SEE YOU AGAIN, SHONA. YOU'RE AS BEAUTIFUL AS *EVER*.
THAT'S *BULL*, TAYLOR, BUT THANKS *ANYWAY*. ARE YOU LEAVING WITH ...
...THAT THE *WOMEN* WEAR ARE BAD *ENOUGH*, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE *MEN'S* COSTUMES THESE DAYS? I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO *LOOK!*
IT'S THE *WOMEN* I CAN'T GET OVER. I MEAN, IN THE *SIXTIES*, I WAS CONSIDERED *WELL-DEVELOPED*, THOUGH THE *VEST* HID A *LOT* OF IT.
*THESE* DAYS, I FEEL *FLAT-CHESTED*.


I KNOW... AND IT ISN'T FAIR. I THINK WE HAVE TO MAKE A STAND FOR OLD-FASHIONED FEMININITY.
HMMM. WELL, MAYBE. PERSONALLY, I'D THOUGHT OF GETTING A NEW COSTUME MADE UP. HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT WONDERBRAS? THEY'RE...
TERRELL? COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU A MOMENT?
MR. GRAVES? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN THE CITADEL, SIR...
MY HELICOPTER DROPPED ME OFF A MOMENT AGO.
TERRELL, COULD WE TALK SOMEWHERE PRIVATE, WITHOUT SO MANY PEOPLE AROUND? I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.
SURE. LET'S HEAD DOWN HERE.
SIR, IF IT'S ABOUT KNIGHTSABRE... MICKEY TOMBS... I KNOW YOU AND HE WERE CLOSE, BUT...
"TOMBS"? IS THAT WHAT HE'S CALLING HIMSELF? THAT'S VERY FUNNY.
HIS NAME ISN'T TOMBS. IT'S GRAVES. HE'S MY SON... BUT HE'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
YOUR SON?!
I DID MY BEST FOR THE BOY, BUT HE'S ON HIS OWN NOW.
I'M HERE ABOUT YOUNGBLOOD. ALL THIS IS BRINGING THE ADMINISTRATION BAD PRESS, TERRELL, AT A TIME WHEN THEY DON'T NEED IT.
I'M AFRAID THEY'RE PULLING THE PLUG. NO MORE FUNDING.
WH-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, SIR?


I'M SAYING THAT AS OF NOON *TODAY*, YOUNGBLOOD CEASED TO *EXIST*. I'M SAYING IT'S *OVER*.
NEXT: BROUGHT TO BOOK!

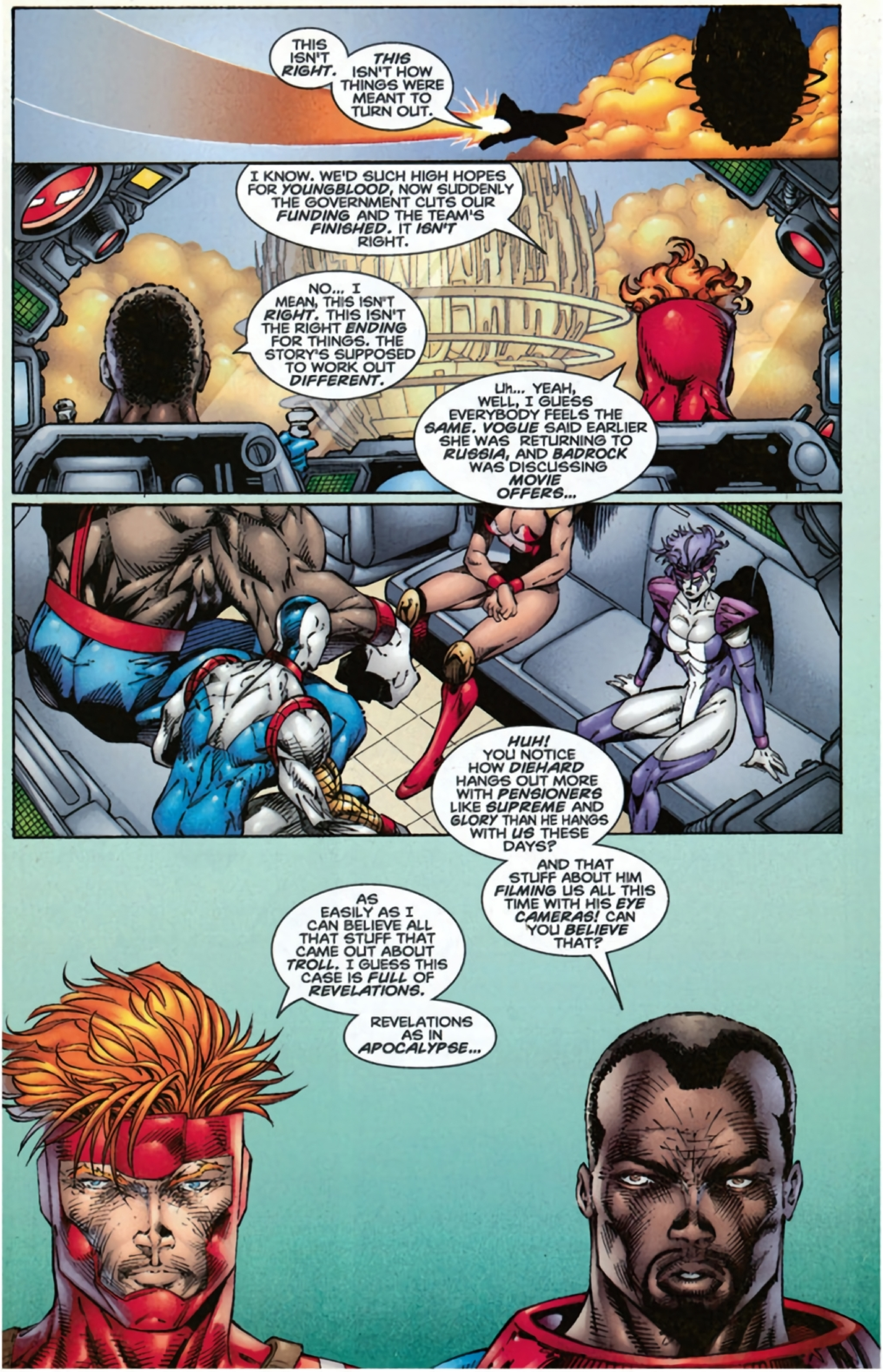
ALAN MOORE

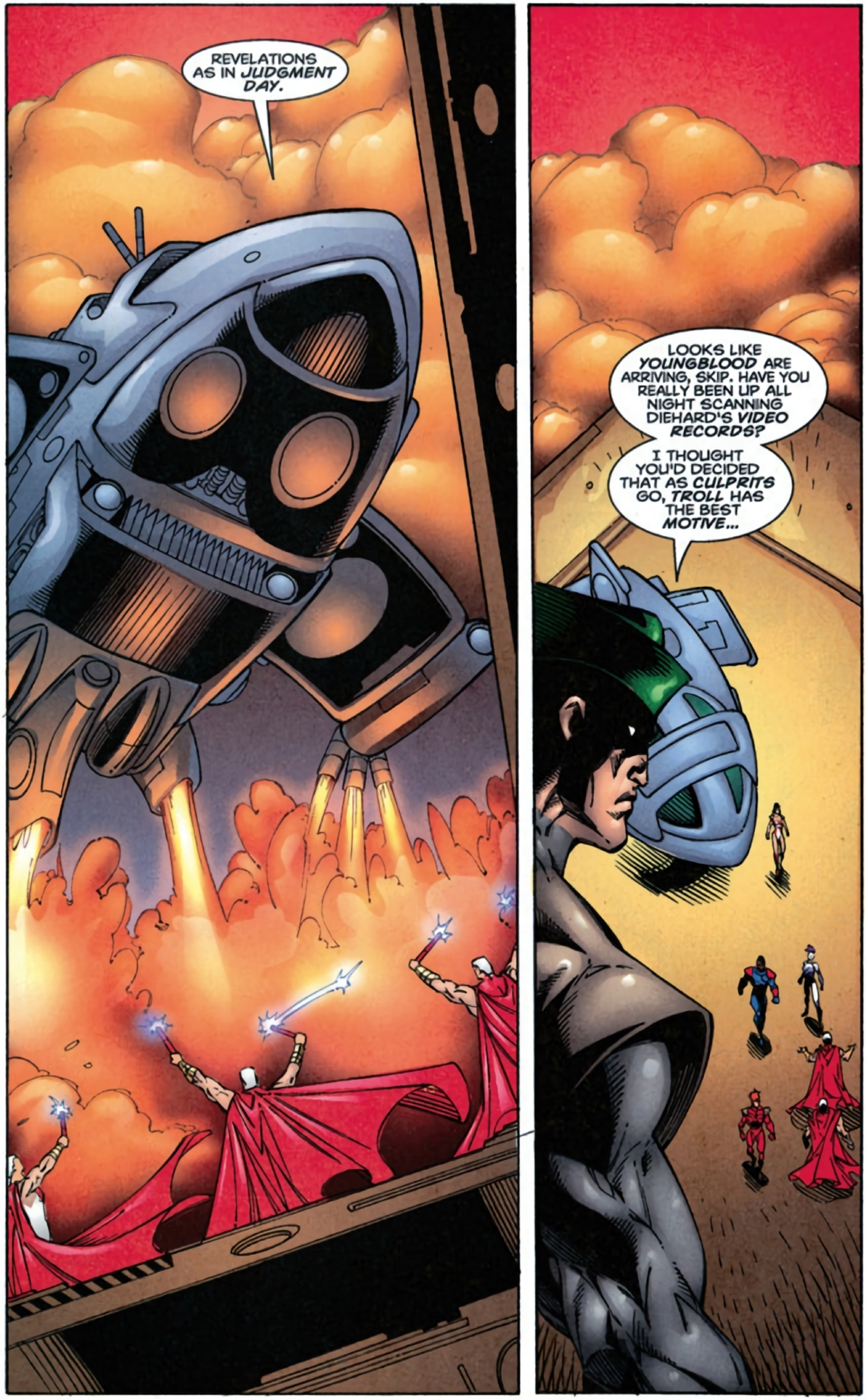
# JUDGMENT DAY

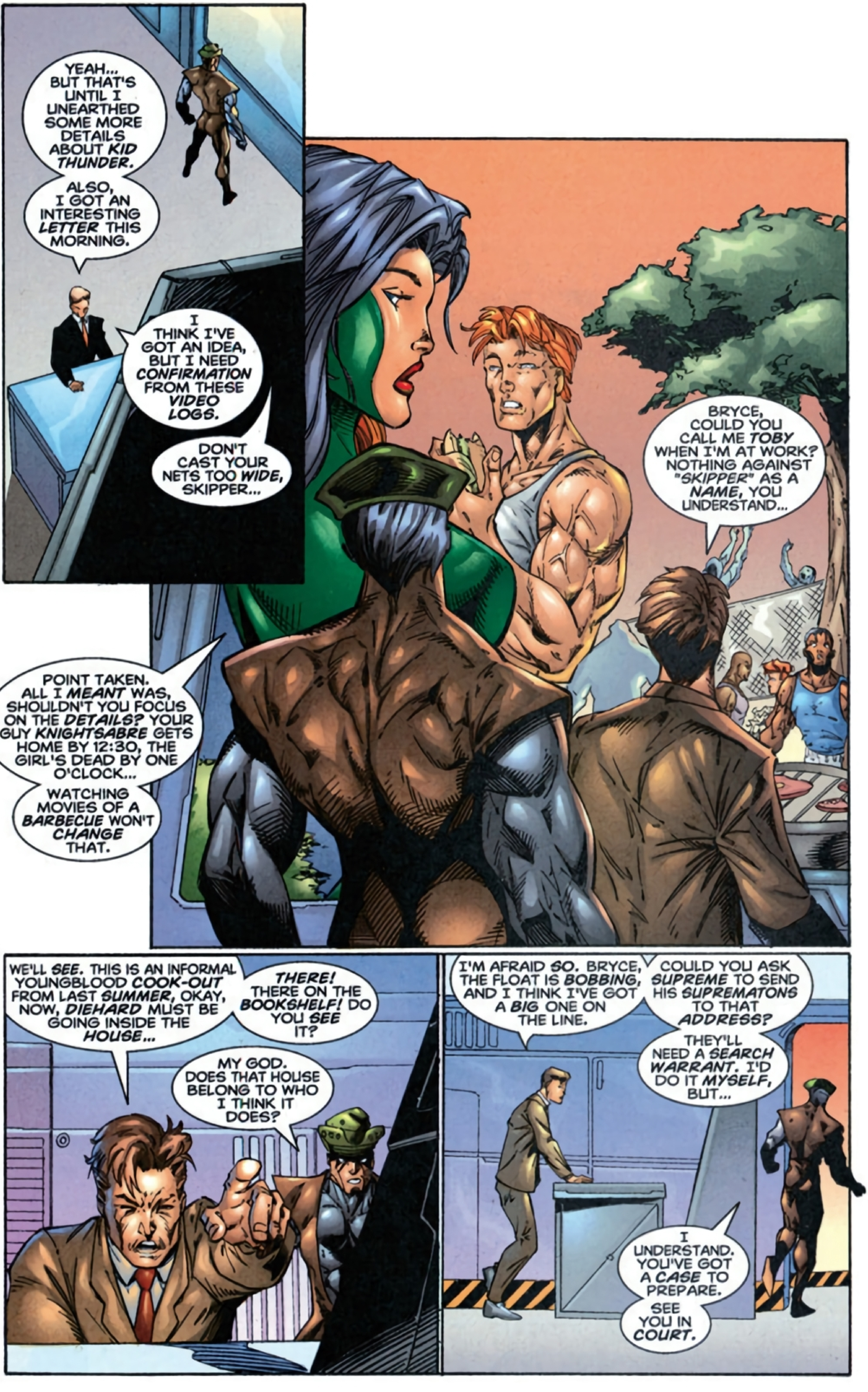
## Final Judgment

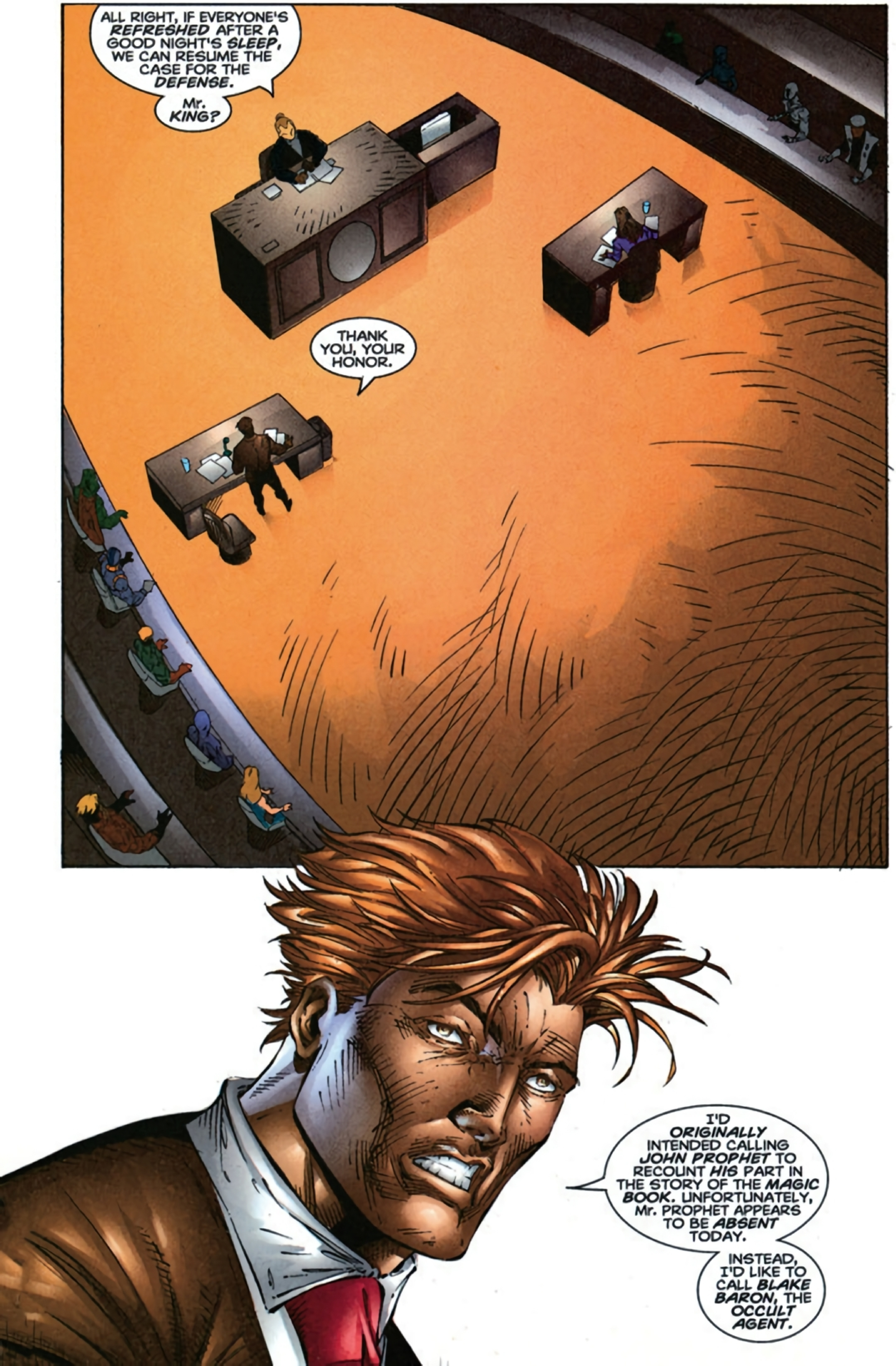
### CHAPTER THREE

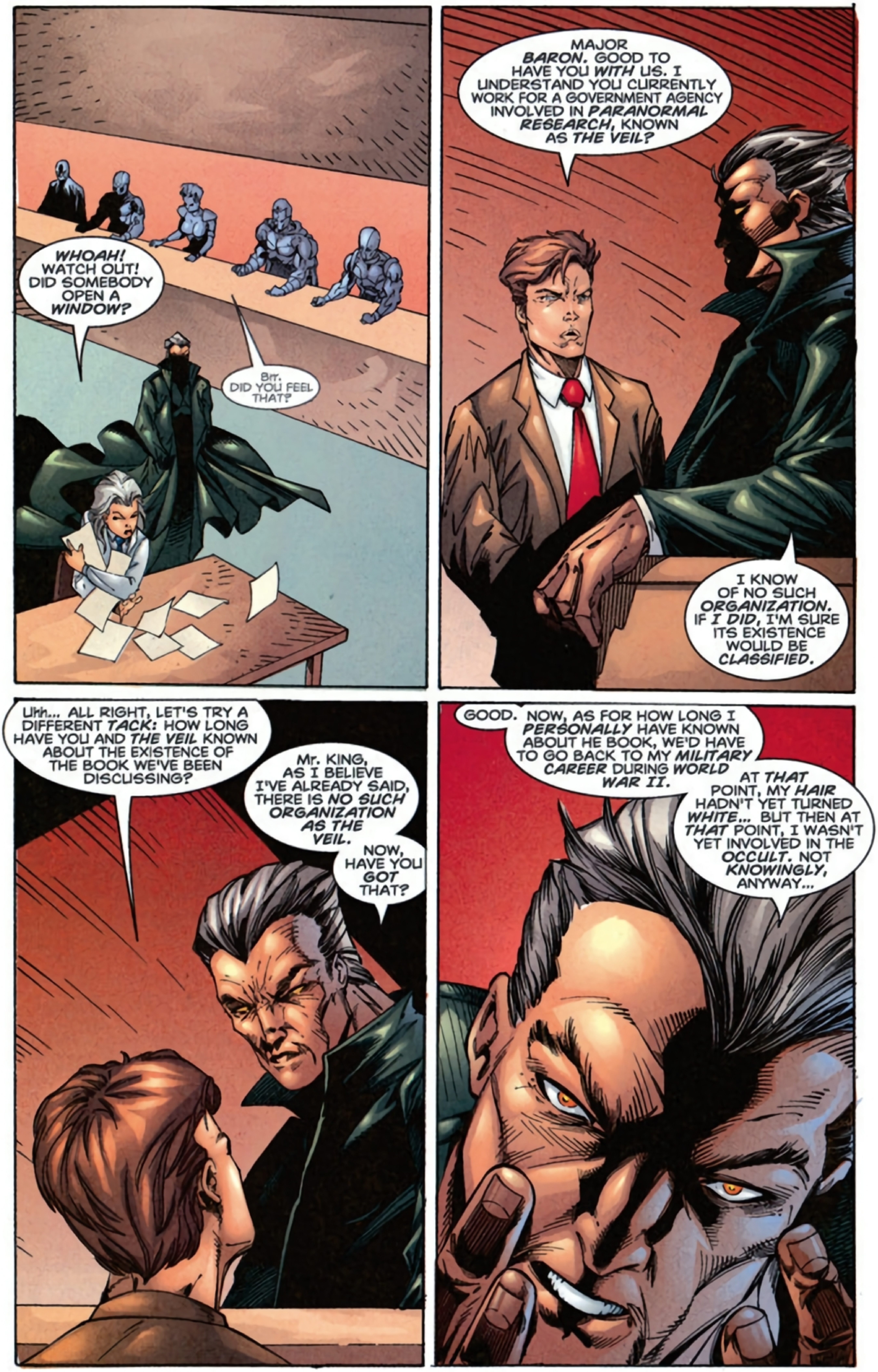
### BROUGHT TO BOOK

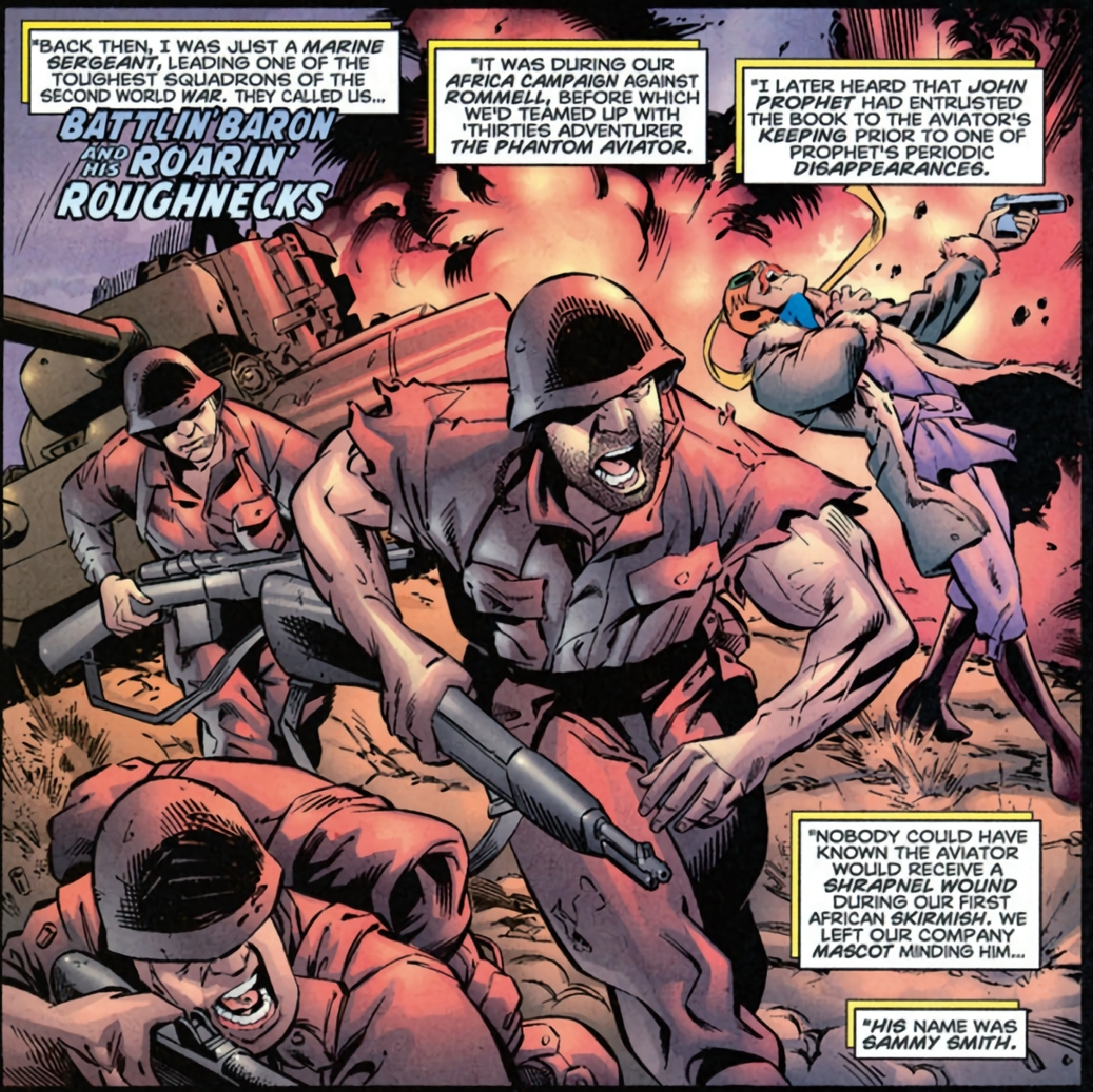

THIS ISN'T *RIGHT.*
*THIS* ISN'T HOW THINGS WERE MEANT TO TURN OUT.
I KNOW. WE'D SUCH HIGH HOPES FOR *YOUNGBLOOD*, NOW SUDDENLY THE GOVERNMENT CUTS OUR *FUNDING* AND THE TEAM'S *FINISHED*. IT *ISN'T* RIGHT.
NO... I MEAN, THIS ISN'T *RIGHT*. THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT *ENDING* FOR THINGS. THE STORY'S SUPPOSED TO WORK OUT *DIFFERENT*.
Uh... YEAH, WELL, I GUESS EVERYBODY FEELS THE *SAME*. *VOGUE* SAID EARLIER SHE WAS RETURNING TO *RUSSIA*, AND *BADROCK* WAS DISCUSSING *MOVIE OFFERS*...
*HUH!* YOU NOTICE HOW *DIEHARD* HANGS OUT MORE WITH *PENSIONERS* LIKE *SUPREME* AND *GLORY* THAN HE HANGS WITH *US* THESE DAYS?
AND THAT STUFF ABOUT HIM *FILMING* US ALL THIS TIME WITH HIS *EYE CAMERAS!* CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THAT?
AS EASILY AS I CAN BELIEVE ALL THAT STUFF THAT CAME OUT ABOUT *TROLL*. I GUESS THIS CASE IS *FULL* OF *REVELATIONS*.
REVELATIONS AS IN *APOCALYPSE*...

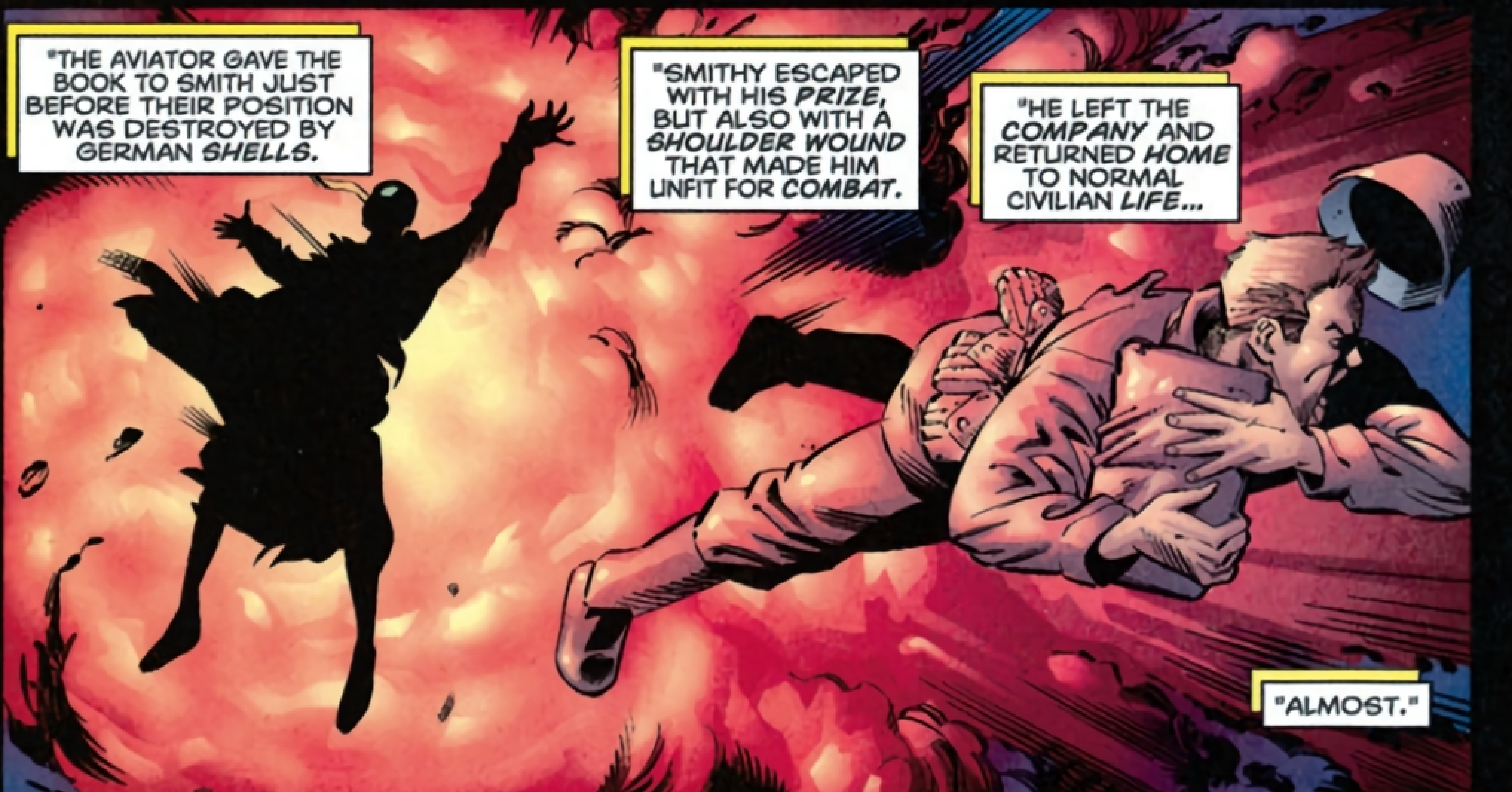

REVELATIONS AS IN *JUDGMENT DAY.*
LOOKS LIKE *YOUNGBLOOD* ARE ARRIVING, SKIP. HAVE YOU REALLY BEEN UP ALL NIGHT SCANNING DIEHARD'S *VIDEO RECORDS?*
I THOUGHT YOU'D DECIDED THAT AS *CULPRITS* GO, *TROLL* HAS THE BEST *MOTIVE...*

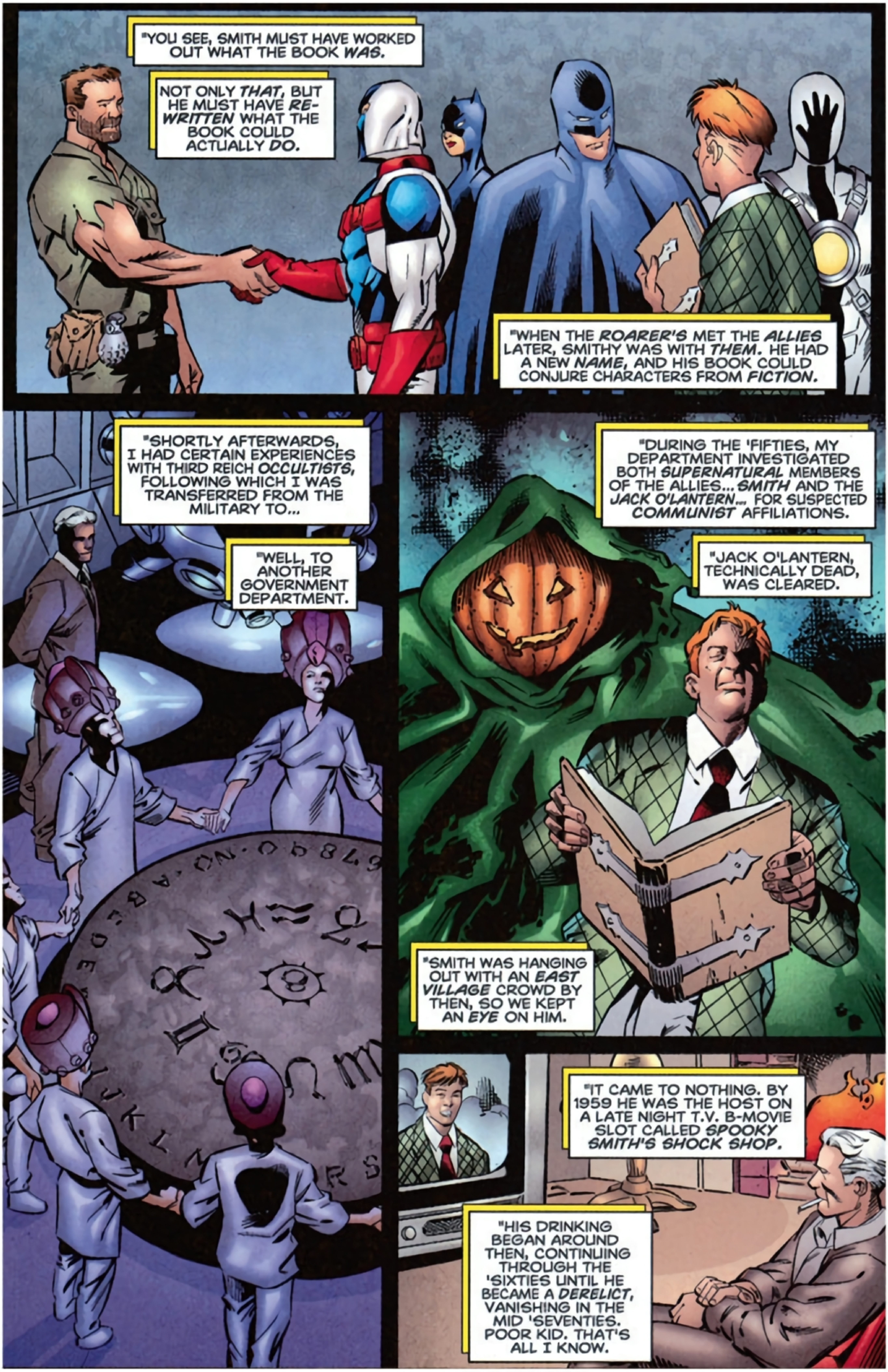

YEAH... BUT THAT'S UNTIL I UNEARTHED SOME MORE DETAILS ABOUT *KID THUNDER*.
ALSO, I GOT AN INTERESTING *LETTER* THIS MORNING.
I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA, BUT I NEED *CONFIRMATION* FROM THESE *VIDEO LOGS*.
DON'T CAST YOUR NETS TOO *WIDE*, SKIPPER...
BRYCE, COULD YOU CALL ME *TOBY* WHEN I'M AT WORK? NOTHING AGAINST "*SKIPPER*" AS A *NAME*, YOU UNDERSTAND...
POINT TAKEN. ALL I *MEANT* WAS, SHOULDN'T YOU FOCUS ON THE *DETAILS*? YOUR GUY *KNIGHTSABRE* GETS HOME BY 12:30, THE GIRL'S DEAD BY ONE O'CLOCK...
WATCHING MOVIES OF A *BARBECUE* WON'T *CHANGE* THAT.
WE'LL *SEE*. THIS IS AN INFORMAL YOUNGBLOOD *COOK-OUT* FROM LAST *SUMMER*, OKAY, NOW, *DIEHARD* MUST BE GOING INSIDE THE *HOUSE*...
*THERE!* THERE ON THE *BOOKSHELF!* DO YOU *SEE* IT?
MY GOD. DOES THAT HOUSE BELONG TO WHO I THINK IT DOES?
I'M AFRAID *SO*. BRYCE, THE FLOAT IS *BOBBING*, AND I THINK I'VE GOT A *BIG* ONE ON THE LINE.
COULD YOU ASK *SUPREME* TO SEND HIS *SUPREMATONS* TO THAT *ADDRESS*?
THEY'LL NEED A *SEARCH WARRANT*. I'D DO IT *MYSELF*, BUT...
I UNDERSTAND. YOU'VE GOT A *CASE* TO PREPARE.
SEE YOU IN *COURT*.

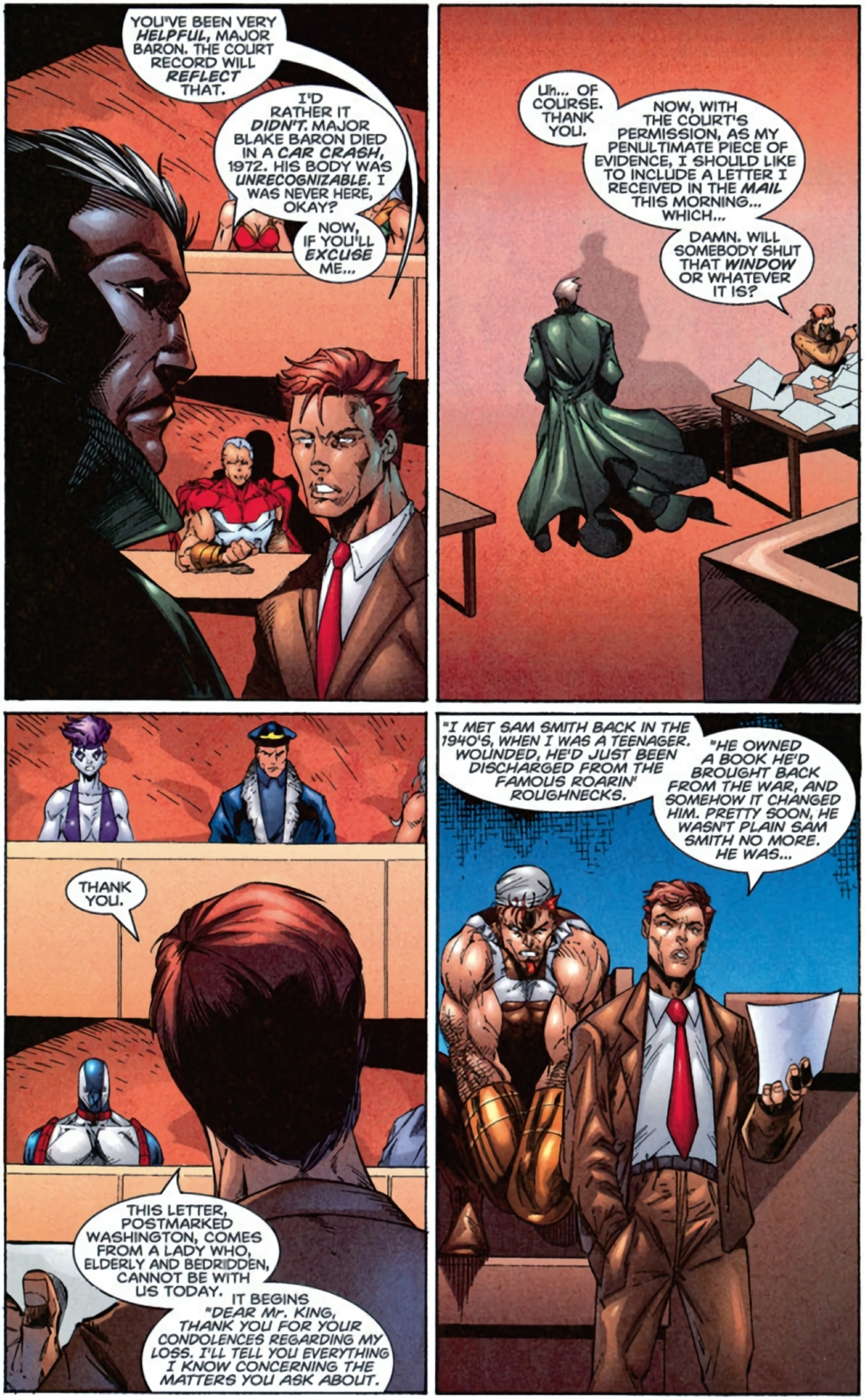

ALL RIGHT, IF EVERYONE'S *REFRESHED* AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S *SLEEP*, WE CAN RESUME THE CASE FOR THE *DEFENSE*.
Mr. *KING?*
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.
I'D *ORIGINALLY* INTENDED CALLING *JOHN PROPHET* TO RECOUNT *HIS* PART IN THE STORY OF THE *MAGIC BOOK*. UNFORTUNATELY, Mr. PROPHET APPEARS TO BE *ABSENT* TODAY.
INSTEAD, I'D LIKE TO CALL *BLAKE BARON*, THE *OCCULT AGENT*.

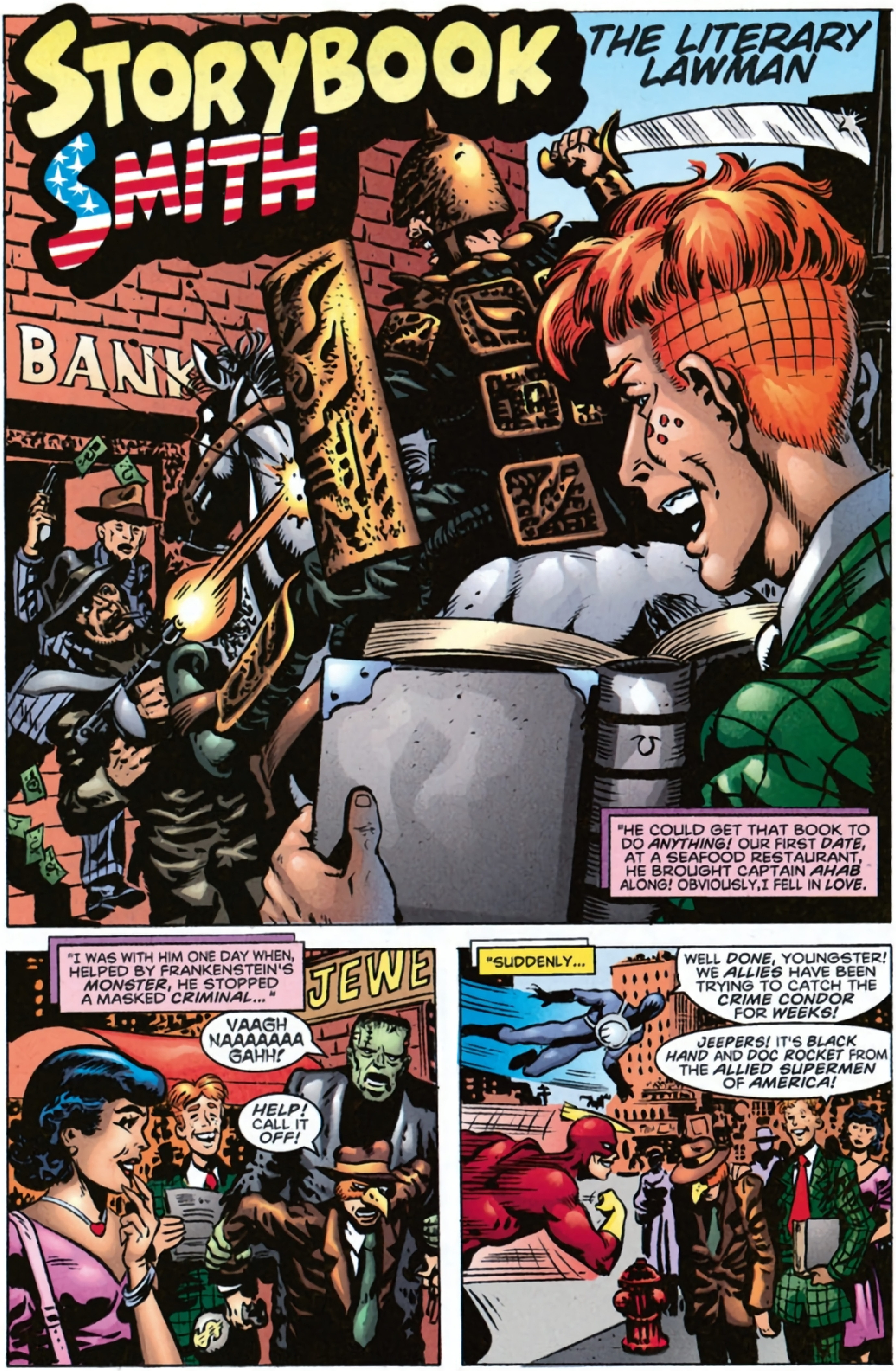

WHOAH! WATCH OUT! DID SOMEBODY OPEN A *WINDOW?*
Brr. DID YOU FEEL THAT?
MAJOR *BARON.* GOOD TO HAVE YOU *WITH* US. I UNDERSTAND YOU CURRENTLY WORK FOR A GOVERNMENT AGENCY INVOLVED IN *PARANORMAL RESEARCH,* KNOWN AS *THE VEIL?*
I KNOW OF NO SUCH *ORGANIZATION.* IF *I DID,* I'M SURE ITS EXISTENCE WOULD BE *CLASSIFIED.*
Uhh... ALL RIGHT, LET'S TRY A DIFFERENT *TACK:* HOW LONG HAVE YOU AND *THE VEIL* KNOWN ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THE BOOK WE'VE BEEN DISCUSSING?
Mr. KING, AS I BELIEVE I'VE ALREADY SAID, THERE IS *NO SUCH ORGANIZATION AS THE VEIL.*
NOW, HAVE YOU *GOT* THAT?
GOOD. NOW, AS FOR HOW LONG I *PERSONALLY* HAVE KNOWN ABOUT HE BOOK, WE'D HAVE TO GO BACK TO MY *MILITARY CAREER* DURING *WORLD WAR II.*
AT *THAT* POINT, MY *HAIR* HADN'T YET TURNED *WHITE...* BUT THEN AT *THAT* POINT, I WASN'T YET INVOLVED IN THE *OCCULT.* NOT *KNOWINGLY,* ANYWAY...

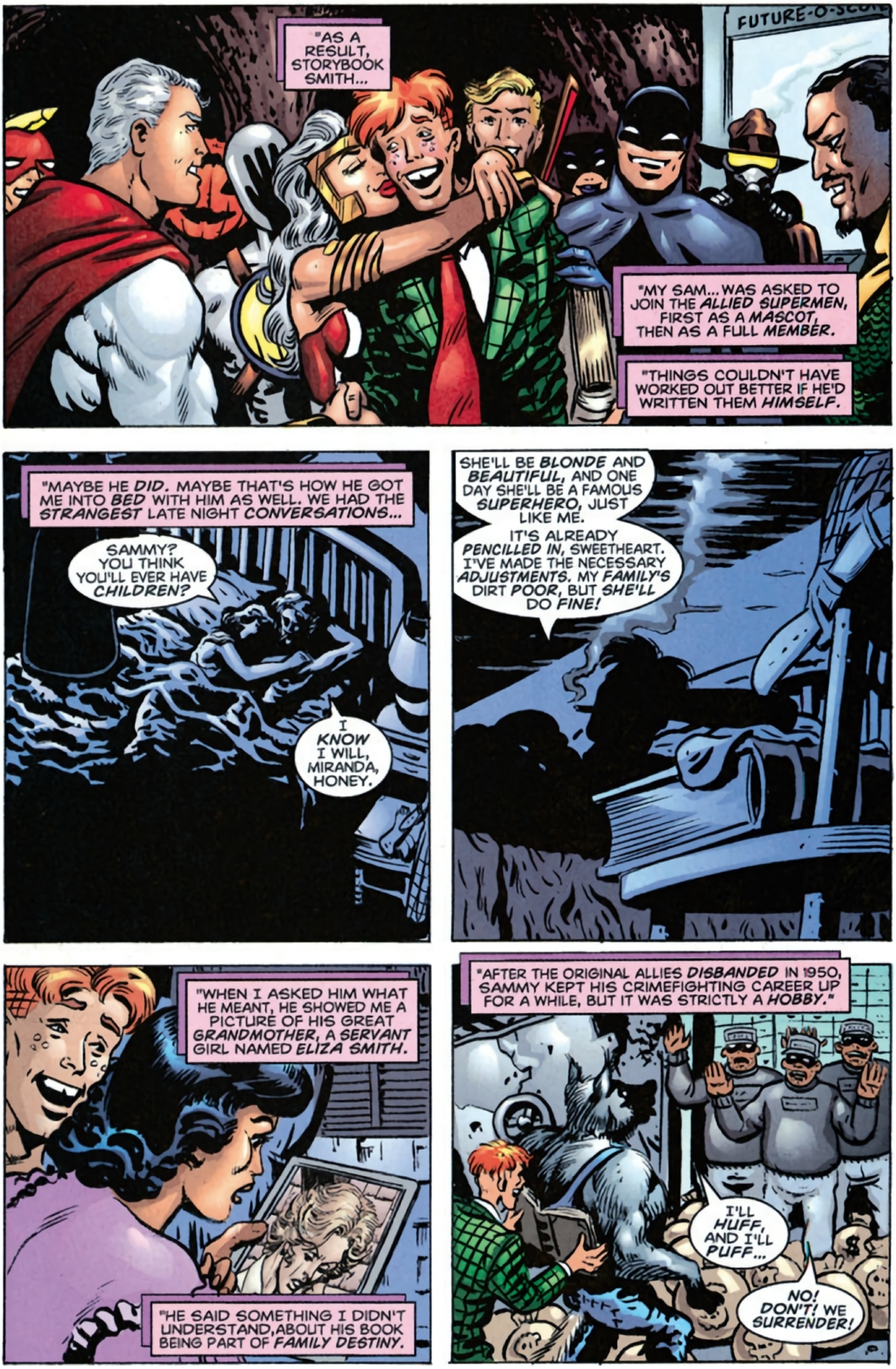

"BACK THEN, I WAS JUST A *MARINE SERGEANT*, LEADING ONE OF THE TOUGHEST SQUADRONS OF THE SECOND WORLD *WAR*. THEY CALLED US...
BATTLIN' BARON AND HIS ROARIN' ROUGHNECKS
"IT WAS DURING OUR *AFRICA CAMPAIGN* AGAINST *ROMMELL*, BEFORE WHICH WE'D TEAMED UP WITH 'THIRTIES ADVENTURER *THE PHANTOM AVIATOR*.
"I LATER HEARD THAT *JOHN PROPHET* HAD ENTRUSTED THE BOOK TO THE AVIATOR'S *KEEPING* PRIOR TO ONE OF PROPHET'S PERIODIC *DISAPPEARANCES*.
"NOBODY COULD HAVE KNOWN THE AVIATOR WOULD RECEIVE A *SHRAPNEL WOUND* DURING OUR FIRST AFRICAN *SKIRMISH*. WE LEFT OUR COMPANY *MASCOT* MINDING HIM...
"*HIS* NAME WAS *SAMMY SMITH*.

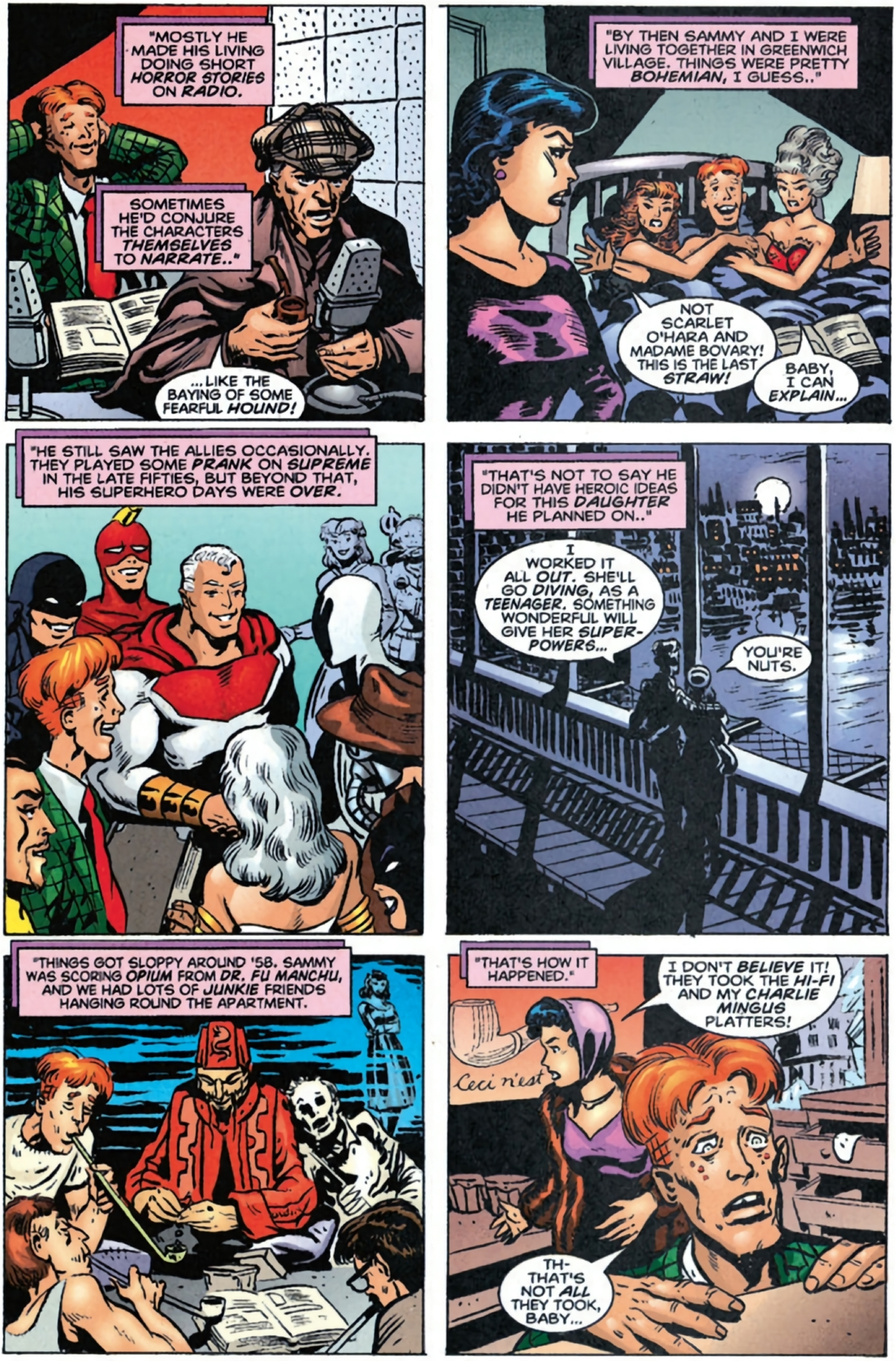

"THE AVIATOR GAVE THE BOOK TO SMITH JUST BEFORE THEIR POSITION WAS DESTROYED BY GERMAN *SHELLS*.
"SMITHY ESCAPED WITH HIS *PRIZE*, BUT ALSO WITH A *SHOULDER WOUND* THAT MADE HIM UNFIT FOR *COMBAT*.
"HE LEFT THE *COMPANY* AND RETURNED *HOME* TO NORMAL CIVILIAN *LIFE*...
"ALMOST."

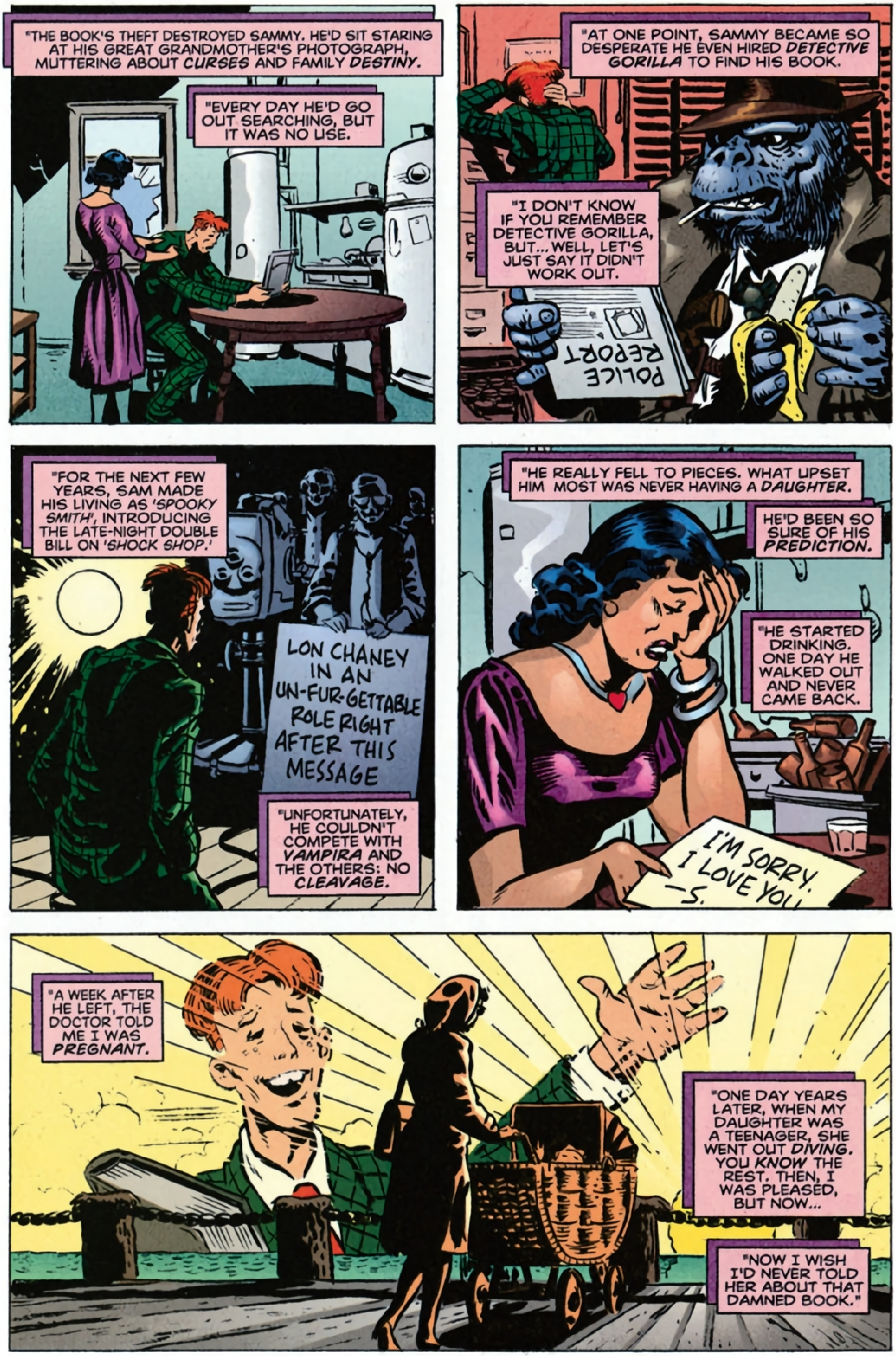

"YOU SEE, SMITH MUST HAVE WORKED OUT WHAT THE BOOK *WAS*.
NOT ONLY *THAT*, BUT HE MUST HAVE *RE-WRITTEN* WHAT THE BOOK COULD ACTUALLY *DO*.
"WHEN THE *ROARER'S* MET THE *ALLIES* LATER, SMITHY WAS WITH *THEM*. HE HAD A NEW *NAME*, AND HIS BOOK COULD CONJURE CHARACTERS FROM *FICTION*.
"SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, I HAD CERTAIN EXPERIENCES WITH THIRD REICH *OCCULTISTS*, FOLLOWING WHICH I WAS TRANSFERRED FROM THE MILITARY TO...
"WELL, TO ANOTHER GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.
"DURING THE 'FIFTIES, MY DEPARTMENT INVESTIGATED BOTH *SUPERNATURAL* MEMBERS OF THE ALLIES... *SMITH* AND THE *JACK O'LANTERN*... FOR SUSPECTED *COMMUNIST* AFFILIATIONS.
"JACK O'LANTERN, TECHNICALLY DEAD, WAS CLEARED.
"SMITH WAS HANGING OUT WITH AN *EAST VILLAGE* CROWD BY THEN, SO WE KEPT AN *EYE* ON HIM.
"IT CAME TO NOTHING. BY 1959 HE WAS THE HOST ON A LATE NIGHT T.V. B-MOVIE SLOT CALLED *SPOOKY SMITH'S SHOCK SHOP*.
"HIS DRINKING BEGAN AROUND THEN, CONTINUING THROUGH THE 'SIXTIES UNTIL HE BECAME A *DERELICT*, VANISHING IN THE MID 'SEVENTIES. POOR KID. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.

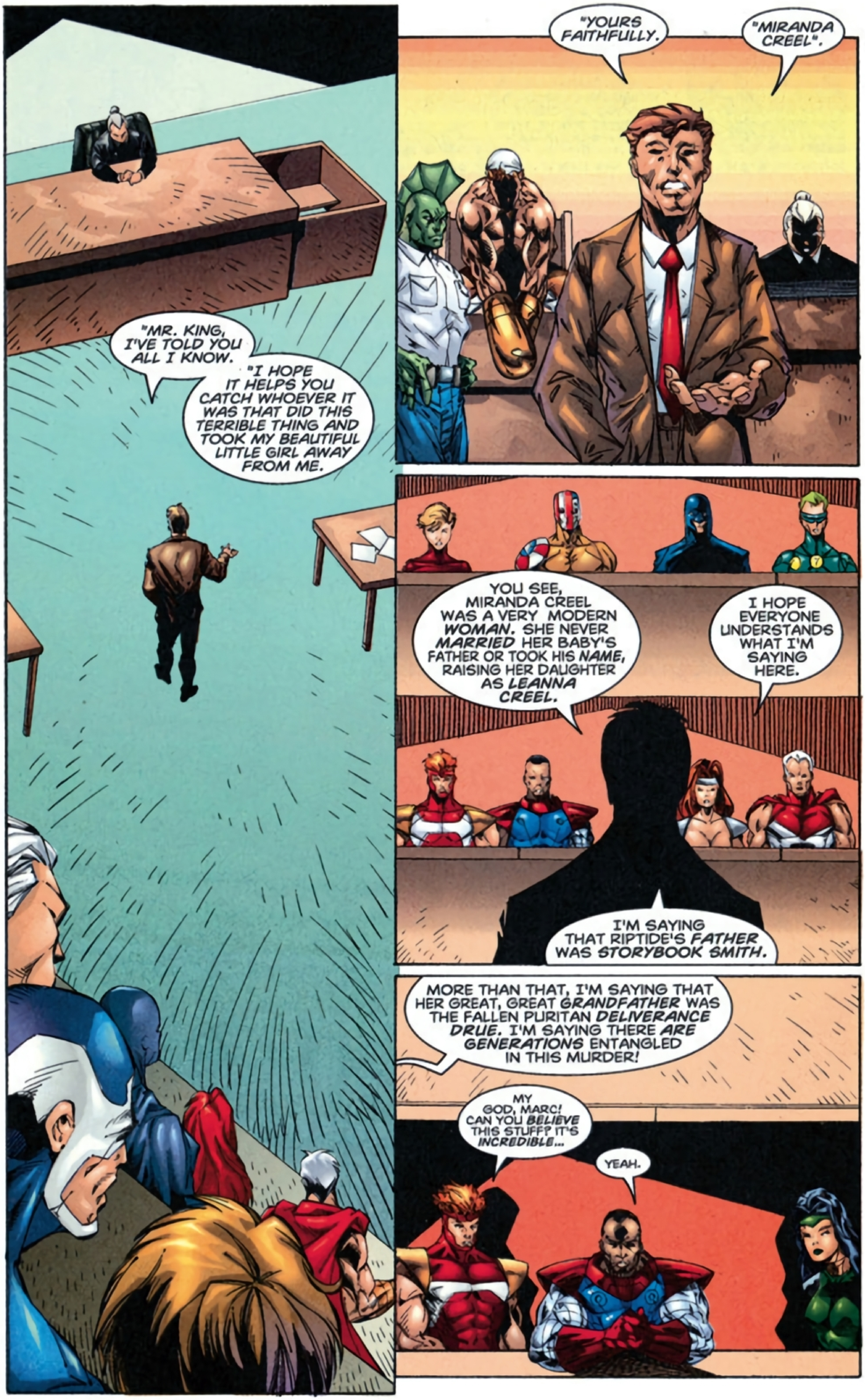

YOU'VE BEEN VERY *HELPFUL*, MAJOR BARON. THE COURT RECORD WILL *REFLECT* THAT.
I'D RATHER IT *DIDN'T*. MAJOR BLAKE BARON DIED IN A *CAR CRASH*, 1972. HIS BODY WAS *UNRECOGNIZABLE*. I WAS NEVER HERE, OKAY?
NOW, IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME...
Uh... OF COURSE. THANK YOU.
NOW, WITH THE COURT'S PERMISSION, AS MY PENULTIMATE PIECE OF EVIDENCE, I SHOULD LIKE TO INCLUDE A LETTER I RECEIVED IN THE *MAIL* THIS MORNING... WHICH...
DAMN. WILL SOMEBODY SHUT THAT *WINDOW* OR WHATEVER IT IS?
THANK YOU.
THIS LETTER, POSTMARKED WASHINGTON, COMES FROM A LADY WHO, ELDERLY AND BEDRIDDEN, CANNOT BE WITH US TODAY. IT BEGINS *"DEAR Mr. KING, THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONDOLENCES REGARDING MY LOSS. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW CONCERNING THE MATTERS YOU ASK ABOUT.*
*"I MET SAM SMITH BACK IN THE 1940'S, WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER. WOUNDED, HE'D JUST BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE FAMOUS ROARIN' ROUGHNECKS.*
*"HE OWNED A BOOK HE'D BROUGHT BACK FROM THE WAR, AND SOMEHOW IT CHANGED HIM. PRETTY SOON, HE WASN'T PLAIN SAM SMITH NO MORE. HE WAS...*

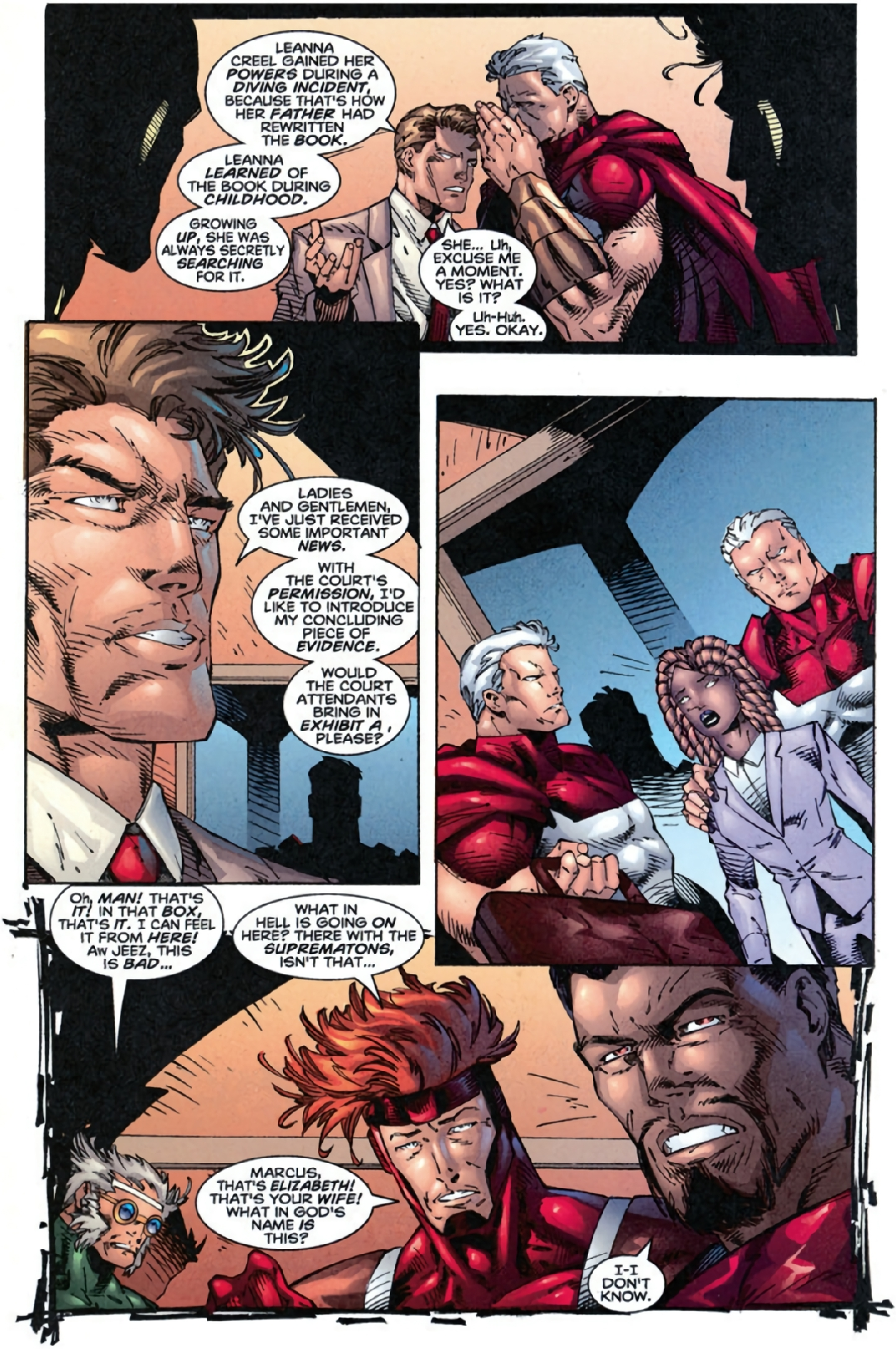

STORYBOOK SMITH
THE LITERARY LAWMAN
BANK
"HE COULD GET THAT BOOK TO DO *ANYTHING!* OUR FIRST *DATE*, AT A SEAFOOD RESTAURANT, HE BROUGHT CAPTAIN *AHAB* ALONG! OBVIOUSLY, I FELL IN *LOVE*.
"I WAS WITH HIM ONE DAY WHEN, HELPED BY FRANKENSTEIN'S *MONSTER*, HE STOPPED A MASKED *CRIMINAL...*"
JEWE
VAAGH NAAAAAAA GAHH!
HELP! CALL IT OFF!
"SUDDENLY...
WELL *DONE*, YOUNGSTER! WE *ALLIES* HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH THE *CRIME CONDOR* FOR *WEEKS!*
JEEPERS! IT'S *BLACK HAND* AND *DOC ROCKET* FROM THE *ALLIED SUPERMEN* OF *AMERICA!*

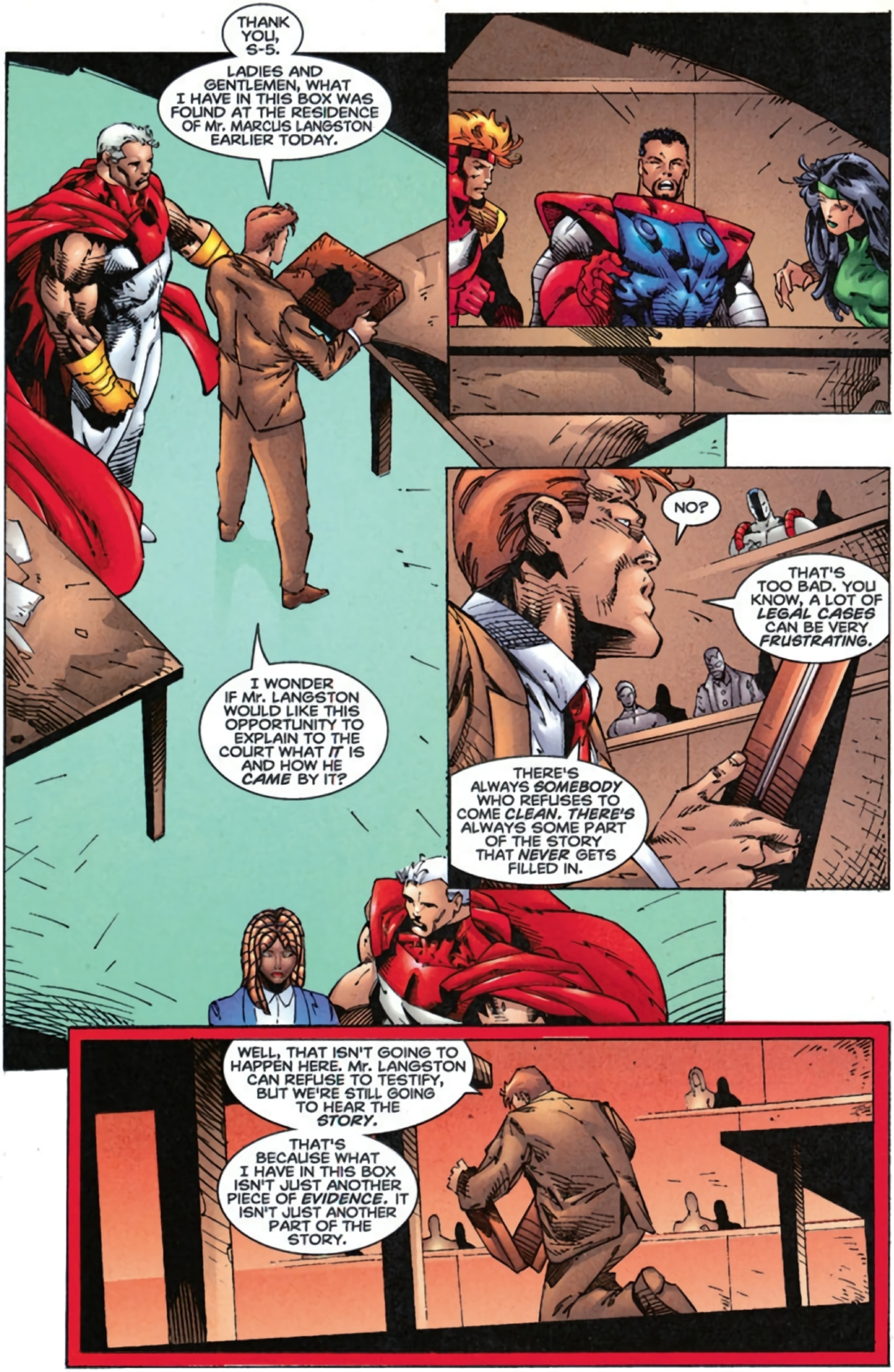

FUTURE-O-SCO
"AS A RESULT, STORYBOOK SMITH...
"MY SAM... WAS ASKED TO JOIN THE *ALLIED SUPERMEN*, FIRST AS A *MASCOT*, THEN AS A FULL *MEMBER*.
"THINGS COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER IF HE'D WRITTEN THEM *HIMSELF*.
"MAYBE HE *DID*. MAYBE THAT'S HOW HE GOT ME INTO *BED* WITH HIM AS WELL. WE HAD THE *STRANGEST* LATE NIGHT *CONVERSATIONS*...
SAMMY? YOU THINK YOU'LL EVER HAVE *CHILDREN?*
I *KNOW* I WILL, MIRANDA, HONEY.
SHE'LL BE *BLONDE* AND *BEAUTIFUL*, AND ONE DAY SHE'LL BE A FAMOUS *SUPERHERO*, JUST LIKE ME.
IT'S ALREADY *PENCILLED IN*, SWEETHEART. I'VE MADE THE NECESSARY *ADJUSTMENTS*. MY *FAMILY'S* DIRT *POOR*, BUT *SHE'LL* DO *FINE!*
"WHEN I ASKED HIM WHAT HE MEANT, HE SHOWED ME A PICTURE OF HIS GREAT *GRANDMOTHER*, A *SERVANT* GIRL NAMED *ELIZA SMITH*.
"HE SAID SOMETHING I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, ABOUT HIS BOOK BEING PART OF *FAMILY DESTINY*.
"AFTER THE ORIGINAL ALLIES *DISBANDED* IN 1950, SAMMY KEPT HIS CRIMEFIGHTING CAREER UP FOR A WHILE, BUT IT WAS STRICTLY A *HOBBY*."
I'LL *HUFF*, AND I'LL *PUFF*...
*NO! DON'T!* WE *SURRENDER!*

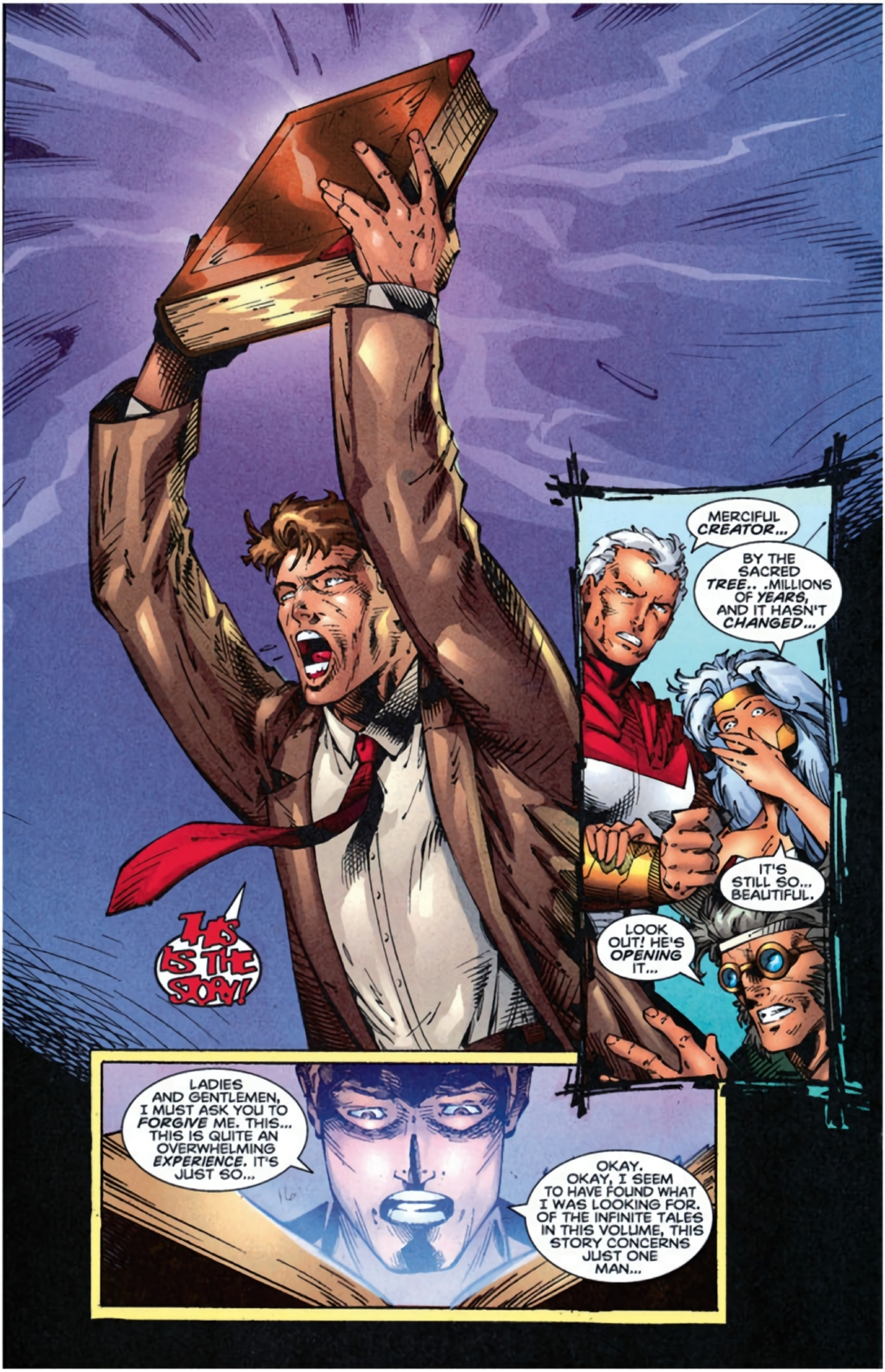

"MOSTLY HE MADE HIS LIVING DOING SHORT *HORROR STORIES* ON *RADIO*.
SOMETIMES HE'D CONJURE THE CHARACTERS *THEMSELVES* TO *NARRATE*.."
...LIKE THE BAYING OF SOME FEARFUL *HOUND*!
"BY THEN SAMMY AND I WERE LIVING TOGETHER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. THINGS WERE PRETTY *BOHEMIAN*, I GUESS.."
NOT SCARLET O'HARA AND MADAME BOVARY! THIS IS THE LAST *STRAW*!
BABY, I CAN *EXPLAIN*...
"HE STILL SAW THE ALLIES OCCASIONALLY. THEY PLAYED SOME *PRANK* ON *SUPREME* IN THE LATE FIFTIES, BUT BEYOND THAT, HIS SUPERHERO DAYS WERE *OVER*.
"THAT'S NOT TO SAY HE DIDN'T HAVE HEROIC IDEAS FOR THIS *DAUGHTER* HE PLANNED ON.."
I WORKED IT ALL *OUT*. SHE'LL GO *DIVING*, AS A *TEENAGER*. SOMETHING WONDERFUL WILL GIVE HER *SUPER-POWERS*...
YOU'RE NUTS.
"THINGS GOT SLOPPY AROUND '58. SAMMY WAS SCORING *OPIUM* FROM *DR. FU MANCHU*, AND WE HAD LOTS OF *JUNKIE* FRIENDS HANGING ROUND THE APARTMENT.
"THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED."
I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT! THEY TOOK THE *HI-FI* AND MY *CHARLIE MINGUS* PLATTERS!
Ceci n'est
TH- THAT'S NOT *ALL* THEY TOOK, BABY...

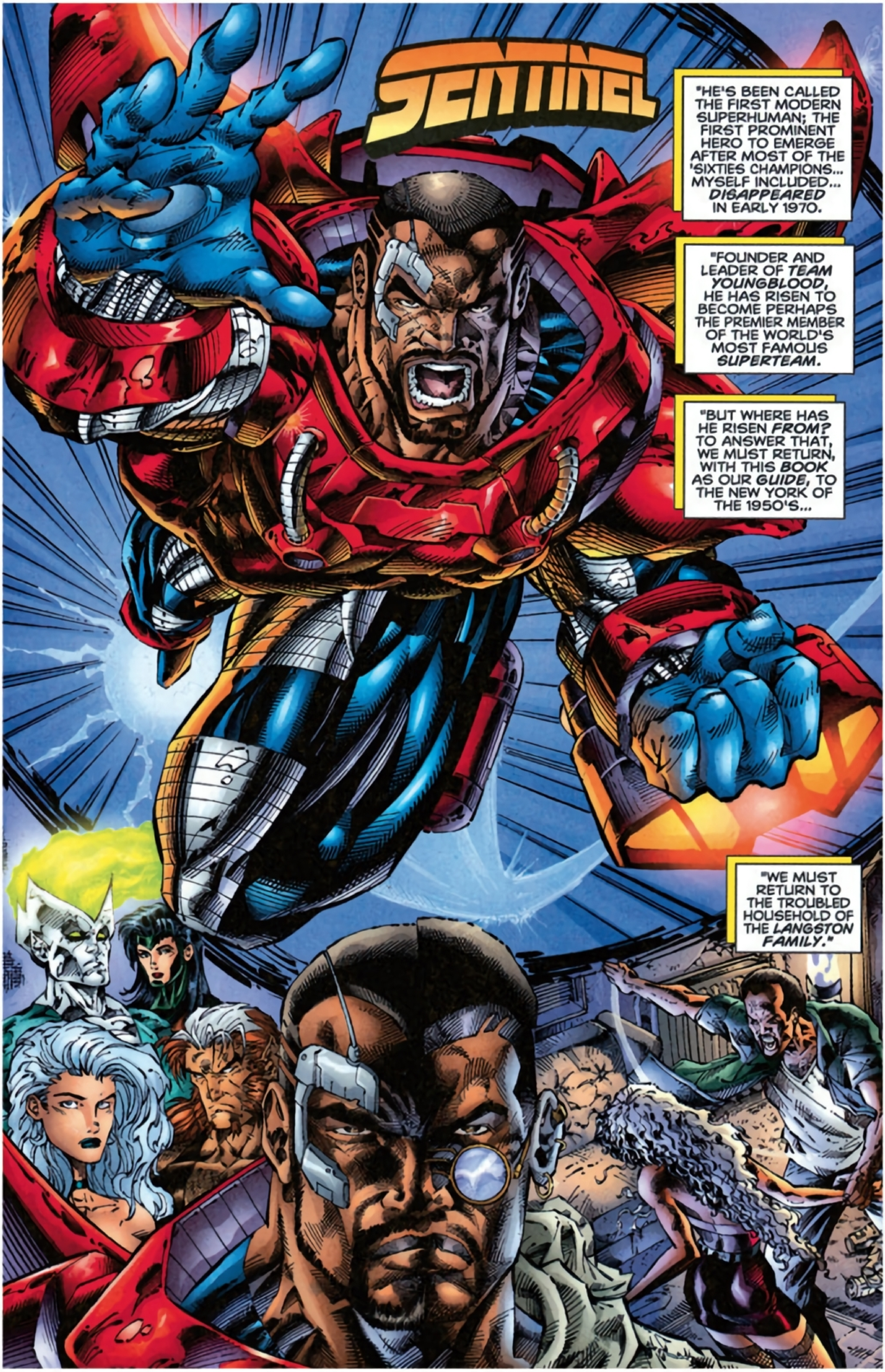

"THE BOOK'S THEFT DESTROYED SAMMY. HE'D SIT STARING AT HIS GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S PHOTOGRAPH, MUTTERING ABOUT *CURSES* AND FAMILY *DESTINY*.
"EVERY DAY HE'D GO OUT SEARCHING, BUT IT WAS NO USE.
"AT ONE POINT, SAMMY BECAME SO DESPERATE HE EVEN HIRED *DETECTIVE GORILLA* TO FIND HIS BOOK.
"I DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER DETECTIVE GORILLA, BUT... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.
POLICE REPORT
"FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS, SAM MADE HIS LIVING AS *'SPOOKY SMITH'*, INTRODUCING THE LATE-NIGHT DOUBLE BILL ON *'SHOCK SHOP.'*
LON CHANEY IN AN UN-FUR-GETTABLE ROLE RIGHT AFTER THIS MESSAGE
"UNFORTUNATELY, HE COULDN'T COMPETE WITH *VAMPIRA* AND THE OTHERS: NO *CLEAVAGE*.
"HE REALLY FELL TO PIECES. WHAT UPSET HIM MOST WAS NEVER HAVING A *DAUGHTER*.
HE'D BEEN SO SURE OF HIS *PREDICTION*.
"HE STARTED DRINKING. ONE DAY HE WALKED OUT AND NEVER CAME BACK.
I'M SORRY. I LOVE YOU —S.
"A WEEK AFTER HE LEFT, THE DOCTOR TOLD ME I WAS *PREGNANT*.
"ONE DAY YEARS LATER, WHEN MY DAUGHTER WAS A TEENAGER, SHE WENT OUT *DIVING*. YOU *KNOW* THE REST. THEN, I WAS PLEASED, BUT NOW...
"NOW I WISH I'D NEVER TOLD HER ABOUT THAT DAMNED BOOK."

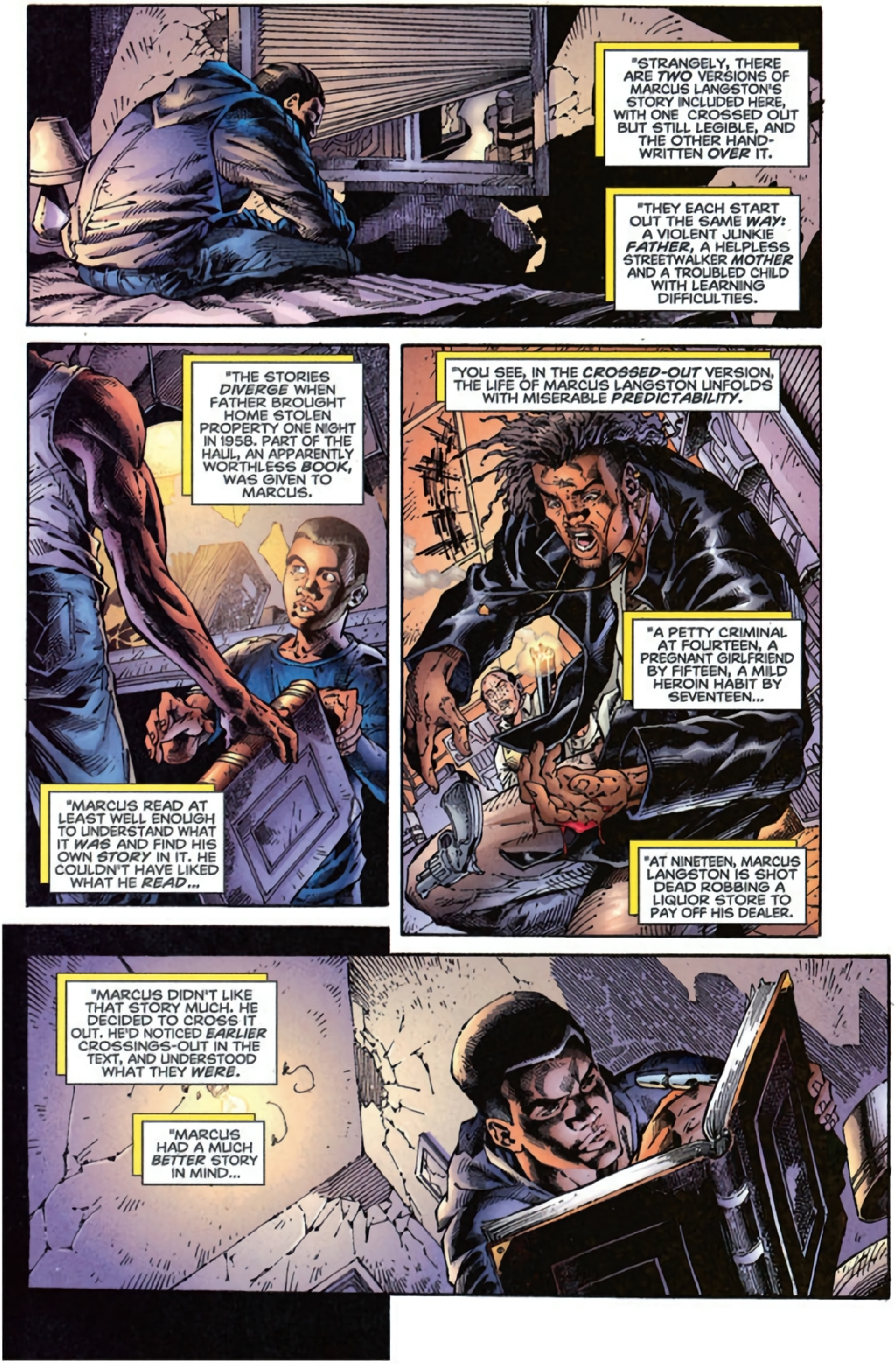

"MR. KING, I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW.
"I HOPE IT HELPS YOU CATCH WHOEVER IT WAS THAT DID THIS TERRIBLE THING AND TOOK MY BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL AWAY FROM ME.
"YOURS FAITHFULLY.
"MIRANDA CREEL".
YOU SEE, MIRANDA CREEL WAS A VERY MODERN WOMAN. SHE NEVER MARRIED HER BABY'S FATHER OR TOOK HIS NAME, RAISING HER DAUGHTER AS LEANNA CREEL.
I HOPE EVERYONE UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M SAYING HERE.
I'M SAYING THAT RIPTIDE'S FATHER WAS STORYBOOK SMITH.
MORE THAN THAT, I'M SAYING THAT HER GREAT, GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS THE FALLEN PURITAN DELIVERANCE DRUE. I'M SAYING THERE ARE GENERATIONS ENTANGLED IN THIS MURDER!
MY GOD, MARC! CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS STUFF? IT'S INCREDIBLE...
YEAH.

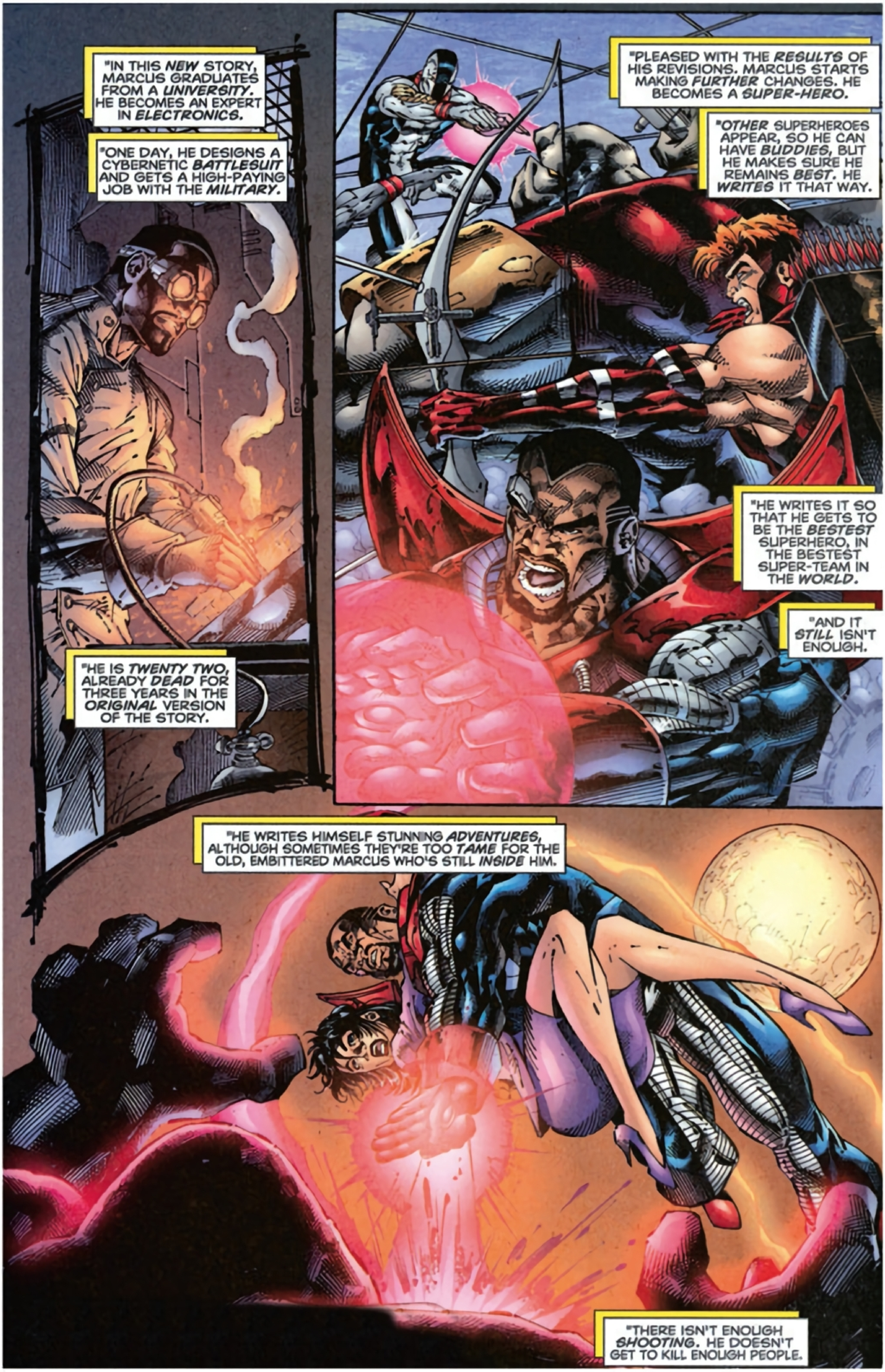

LEANNA CREEL GAINED HER *POWERS* DURING A *DIVING INCIDENT*, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW HER *FATHER* HAD REWRITTEN THE *BOOK*.
LEANNA *LEARNED* OF THE BOOK DURING *CHILDHOOD*.
GROWING *UP*, SHE WAS ALWAYS SECRETLY *SEARCHING* FOR IT.
SHE... Uh, EXCUSE ME A MOMENT. YES? WHAT IS IT?
Uh-Huh. YES. OKAY.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'VE JUST RECEIVED SOME IMPORTANT *NEWS*.
WITH THE COURT'S *PERMISSION*, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MY CONCLUDING PIECE OF *EVIDENCE*.
WOULD THE COURT ATTENDANTS BRING IN *EXHIBIT A*, PLEASE?
Oh, *MAN!* THAT'S *IT!* IN THAT *BOX*, THAT'S *IT*. I CAN FEEL IT FROM *HERE!* Aw JEEZ, THIS IS *BAD*...
WHAT IN HELL IS GOING *ON* HERE? THERE WITH THE *SUPREMATONS*, ISN'T THAT...
MARCUS, THAT'S *ELIZABETH!* THAT'S YOUR *WIFE!* WHAT IN GOD'S NAME *IS* THIS?
I-I DON'T KNOW.

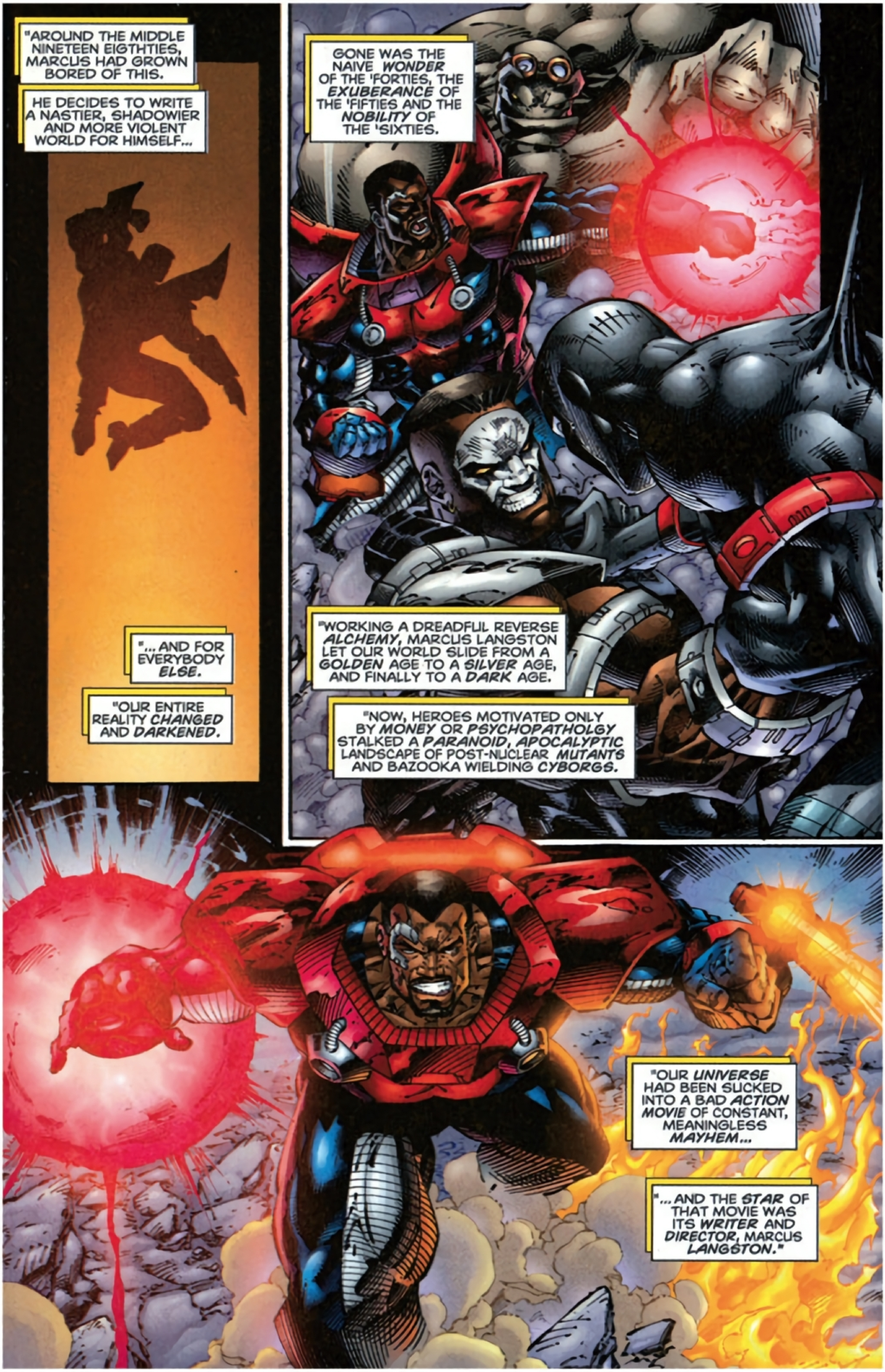

THANK YOU, S-5.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHAT I HAVE IN THIS BOX WAS FOUND AT THE RESIDENCE OF Mr. MARCUS LANGSTON EARLIER TODAY.
I WONDER IF Mr. LANGSTON WOULD LIKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLAIN TO THE COURT WHAT *IT* IS AND HOW HE *CAME* BY IT?
NO?
THAT'S TOO BAD. YOU KNOW, A LOT OF *LEGAL CASES* CAN BE VERY *FRUSTRATING.*
THERE'S ALWAYS *SOMEBODY* WHO REFUSES TO COME *CLEAN. THERE'S* ALWAYS SOME PART OF THE STORY THAT *NEVER* GETS FILLED IN.
WELL, THAT ISN'T GOING TO HAPPEN HERE. Mr. LANGSTON CAN REFUSE TO TESTIFY, BUT WE'RE STILL GOING TO HEAR THE *STORY.*
THAT'S BECAUSE WHAT I HAVE IN THIS BOX ISN'T JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF *EVIDENCE.* IT ISN'T JUST ANOTHER PART OF THE STORY.

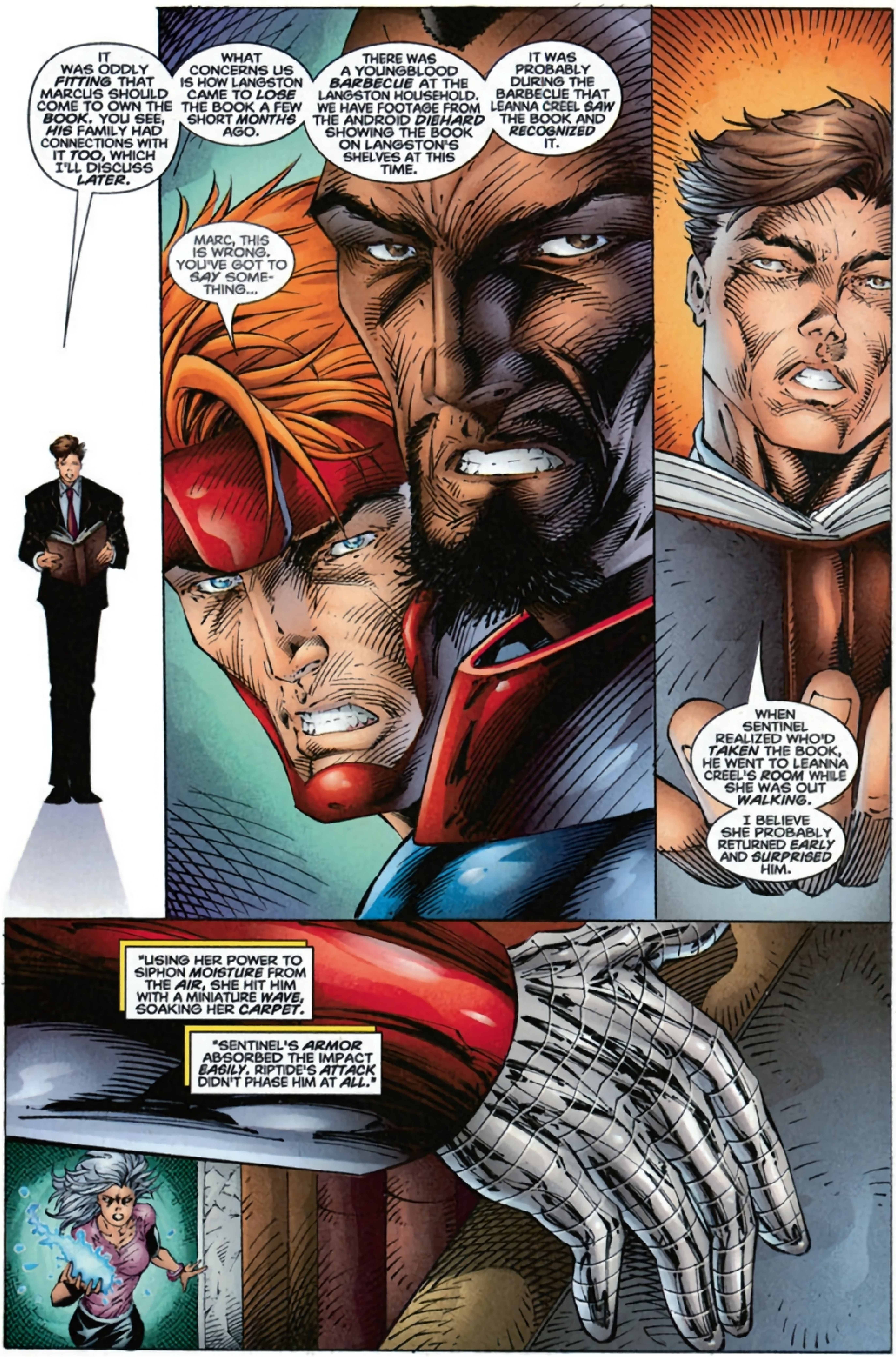

THIS IS THE STORY!
MERCIFUL CREATOR...
BY THE SACRED TREE.. .MILLIONS OF YEARS, AND IT HASN'T CHANGED...
IT'S STILL SO... BEAUTIFUL.
LOOK OUT! HE'S OPENING IT...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I MUST ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME. THIS... THIS IS QUITE AN OVERWHELMING EXPERIENCE. IT'S JUST SO...
OKAY. OKAY, I SEEM TO HAVE FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR. OF THE INFINITE TALES IN THIS VOLUME, THIS STORY CONCERNS JUST ONE MAN...

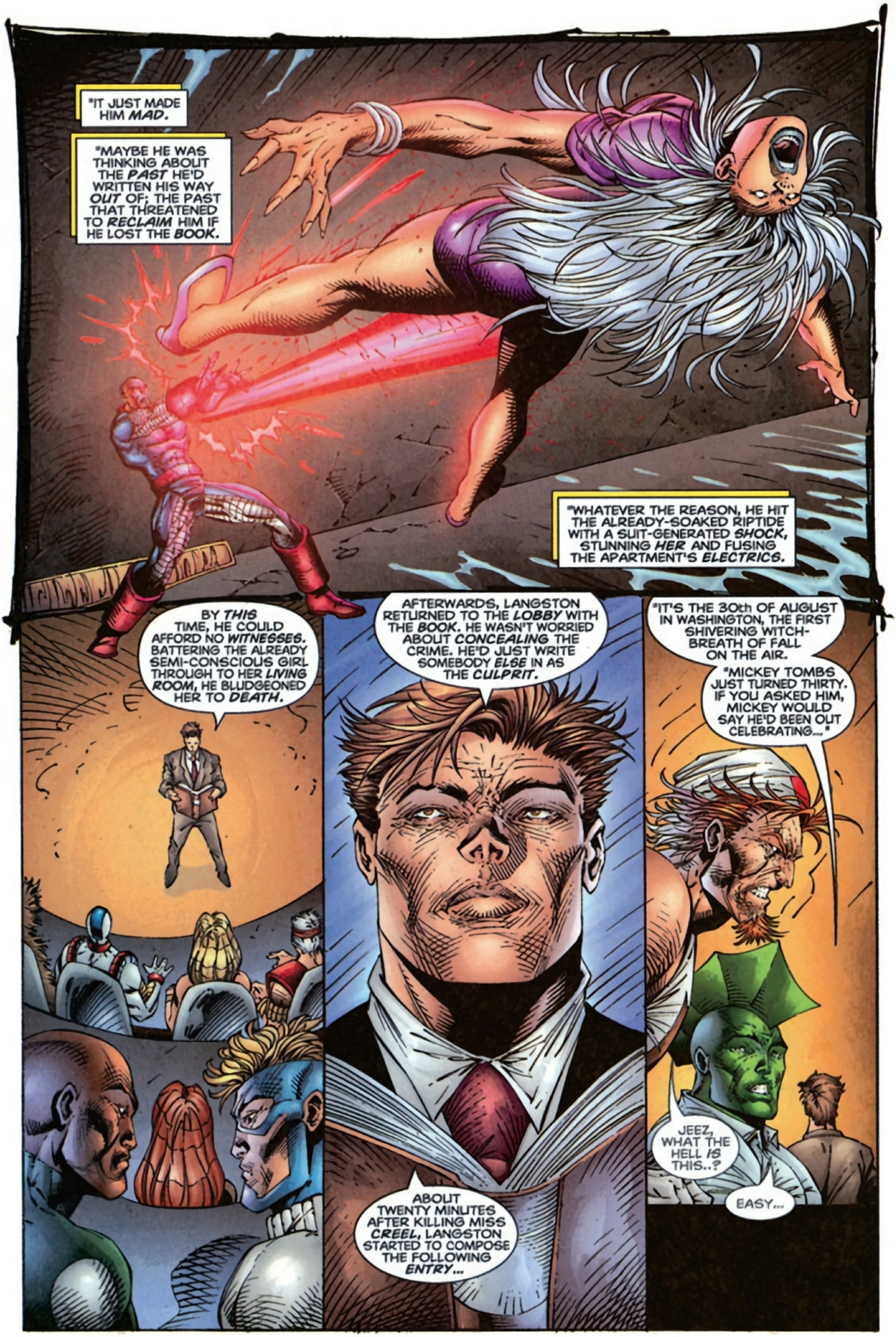

SENTINEL
"HE'S BEEN CALLED THE FIRST MODERN SUPERHUMAN; THE FIRST PROMINENT HERO TO EMERGE AFTER MOST OF THE 'SIXTIES CHAMPIONS... MYSELF INCLUDED... *DISAPPEARED* IN EARLY 1970.
"FOUNDER AND LEADER OF *TEAM YOUNGBLOOD,* HE HAS RISEN TO BECOME PERHAPS THE PREMIER MEMBER OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS *SUPERTEAM.*
"BUT WHERE HAS HE RISEN *FROM?* TO ANSWER THAT, WE MUST RETURN, WITH THIS *BOOK* AS OUR *GUIDE,* TO THE NEW YORK OF THE 1950'S...
"WE MUST RETURN TO THE TROUBLED HOUSEHOLD OF THE *LANGSTON FAMILY."*

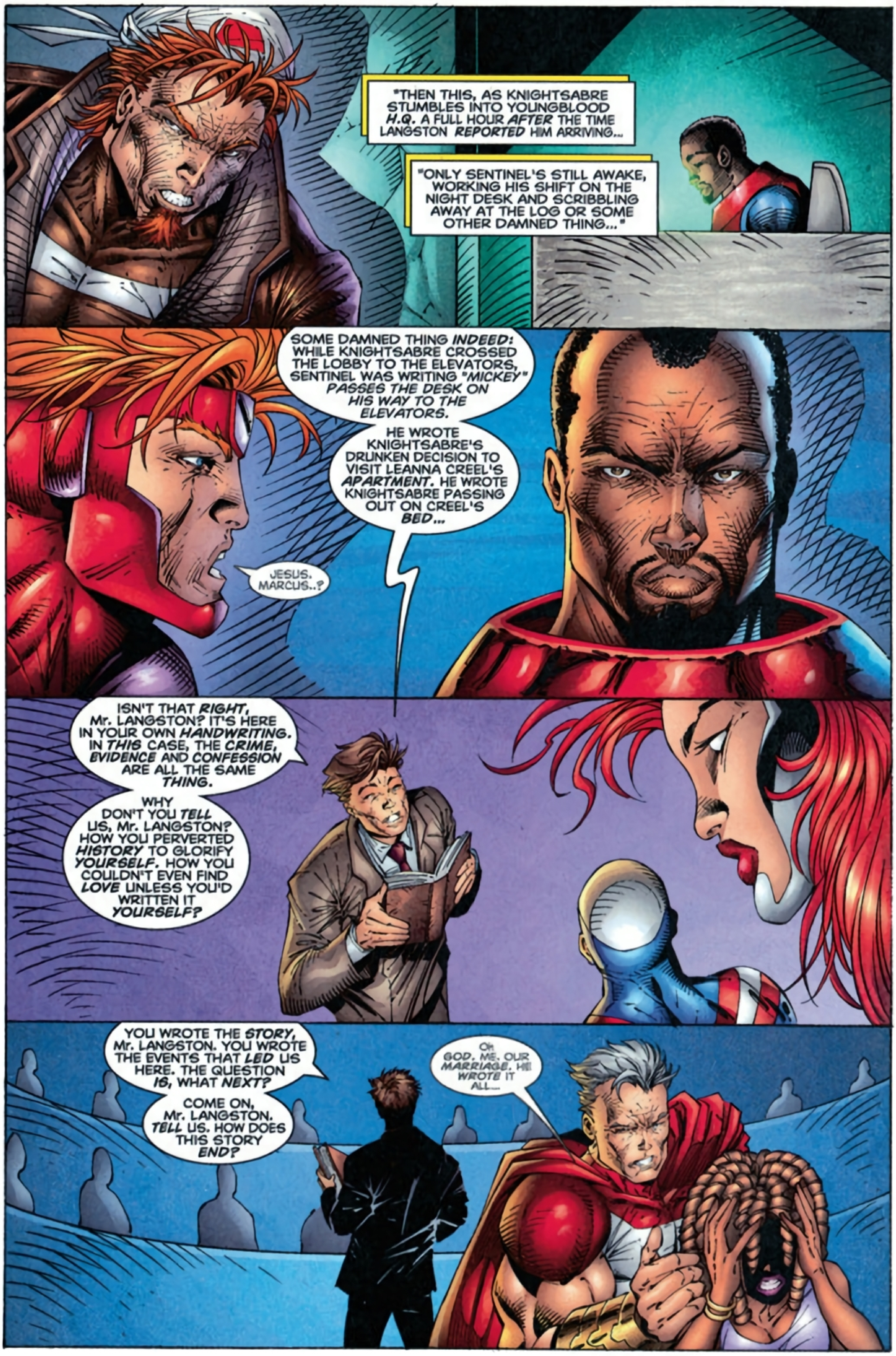

"STRANGELY, THERE ARE *TWO* VERSIONS OF MARCUS LANGSTON'S STORY INCLUDED HERE, WITH ONE CROSSED OUT BUT STILL LEGIBLE, AND THE OTHER HAND-WRITTEN *OVER* IT.
"THEY EACH START OUT THE SAME *WAY:* A VIOLENT JUNKIE *FATHER*, A HELPLESS STREETWALKER *MOTHER* AND A TROUBLED CHILD WITH LEARNING DIFFICULTIES.
"THE STORIES *DIVERGE* WHEN FATHER BROUGHT HOME STOLEN PROPERTY ONE NIGHT IN 1958. PART OF THE HAUL, AN APPARENTLY WORTHLESS *BOOK*, WAS GIVEN TO MARCUS.
"MARCUS READ AT LEAST WELL ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT *WAS* AND FIND HIS OWN *STORY* IN IT. HE COULDN'T HAVE LIKED WHAT HE *READ*...
"YOU SEE, IN THE *CROSSED-OUT* VERSION, THE LIFE OF MARCUS LANGSTON UNFOLDS WITH MISERABLE *PREDICTABILITY*.
"A PETTY CRIMINAL AT FOURTEEN, A PREGNANT GIRLFRIEND BY FIFTEEN, A MILD HEROIN HABIT BY SEVENTEEN...
"AT NINETEEN, MARCUS LANGSTON IS SHOT DEAD ROBBING A LIQUOR STORE TO PAY OFF HIS DEALER.
"MARCUS DIDN'T LIKE THAT STORY MUCH. HE DECIDED TO CROSS IT OUT. HE'D NOTICED *EARLIER* CROSSINGS-OUT IN THE TEXT, AND UNDERSTOOD WHAT THEY *WERE*.
"MARCUS HAD A MUCH *BETTER* STORY IN MIND...

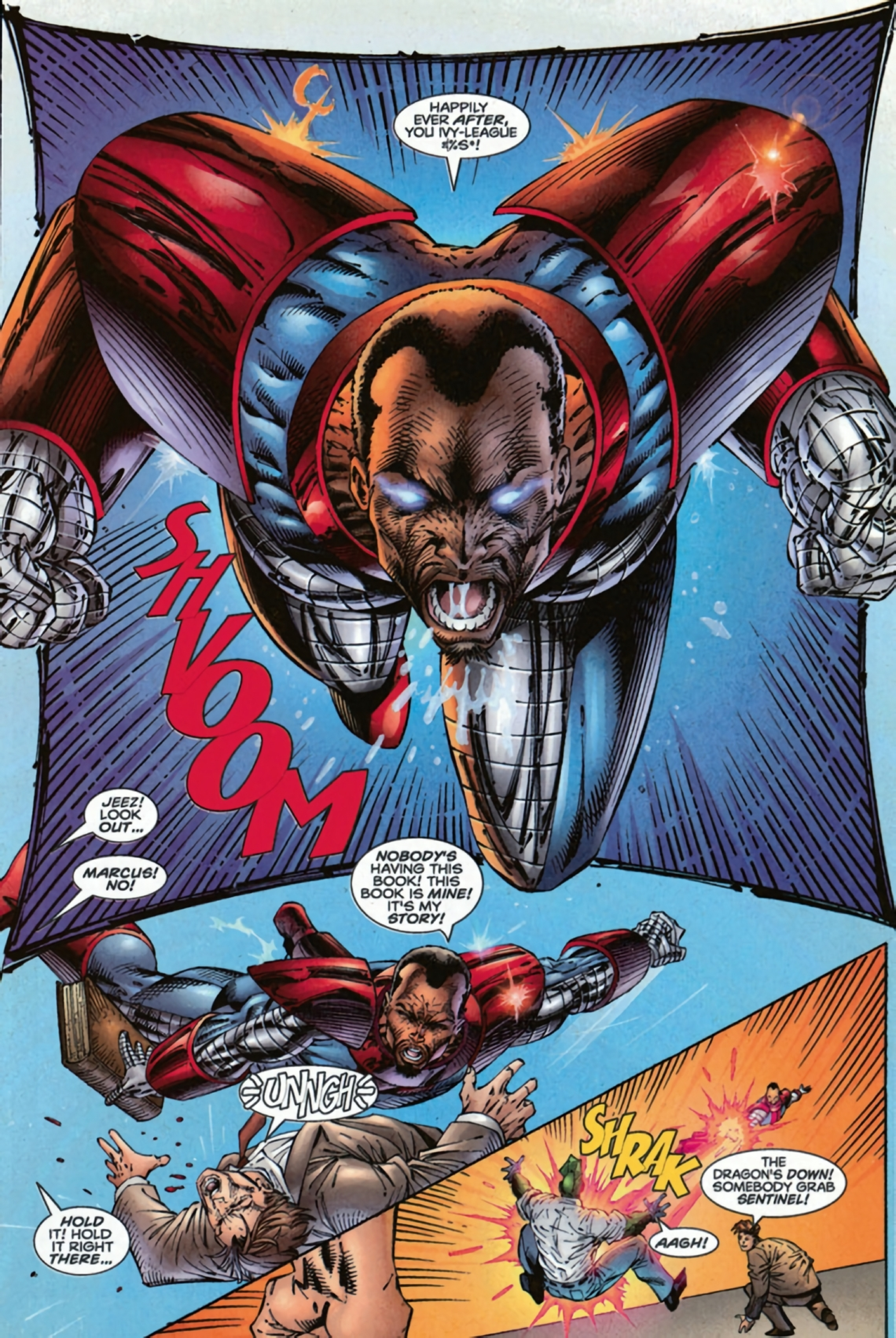

"IN THIS *NEW* STORY, MARCUS GRADUATES FROM A *UNIVERSITY*. HE BECOMES AN EXPERT IN *ELECTRONICS*.
"ONE DAY, HE DESIGNS A CYBERNETIC *BATTLESUIT* AND GETS A HIGH-PAYING JOB WITH THE *MILITARY*.
"HE IS *TWENTY TWO*, ALREADY *DEAD* FOR THREE YEARS IN THE *ORIGINAL* VERSION OF THE STORY.
"PLEASED WITH THE *RESULTS* OF HIS REVISIONS. MARCUS STARTS MAKING *FURTHER* CHANGES. HE BECOMES A *SUPER-HERO*.
"*OTHER* SUPERHEROES APPEAR, SO HE CAN HAVE *BUDDIES*, BUT HE MAKES SURE HE REMAINS *BEST*. HE *WRITES* IT THAT WAY.
"HE WRITES IT SO THAT HE GETS TO BE THE *BESTEST* SUPERHERO, IN THE BESTEST SUPER-TEAM IN THE *WORLD*.
"AND IT *STILL* ISN'T ENOUGH.
"HE WRITES HIMSELF STUNNING *ADVENTURES*, ALTHOUGH SOMETIMES THEY'RE TOO *TAME* FOR THE OLD, EMBITTERED MARCUS WHO'S STILL *INSIDE* HIM.
"THERE ISN'T ENOUGH *SHOOTING*. HE DOESN'T GET TO KILL ENOUGH PEOPLE.

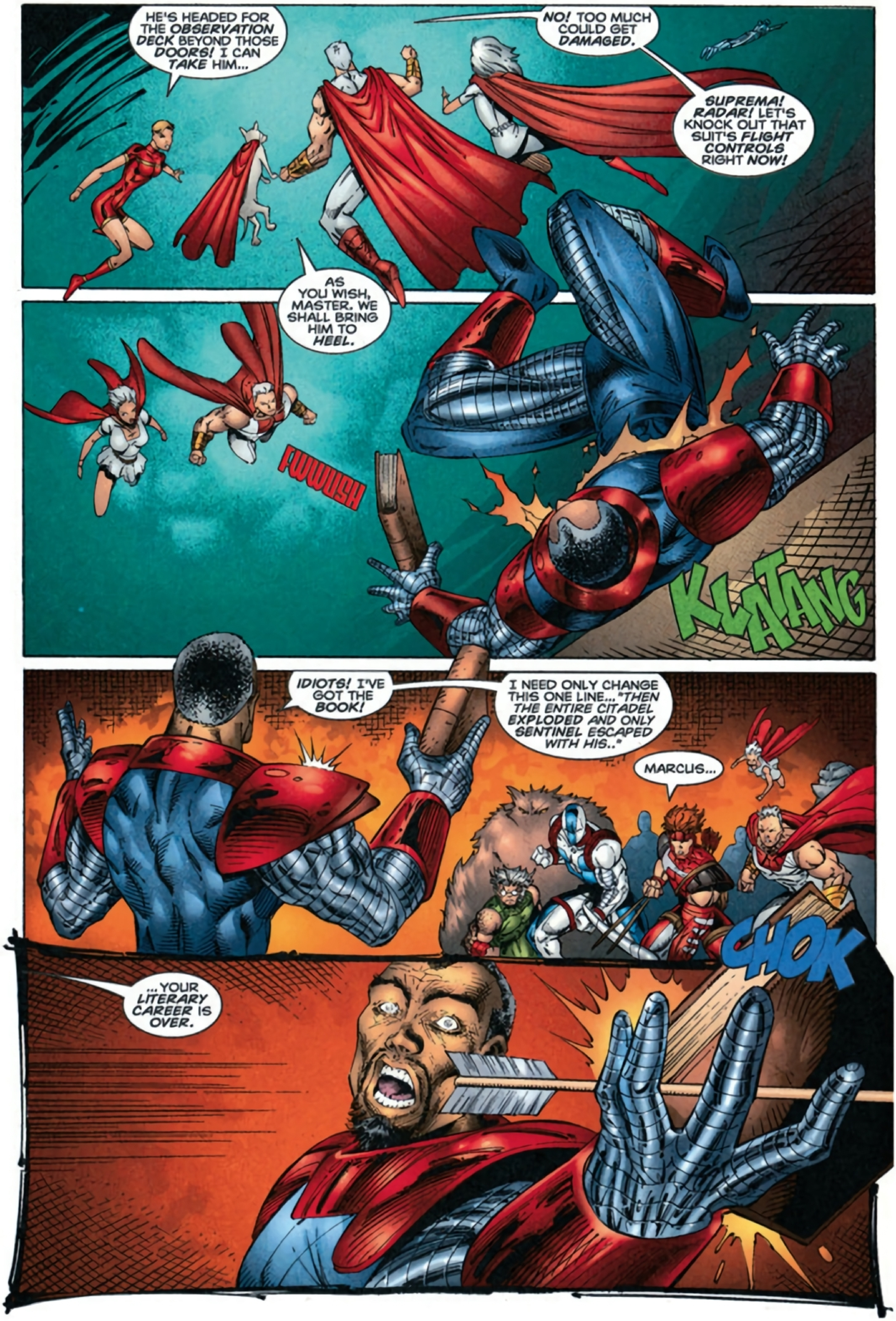

"AROUND THE MIDDLE NINETEEN EIGTHTIES, MARCUS HAD GROWN BORED OF THIS.
HE DECIDES TO WRITE A NASTIER, SHADOWIER AND MORE VIOLENT WORLD FOR HIMSELF...
"...AND FOR EVERYBODY *ELSE*.
"OUR ENTIRE REALITY *CHANGED* AND *DARKENED*.
GONE WAS THE NAIVE *WONDER* OF THE 'FORTIES, THE *EXUBERANCE* OF THE 'FIFTIES AND THE *NOBILITY* OF THE 'SIXTIES.
"WORKING A DREADFUL REVERSE *ALCHEMY*, MARCUS LANGSTON LET OUR WORLD SLIDE FROM A *GOLDEN* AGE TO A *SILVER* AGE, AND FINALLY TO A *DARK* AGE.
"NOW, HEROES MOTIVATED ONLY BY *MONEY* OR *PSYCHOPATHOLGY* STALKED A *PARANOID, APOCALYPTIC* LANDSCAPE OF POST-NUCLEAR *MUTANTS* AND BAZOOKA WIELDING *CYBORGS*.
"OUR *UNIVERSE* HAD BEEN SUCKED INTO A BAD *ACTION MOVIE* OF CONSTANT, MEANINGLESS *MAYHEM*...
"...AND THE *STAR* OF THAT MOVIE WAS ITS *WRITER* AND *DIRECTOR*, MARCUS *LANGSTON*."

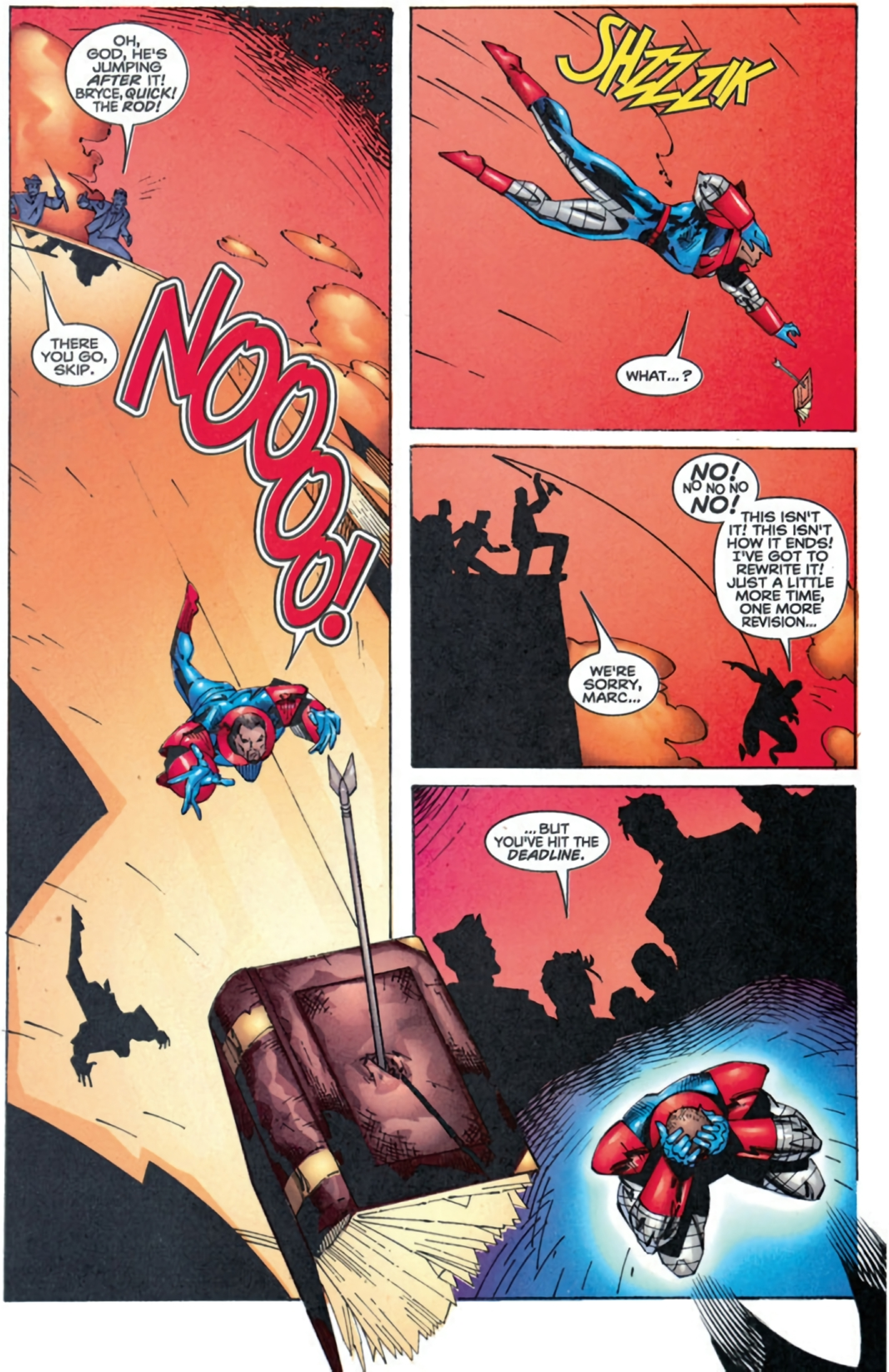

IT WAS ODDLY *FITTING* THAT MARCUS SHOULD COME TO OWN THE *BOOK*. YOU SEE, *HIS* FAMILY HAD CONNECTIONS WITH IT *TOO*, WHICH I'LL DISCUSS *LATER*.
WHAT CONCERNS US IS HOW LANGSTON CAME TO *LOSE* THE BOOK A FEW SHORT *MONTHS* AGO.
THERE WAS A YOUNGBLOOD *BARBECUE* AT THE LANGSTON HOUSEHOLD. WE HAVE FOOTAGE FROM THE ANDROID *DIEHARD* SHOWING THE BOOK ON LANGSTON'S SHELVES AT THIS TIME.
IT WAS PROBABLY DURING THE BARBECUE THAT LEANNA CREEL *SAW* THE BOOK AND *RECOGNIZED* IT.
MARC, THIS IS WRONG. YOU'VE GOT TO *SAY* SOMETHING...
WHEN SENTINEL REALIZED WHO'D *TAKEN* THE BOOK, HE WENT TO LEANNA CREEL'S *ROOM* WHILE SHE WAS OUT *WALKING*.
I BELIEVE SHE PROBABLY RETURNED *EARLY* AND *SURPRISED* HIM.
"USING HER POWER TO SIPHON *MOISTURE* FROM THE *AIR*, SHE HIT HIM WITH A MINIATURE *WAVE*, SOAKING HER *CARPET*.
"SENTINEL'S *ARMOR* ABSORBED THE IMPACT *EASILY*. RIPTIDE'S *ATTACK* DIDN'T PHASE HIM AT *ALL*."

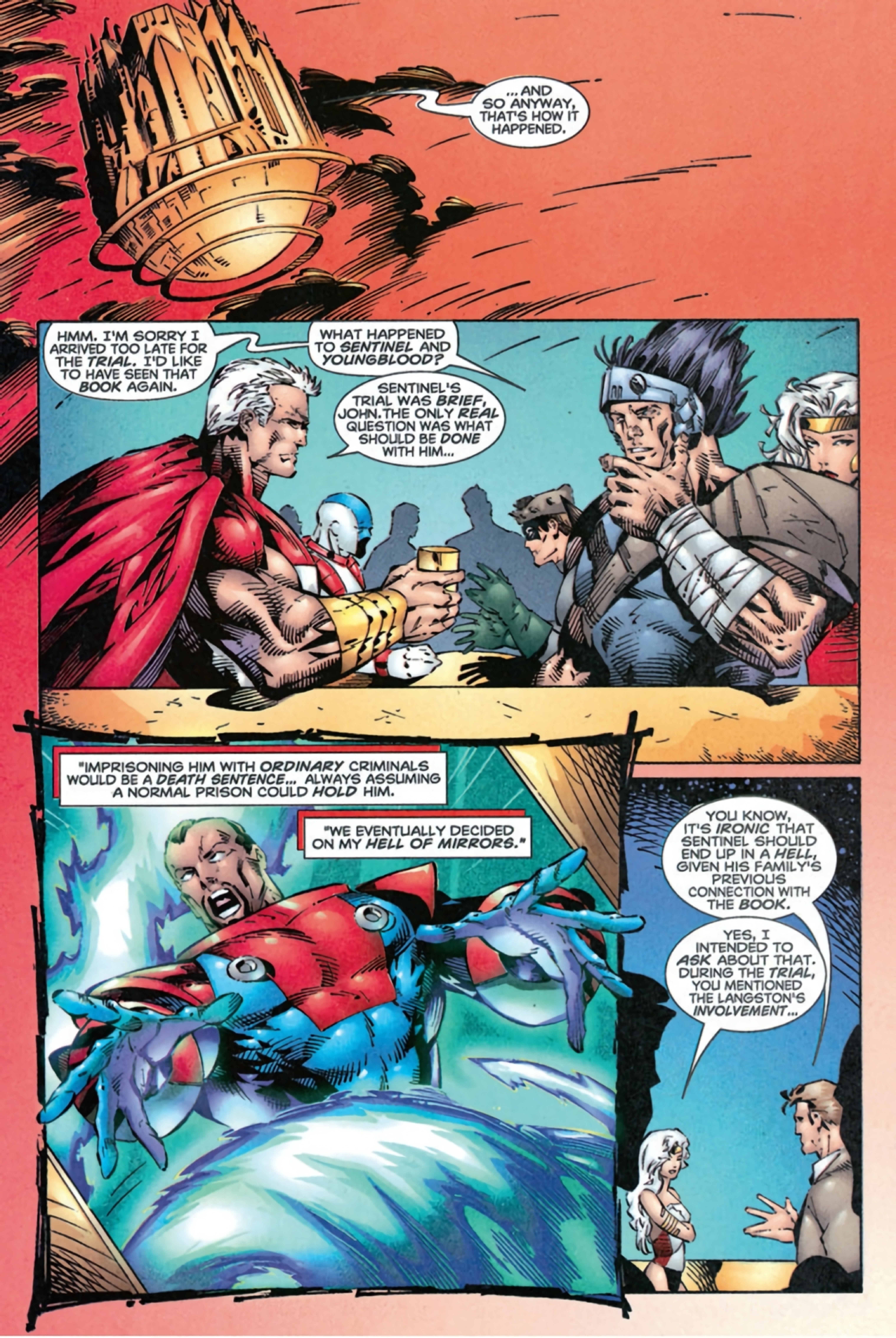

"IT JUST MADE HIM *MAD*.
"MAYBE HE WAS THINKING ABOUT THE *PAST* HE'D WRITTEN HIS WAY *OUT* OF; THE PAST THAT THREATENED TO *RECLAIM* HIM IF HE LOST THE *BOOK*.
"WHATEVER THE REASON, HE HIT THE ALREADY-SOAKED RIPTIDE WITH A SUIT-GENERATED *SHOCK*, STUNNING *HER* AND FUSING THE APARTMENT'S *ELECTRICS*.
BY *THIS* TIME, HE COULD AFFORD NO *WITNESSES*. BATTERING THE ALREADY SEMI-CONSCIOUS GIRL THROUGH TO HER *LIVING ROOM*, HE BLUDGEONED HER TO *DEATH*.
AFTERWARDS, LANGSTON RETURNED TO THE *LOBBY* WITH THE *BOOK*. HE WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT *CONCEALING* THE CRIME. HE'D JUST WRITE SOMEBODY *ELSE* IN AS THE *CULPRIT*.
ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AFTER KILLING MISS *CREEL*, LANGSTON STARTED TO COMPOSE THE FOLLOWING *ENTRY*...
"IT'S THE 30th OF AUGUST IN WASHINGTON, THE FIRST SHIVERING WITCH-BREATH OF FALL ON THE AIR.
"MICKEY TOMBS JUST TURNED THIRTY. IF YOU ASKED HIM, MICKEY WOULD SAY HE'D BEEN OUT CELEBRATING..."
JEEZ, WHAT THE HELL *IS* THIS..?
EASY...

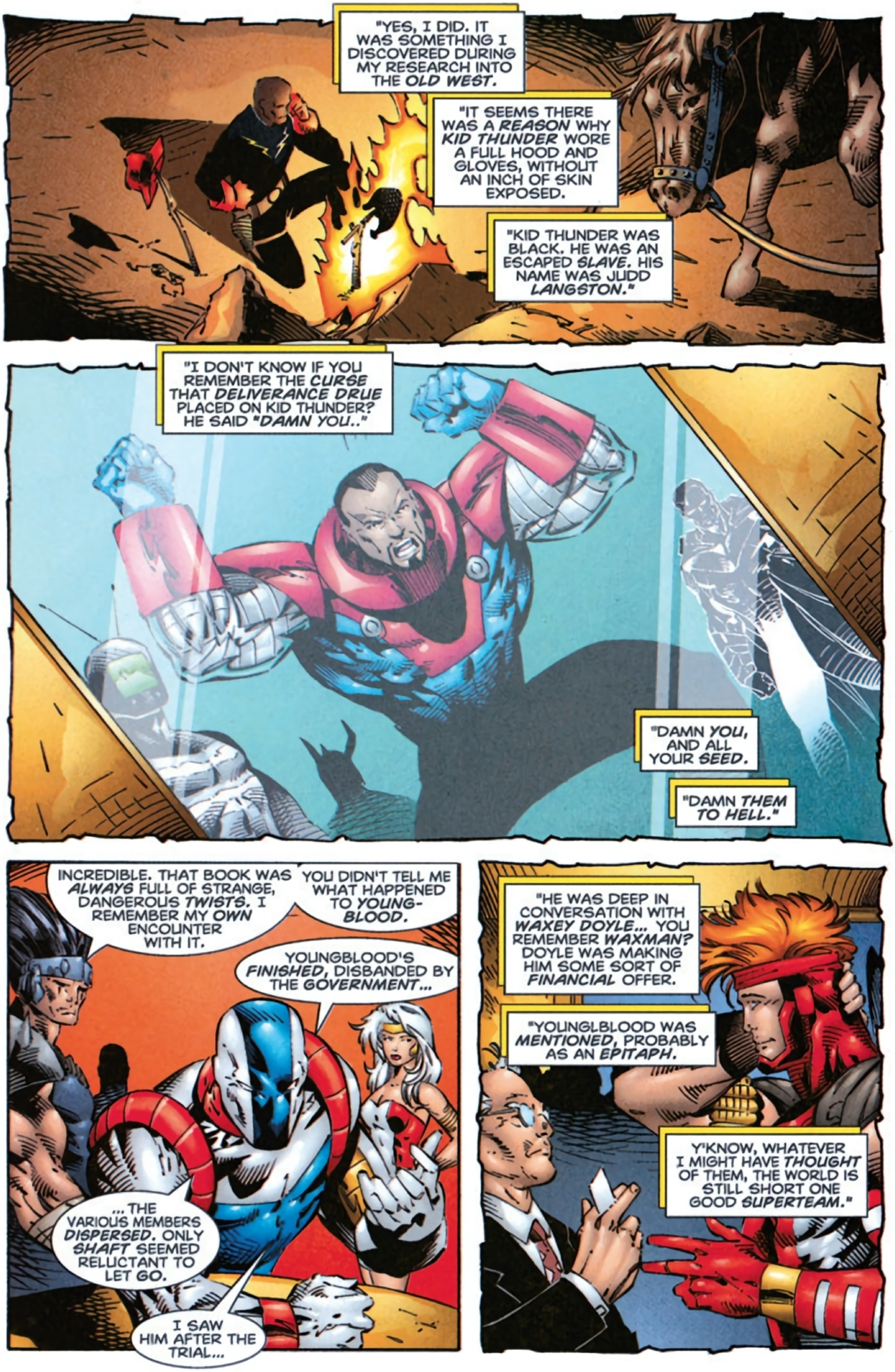

"THEN THIS, AS KNIGHTSABRE STUMBLES INTO YOUNGBLOOD H.Q. A FULL HOUR AFTER THE TIME LANGSTON REPORTED HIM ARRIVING...
"ONLY SENTINEL'S STILL AWAKE, WORKING HIS SHIFT ON THE NIGHT DESK AND SCRIBBLING AWAY AT THE LOG OR SOME OTHER DAMNED THING..."
SOME DAMNED THING INDEED: WHILE KNIGHTSABRE CROSSED THE LOBBY TO THE ELEVATORS, SENTINEL WAS WRITING "MICKEY" PASSES THE DESK ON HIS WAY TO THE ELEVATORS.
HE WROTE KNIGHTSABRE'S DRUNKEN DECISION TO VISIT LEANNA CREEL'S APARTMENT. HE WROTE KNIGHTSABRE PASSING OUT ON CREEL'S BED...
JESUS. MARCUS..?
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, Mr. LANGSTON? IT'S HERE IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING. IN THIS CASE, THE CRIME, EVIDENCE AND CONFESSION ARE ALL THE SAME THING.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL US, Mr. LANGSTON? HOW YOU PERVERTED HISTORY TO GLORIFY YOURSELF. HOW YOU COULDN'T EVEN FIND LOVE UNLESS YOU'D WRITTEN IT YOURSELF?
YOU WROTE THE STORY, Mr. LANGSTON. YOU WROTE THE EVENTS THAT LED US HERE. THE QUESTION IS, WHAT NEXT?
COME ON, Mr. LANGSTON. TELL US. HOW DOES THIS STORY END?
OH GOD. ME. OUR MARRIAGE. HE WROTE IT ALL...

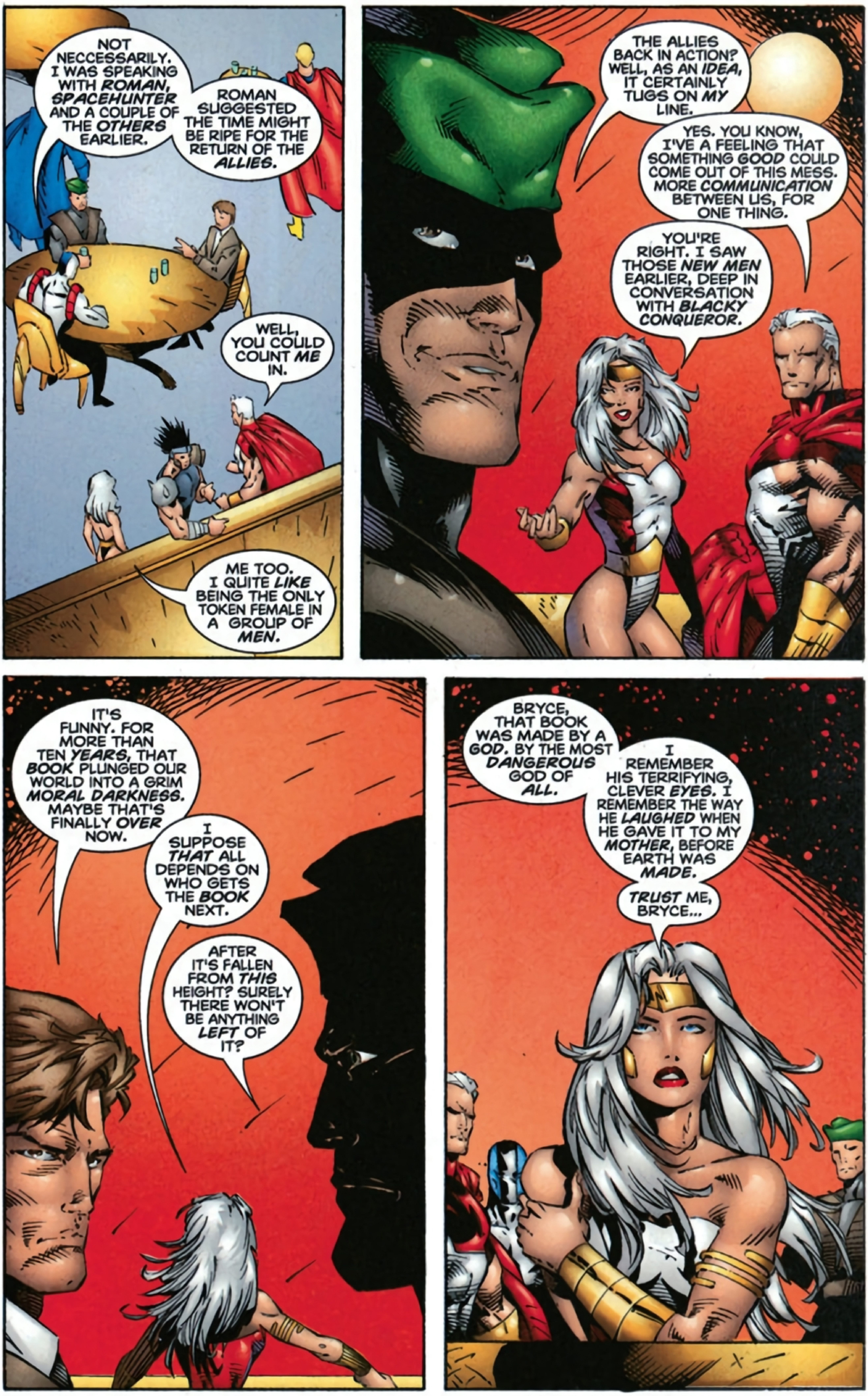

HAPPILY EVER *AFTER*, YOU IVY-LEAGUE #%$*!
SHOOM
JEEZ! LOOK OUT...
MARCUS! NO!
NOBODY'S HAVING THIS BOOK! THIS BOOK IS *MINE!* IT'S MY *STORY!*
UNNGH
HOLD IT! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE...
SHRAK
THE DRAGON'S *DOWN!* SOMEBODY GRAB *SENTINEL!*
AAGH!

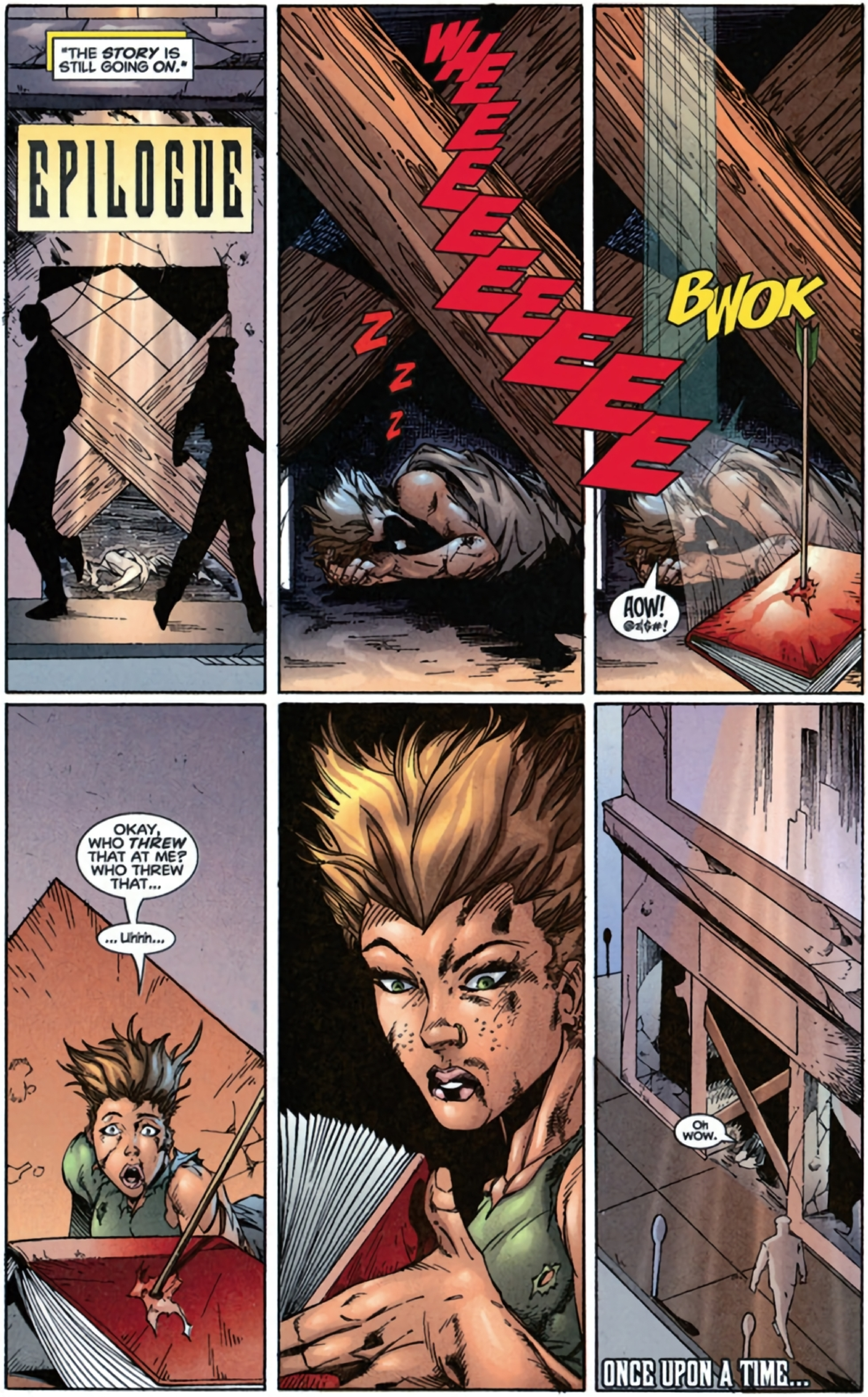

HE'S HEADED FOR THE *OBSERVATION DECK* BEYOND THOSE *DOORS!* I CAN *TAKE* HIM...
*NO!* TOO MUCH COULD GET *DAMAGED.*
*SUPREMA! RADAR!* LET'S KNOCK OUT THAT SUIT'S *FLIGHT CONTROLS* RIGHT *NOW!*
AS YOU WISH, MASTER. WE SHALL BRING HIM TO *HEEL.*
FWWUSH
KLATANG
*IDIOTS!* I'VE GOT THE *BOOK!*
I NEED ONLY CHANGE THIS ONE LINE... *"THEN THE ENTIRE CITADEL EXPLODED AND ONLY SENTINEL ESCAPED WITH HIS.."*
MARCUS...
CHOK
...YOUR *LITERARY CAREER* IS *OVER.*


OH, GOD, HE'S JUMPING *AFTER* IT! BRYCE, *QUICK!* THE *ROD!*
THERE YOU GO, SKIP.
NOOOO!
SHZZZIK
WHAT...?
NO! NO NO NO NO! THIS ISN'T IT! THIS ISN'T HOW IT ENDS! I'VE GOT TO REWRITE IT! JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME, ONE MORE REVISION...
WE'RE SORRY, MARC...
...BUT YOU'VE HIT THE *DEADLINE.*


...AND SO ANYWAY, THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED.
HMM. I'M SORRY I ARRIVED TOO LATE FOR THE *TRIAL*. I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN THAT *BOOK* AGAIN.
WHAT HAPPENED TO *SENTINEL* AND *YOUNGBLOOD?*
SENTINEL'S TRIAL WAS *BRIEF*, JOHN. THE ONLY *REAL* QUESTION WAS WHAT SHOULD BE *DONE* WITH HIM...
"IMPRISONING HIM WITH *ORDINARY* CRIMINALS WOULD BE A *DEATH SENTENCE*... ALWAYS ASSUMING A NORMAL PRISON COULD *HOLD* HIM.
"WE EVENTUALLY DECIDED ON MY *HELL OF MIRRORS*."
YOU KNOW, IT'S *IRONIC* THAT SENTINEL SHOULD END UP IN A *HELL*, GIVEN HIS FAMILY'S PREVIOUS CONNECTION WITH THE *BOOK*.
YES, I INTENDED TO *ASK* ABOUT THAT. DURING THE *TRIAL*, YOU MENTIONED THE LANGSTON'S *INVOLVEMENT*...


"YES, I DID. IT WAS SOMETHING I DISCOVERED DURING MY RESEARCH INTO THE *OLD WEST.*
"IT SEEMS THERE WAS A *REASON* WHY *KID THUNDER* WORE A FULL HOOD AND GLOVES, WITHOUT AN INCH OF SKIN EXPOSED.
"KID THUNDER WAS BLACK. HE WAS AN ESCAPED *SLAVE.* HIS NAME WAS JUDD *LANGSTON.*"
"I DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER THE *CURSE* THAT *DELIVERANCE DRUE* PLACED ON KID THUNDER? HE SAID *"DAMN YOU..*"
"DAMN *YOU,* AND ALL YOUR *SEED.*
"DAMN *THEM TO HELL.*"
INCREDIBLE. THAT BOOK WAS *ALWAYS* FULL OF STRANGE, DANGEROUS *TWISTS.* I REMEMBER MY *OWN* ENCOUNTER WITH IT.
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO *YOUNGBLOOD.*
YOUNGBLOOD'S *FINISHED,* DISBANDED BY THE *GOVERNMENT*...
...THE VARIOUS MEMBERS *DISPERSED.* ONLY *SHAFT* SEEMED RELUCTANT TO LET GO.
I SAW HIM AFTER THE TRIAL...
"HE WAS DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH *WAXEY DOYLE*... YOU REMEMBER *WAXMAN?* DOYLE WAS MAKING HIM SOME SORT OF *FINANCIAL* OFFER.
"YOUNGLBLOOD WAS *MENTIONED,* PROBABLY AS AN *EPITAPH.*
Y'KNOW, WHATEVER I MIGHT HAVE *THOUGHT* OF THEM, THE WORLD IS STILL SHORT ONE GOOD *SUPERTEAM.*"


NOT NECCESSARILY. I WAS SPEAKING WITH *ROMAN, SPACEHUNTER* AND A COUPLE OF THE *OTHERS* EARLIER.
ROMAN SUGGESTED THE TIME MIGHT BE RIPE FOR THE RETURN OF THE *ALLIES.*
WELL, YOU COULD COUNT *ME* IN.
ME TOO. I QUITE *LIKE* BEING THE ONLY TOKEN FEMALE IN A GROUP OF *MEN.*
THE ALLIES BACK IN ACTION? WELL, AS AN *IDEA,* IT CERTAINLY TUGS ON *MY* LINE.
YES. YOU KNOW, I'VE A FEELING THAT SOMETHING *GOOD* COULD COME OUT OF THIS MESS. MORE *COMMUNICATION* BETWEEN US, FOR ONE THING.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I SAW THOSE *NEW MEN* EARLIER, DEEP IN CONVERSATION WITH *BLACKY CONQUEROR.*
IT'S FUNNY. FOR MORE THAN TEN *YEARS,* THAT *BOOK* PLUNGED OUR WORLD INTO A GRIM *MORAL DARKNESS.* MAYBE THAT'S FINALLY *OVER* NOW.
I SUPPOSE *THAT* ALL DEPENDS ON WHO GETS THE *BOOK* NEXT.
AFTER IT'S FALLEN FROM *THIS* HEIGHT? SURELY THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING *LEFT* OF IT?
BRYCE, THAT BOOK WAS MADE BY A *GOD.* BY THE MOST *DANGEROUS* GOD OF *ALL.*
I REMEMBER HIS TERRIFYING, CLEVER *EYES.* I REMEMBER THE WAY HE *LAUGHED* WHEN HE GAVE IT TO MY *MOTHER,* BEFORE EARTH WAS *MADE.*
*TRUST* ME, BRYCE...

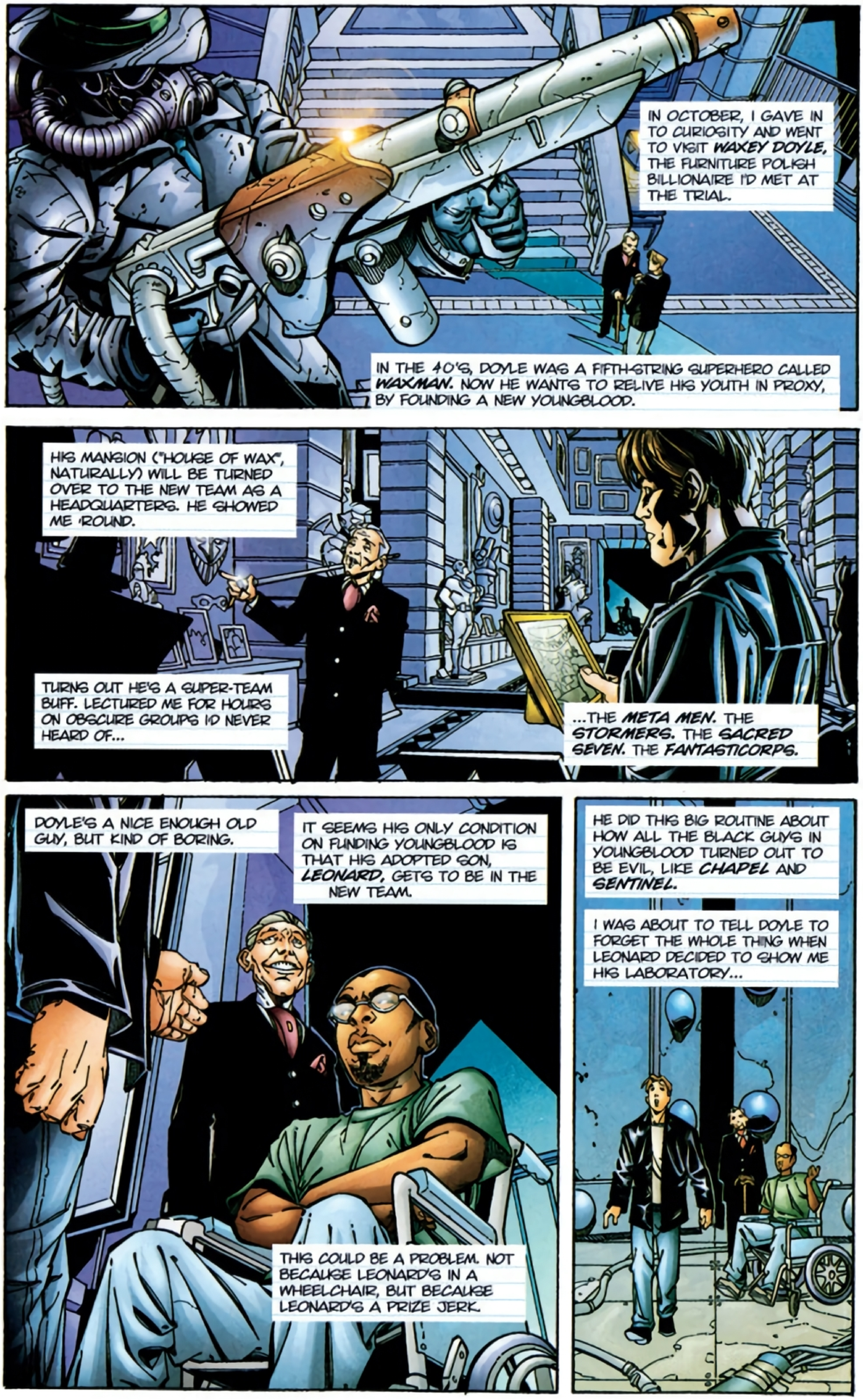

"THE *STORY* IS STILL GOING ON."
EPILOGUE
WHEEEEEEEEE
Z Z Z
BWOK
AOW! @#$#!
OKAY, WHO *THREW* THAT AT ME? WHO THREW THAT...
...Uhhh...
Oh wow.
ONCE UPON A TIME...

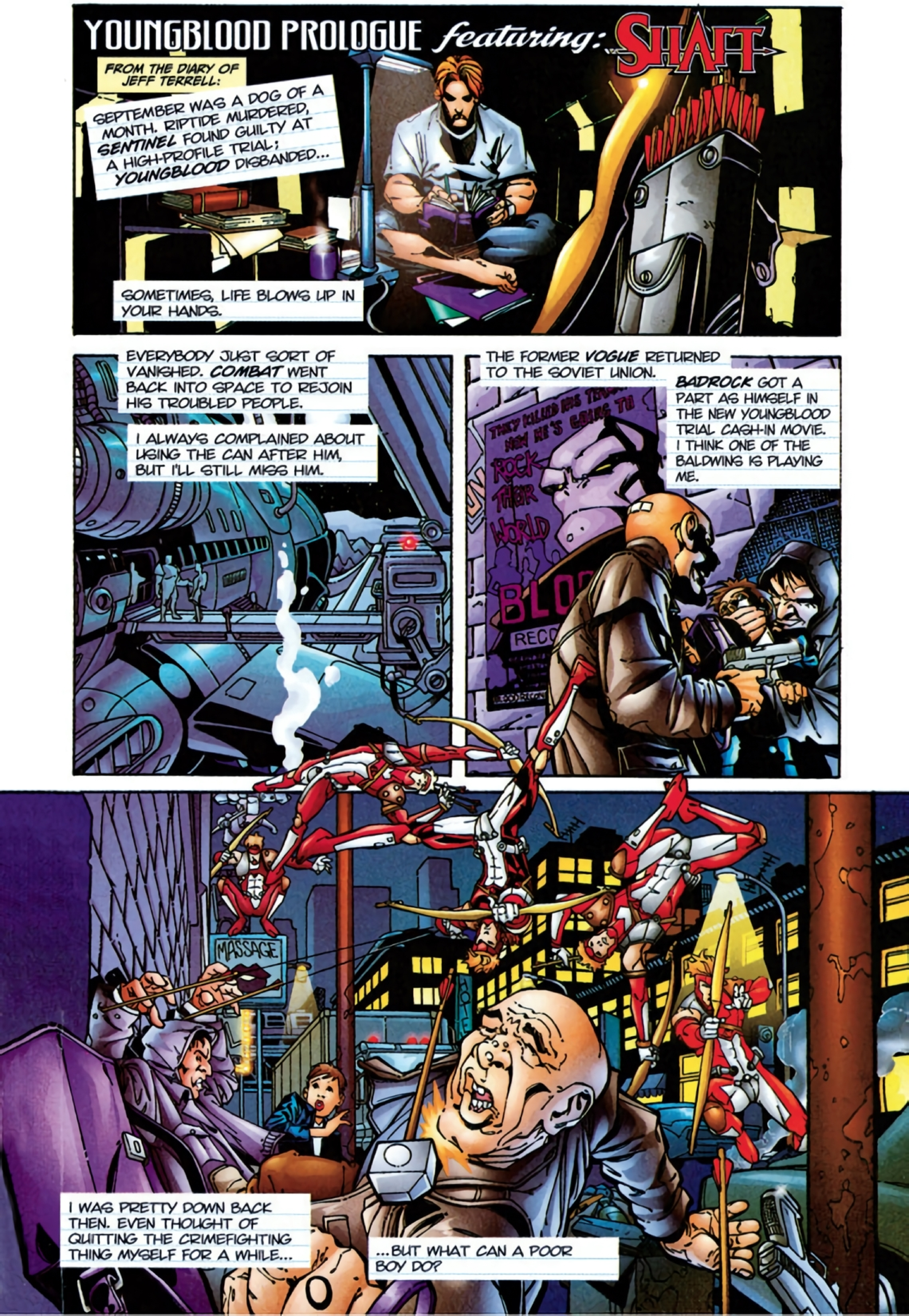
ALAN MOORE

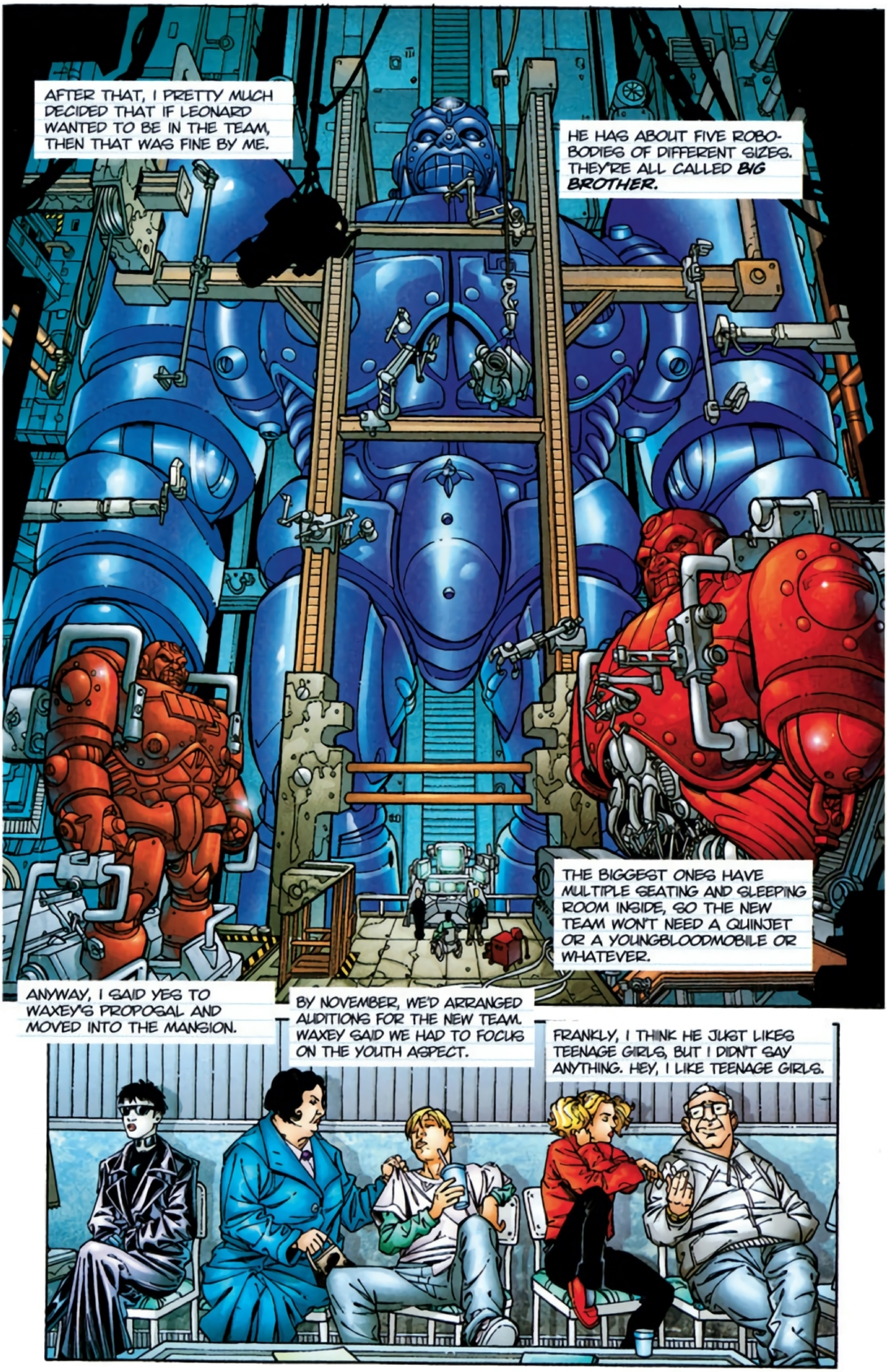
# JUDGMENT DAY

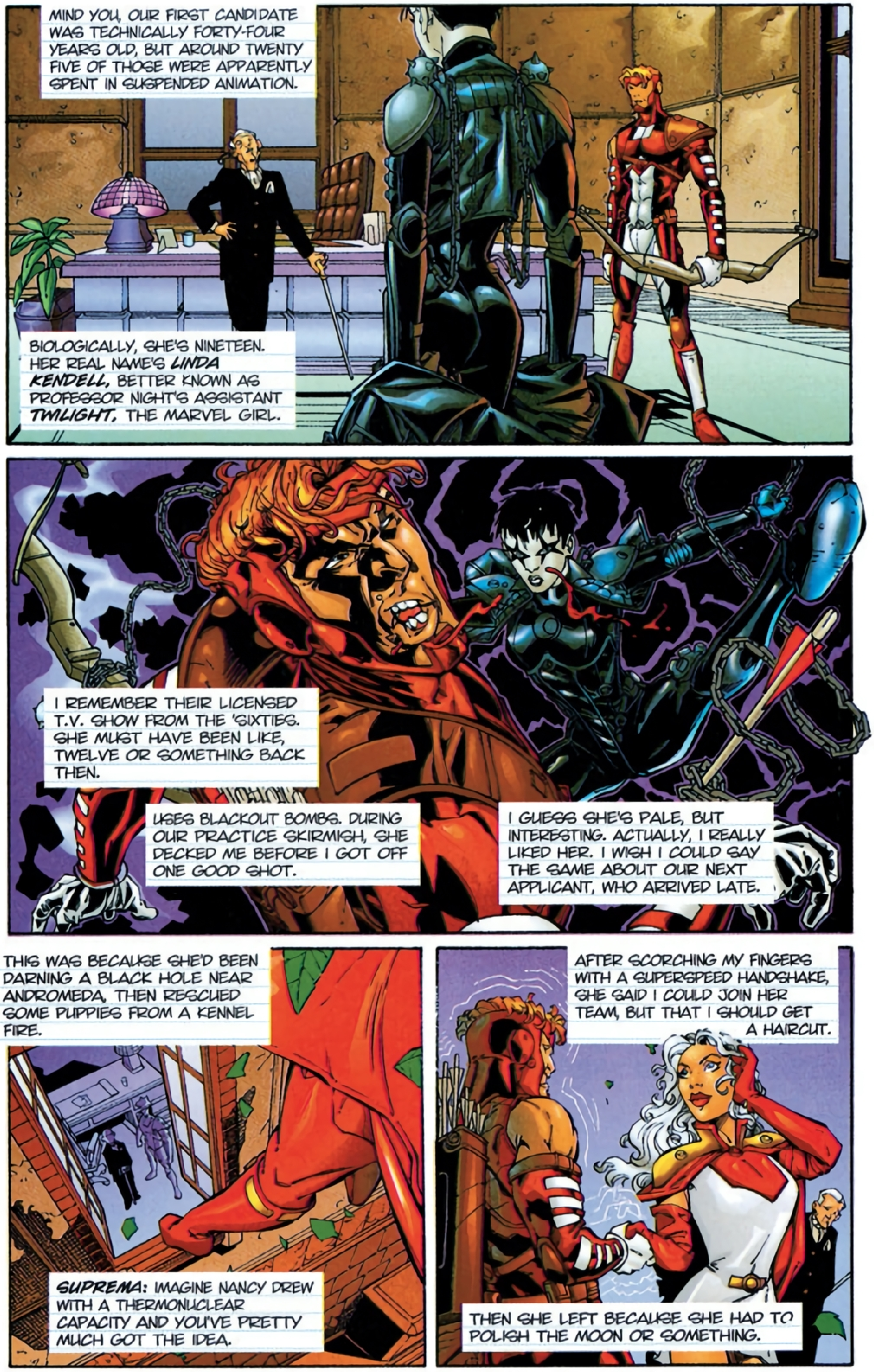
## CHAPTER FOUR

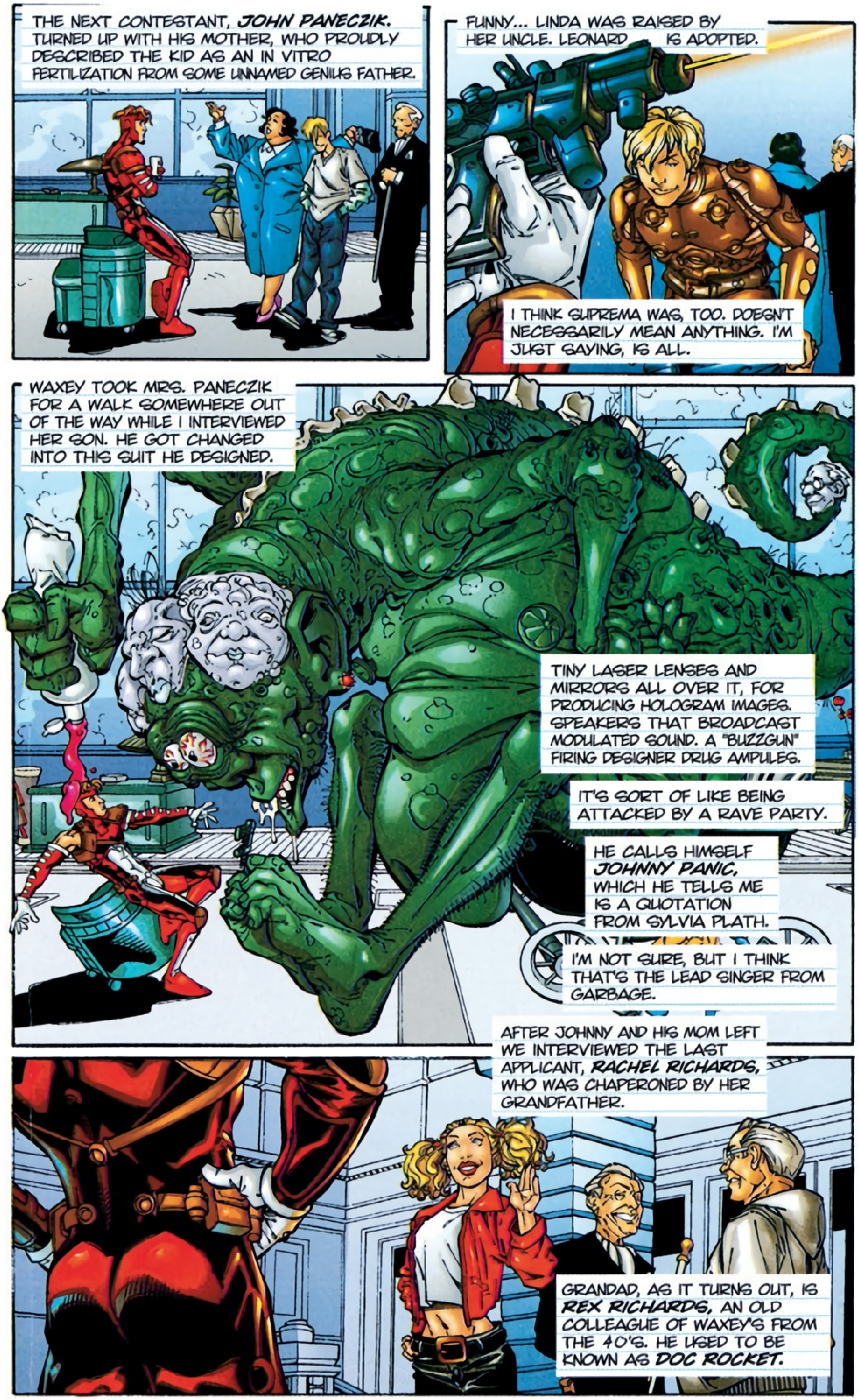
## YOUNGBLOOD PROLOGUE

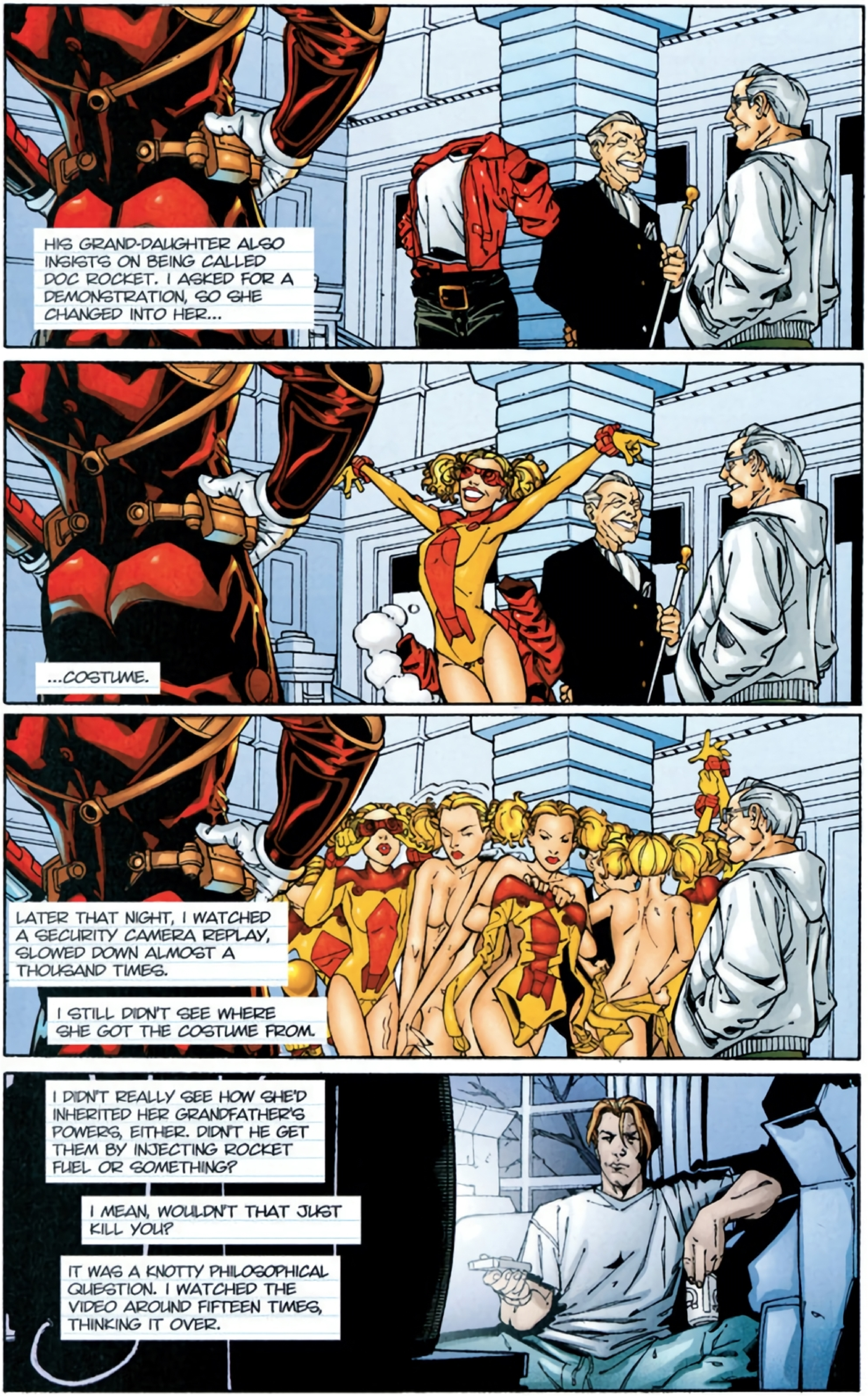

IN OCTOBER, I GAVE IN TO CURIOSITY AND WENT TO VISIT **WAXEY DOYLE,** THE FURNITURE POLISH BILLIONAIRE I'D MET AT THE TRIAL.
IN THE 40'S, DOYLE WAS A FIFTH-STRING SUPERHERO CALLED **WAXMAN.** NOW HE WANTS TO RELIVE HIS YOUTH IN PROXY, BY FOUNDING A NEW YOUNGBLOOD.
HIS MANSION ("HOUSE OF WAX", NATURALLY) WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE NEW TEAM AS A HEADQUARTERS. HE SHOWED ME 'ROUND.
TURNS OUT HE'S A SUPER-TEAM BUFF. LECTURED ME FOR HOURS ON OBSCURE GROUPS I'D NEVER HEARD OF...
...THE **META MEN.** THE **STORMERS.** THE **SACRED SEVEN.** THE **FANTASTICORPS.**
DOYLE'S A NICE ENOUGH OLD GUY, BUT KIND OF BORING.
IT SEEMS HIS ONLY CONDITION ON FUNDING YOUNGBLOOD IS THAT HIS ADOPTED SON, **LEONARD,** GETS TO BE IN THE NEW TEAM.
THIS COULD BE A PROBLEM. NOT BECAUSE LEONARD'S IN A WHEELCHAIR, BUT BECAUSE LEONARD'S A PRIZE JERK.
HE DID THIS BIG ROUTINE ABOUT HOW ALL THE BLACK GUYS IN YOUNGBLOOD TURNED OUT TO BE EVIL, LIKE **CHAPEL** AND **SENTINEL.**
I WAS ABOUT TO TELL DOYLE TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING WHEN LEONARD DECIDED TO SHOW ME HIS LABORATORY...

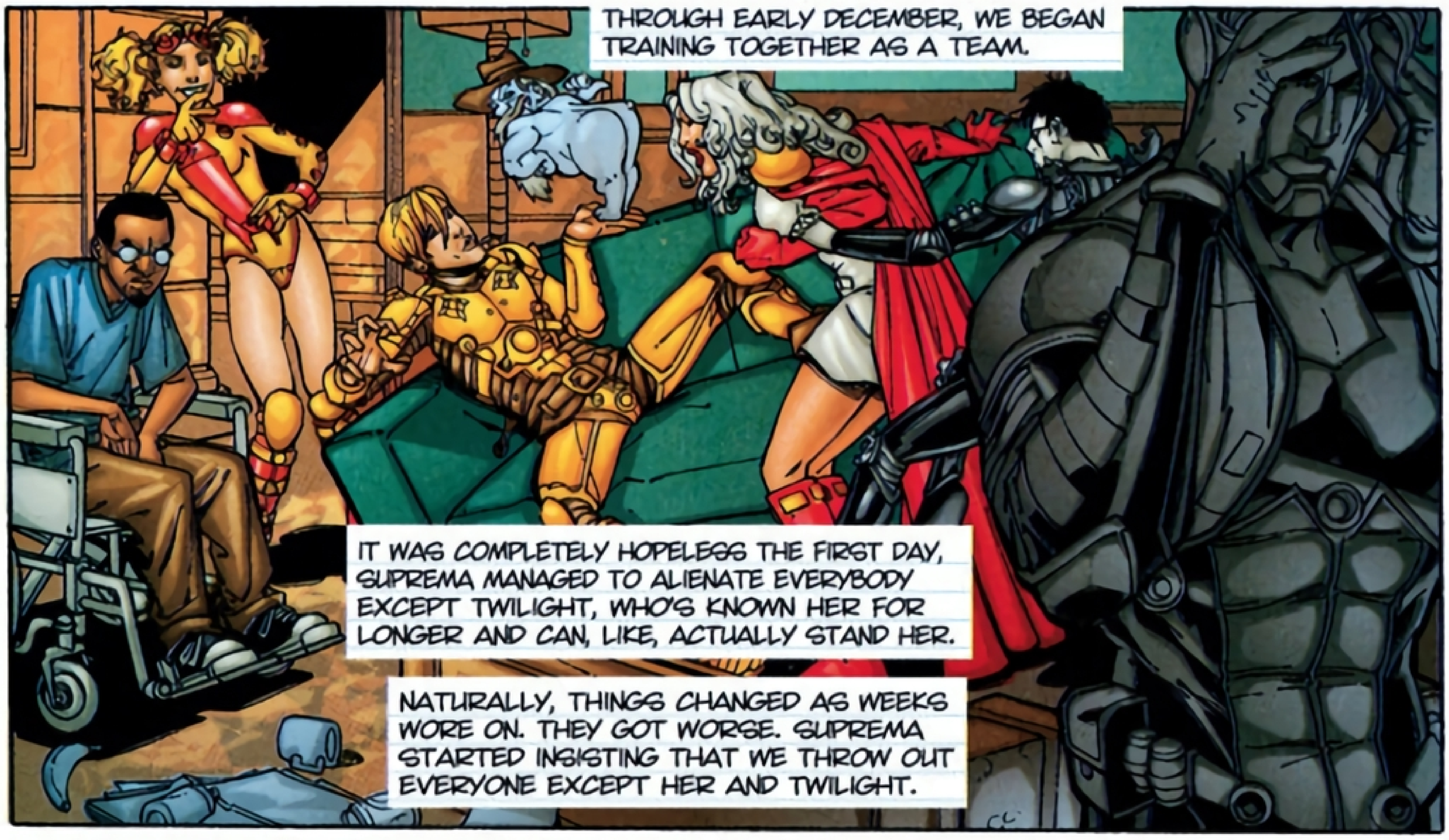

YOUNGBLOOD PROLOGUE featuring: SHAFT
FROM THE DIARY OF JEFF TERRELL:
SEPTEMBER WAS A DOG OF A MONTH. RIPTIDE MURDERED, SENTINEL FOUND GUILTY AT A HIGH-PROFILE TRIAL; YOUNGBLOOD DISBANDED...
SOMETIMES, LIFE BLOWS UP IN YOUR HANDS.
EVERYBODY JUST SORT OF VANISHED. COMBAT WENT BACK INTO SPACE TO REJOIN HIS TROUBLED PEOPLE.
I ALWAYS COMPLAINED ABOUT USING THE CAN AFTER HIM, BUT I'LL STILL MISS HIM.
THE FORMER VOGUE RETURNED TO THE SOVIET UNION.
BADROCK GOT A PART AS HIMSELF IN THE NEW YOUNGBLOOD TRIAL CASH-IN MOVIE. I THINK ONE OF THE BALDWINS IS PLAYING ME.
THEY KILLED HIS TEAM... NOW HE'S GOING TO ROCK THEIR WORLD
BLO
RECO
MASSAGE
HOTEL
I WAS PRETTY DOWN BACK THEN. EVEN THOUGHT OF QUITTING THE CRIMEFIGHTING THING MYSELF FOR A WHILE...
...BUT WHAT CAN A POOR BOY DO?

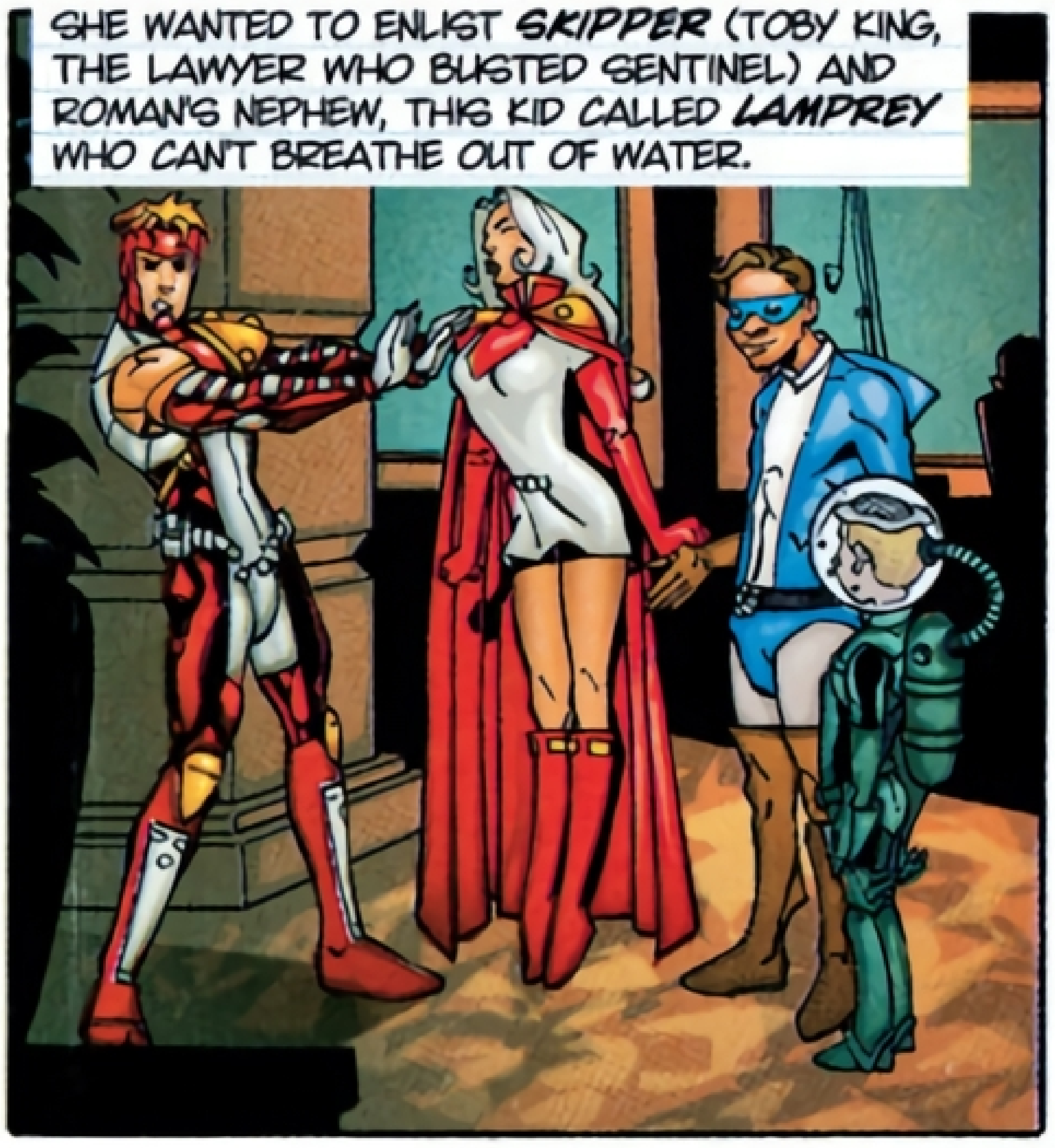

AFTER THAT, I PRETTY MUCH DECIDED THAT IF LEONARD WANTED TO BE IN THE TEAM, THEN THAT WAS FINE BY ME.
HE HAS ABOUT FIVE ROBO-BODIES OF DIFFERENT SIZES. THEY'RE ALL CALLED *BIG BROTHER.*
THE BIGGEST ONES HAVE MULTIPLE SEATING AND SLEEPING ROOM INSIDE, SO THE NEW TEAM WON'T NEED A QUINJET OR A YOUNGBLOODMOBILE OR WHATEVER.
ANYWAY, I SAID YES TO WAXEY'S PROPOSAL AND MOVED INTO THE MANSION.
BY NOVEMBER, WE'D ARRANGED AUDITIONS FOR THE NEW TEAM. WAXEY SAID WE HAD TO FOCUS ON THE YOUTH ASPECT.
FRANKLY, I THINK HE JUST LIKES TEENAGE GIRLS, BUT I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. HEY, I LIKE TEENAGE GIRLS.

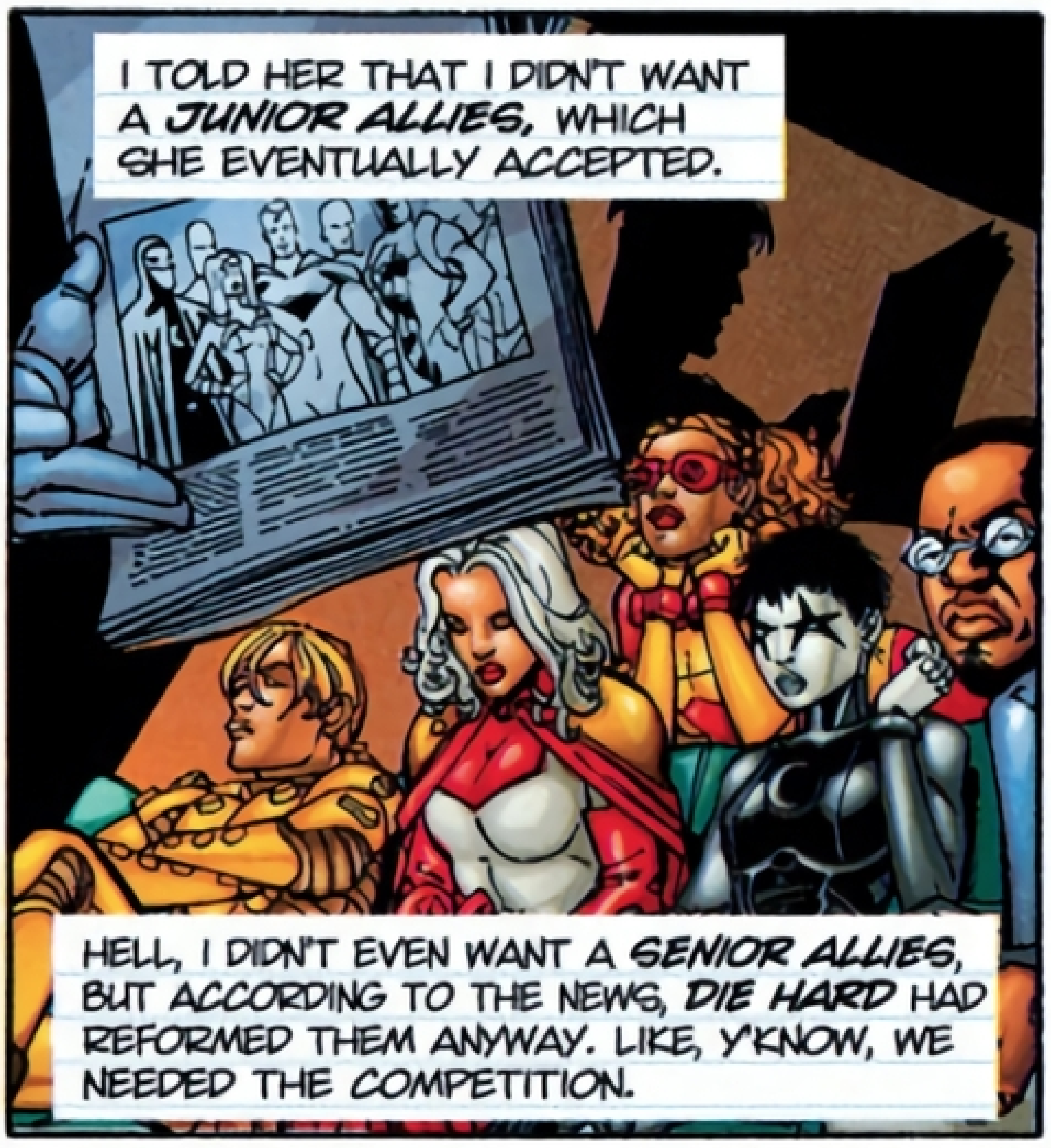

MIND YOU, OUR FIRST CANDIDATE WAS TECHNICALLY FORTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, BUT AROUND TWENTY FIVE OF THOSE WERE APPARENTLY SPENT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION.
BIOLOGICALLY, SHE'S NINETEEN. HER REAL NAME'S ***LINDA KENDELL,*** BETTER KNOWN AS PROFESSOR NIGHT'S ASSISTANT ***TWILIGHT,*** THE MARVEL GIRL.
I REMEMBER THEIR LICENSED T.V. SHOW FROM THE 'SIXTIES. SHE MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE, TWELVE OR SOMETHING BACK THEN.
USES BLACKOUT BOMBS. DURING OUR PRACTICE SKIRMISH, SHE DECKED ME BEFORE I GOT OFF ONE GOOD SHOT.
I GUESS SHE'S PALE, BUT INTERESTING. ACTUALLY, I REALLY LIKED HER. I WISH I COULD SAY THE SAME ABOUT OUR NEXT APPLICANT, WHO ARRIVED LATE.
THIS WAS BECAUSE SHE'D BEEN DARNING A BLACK HOLE NEAR ANDROMEDA, THEN RESCUED SOME PUPPIES FROM A KENNEL FIRE.
***SUPREMA:*** IMAGINE NANCY DREW WITH A THERMONUCLEAR CAPACITY AND YOU'VE PRETTY MUCH GOT THE IDEA.
AFTER SCORCHING MY FINGERS WITH A SUPERSPEED HANDSHAKE, SHE SAID I COULD JOIN HER TEAM, BUT THAT I SHOULD GET A HAIRCUT.
THEN SHE LEFT BECAUSE SHE HAD TO POLISH THE MOON OR SOMETHING.

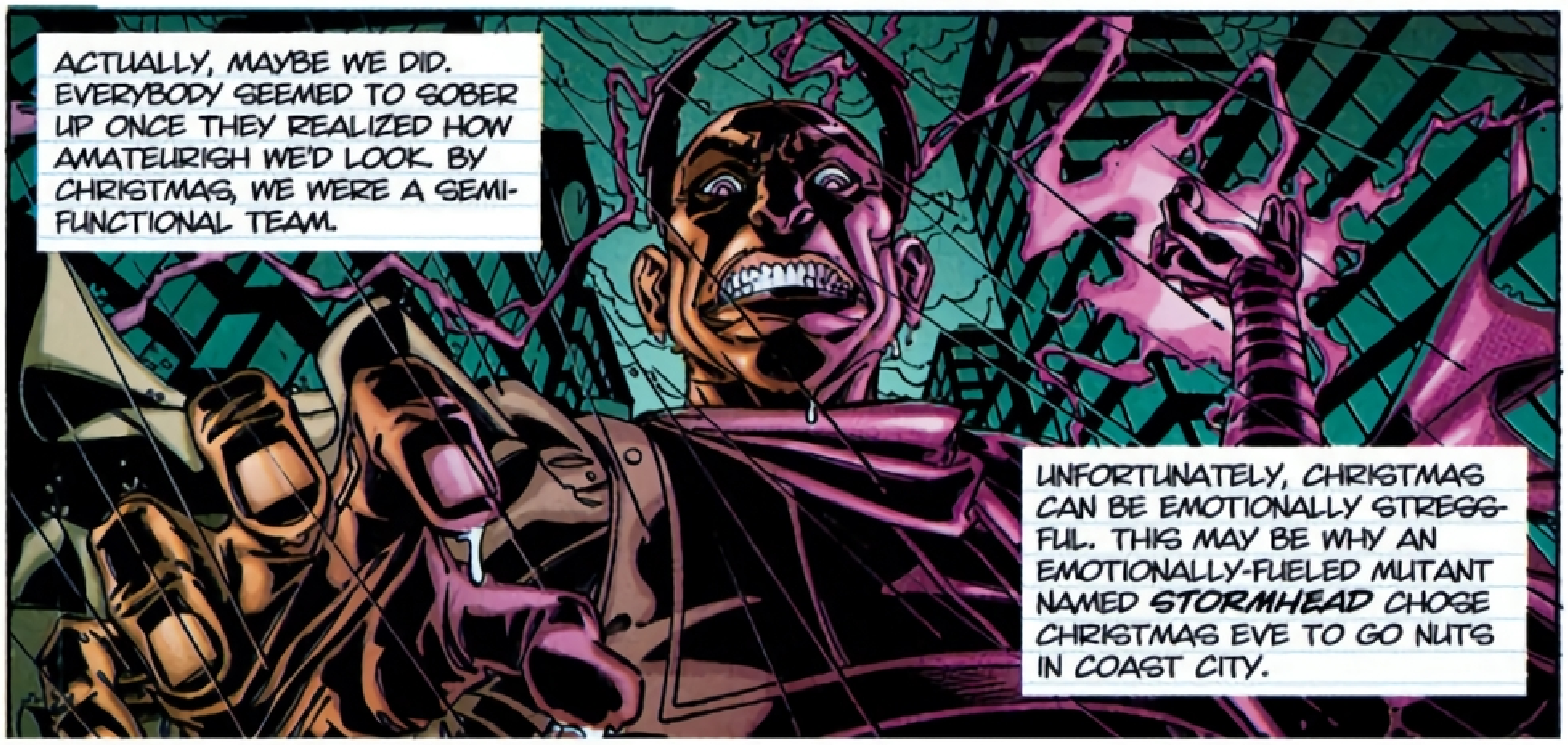

THE NEXT CONTESTANT, ***JOHN PANECZIK.*** TURNED UP WITH HIS MOTHER, WHO PROUDLY DESCRIBED THE KID AS AN IN VITRO FERTILIZATION FROM SOME UNNAMED GENIUS FATHER.
FUNNY... LINDA WAS RAISED BY HER UNCLE. LEONARD IS ADOPTED.
I THINK SUPREMA WAS, TOO. DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN ANYTHING. I'M JUST SAYING, IS ALL.
WAXEY TOOK MRS. PANECZIK FOR A WALK SOMEWHERE OUT OF THE WAY WHILE I INTERVIEWED HER SON. HE GOT CHANGED INTO THIS SUIT HE DESIGNED.
TINY LASER LENSES AND MIRRORS ALL OVER IT, FOR PRODUCING HOLOGRAM IMAGES. SPEAKERS THAT BROADCAST MODULATED SOUND. A "BUZZGUN" FIRING DESIGNER DRUG AMPULES.
IT'S SORT OF LIKE BEING ATTACKED BY A RAVE PARTY.
HE CALLS HIMSELF ***JOHNNY PANIC,*** WHICH HE TELLS ME IS A QUOTATION FROM SYLVIA PLATH.
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK THAT'S THE LEAD SINGER FROM GARBAGE.
AFTER JOHNNY AND HIS MOM LEFT WE INTERVIEWED THE LAST APPLICANT, ***RACHEL RICHARDS,*** WHO WAS CHAPERONED BY HER GRANDFATHER.
GRANDAD, AS IT TURNS OUT, IS ***REX RICHARDS,*** AN OLD COLLEAGUE OF WAXEY'S FROM THE 40'S. HE USED TO BE KNOWN AS ***DOC ROCKET.***

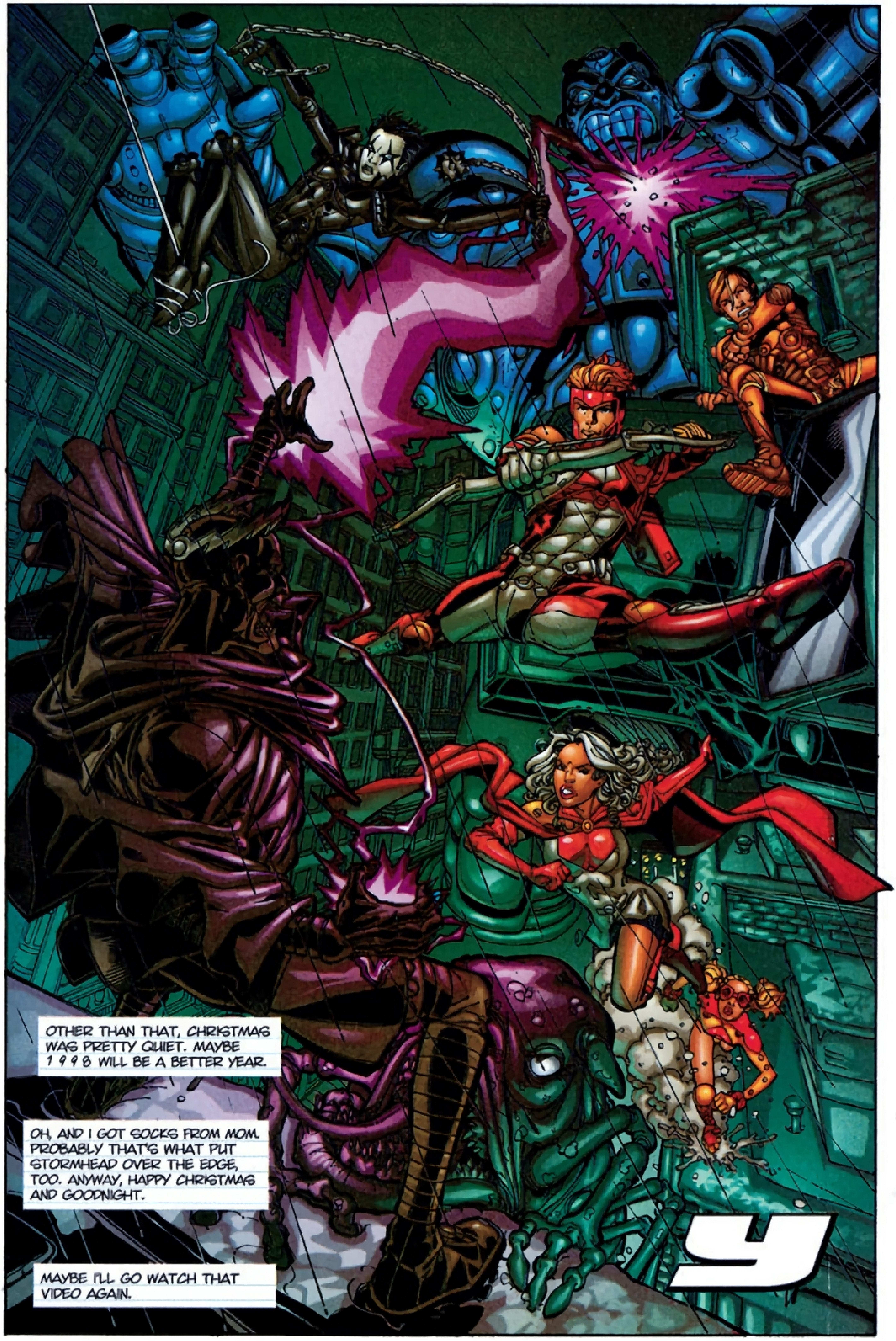

HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER ALSO INSISTS ON BEING CALLED DOC ROCKET. I ASKED FOR A DEMONSTRATION, SO SHE CHANGED INTO HER...
...COSTUME.
LATER THAT NIGHT, I WATCHED A SECURITY CAMERA REPLAY, SLOWED DOWN ALMOST A THOUSAND TIMES.
I STILL DIDN'T SEE WHERE SHE GOT THE COSTUME FROM.
I DIDN'T REALLY SEE HOW SHE'D INHERITED HER GRANDFATHER'S POWERS, EITHER. DIDN'T HE GET THEM BY INJECTING ROCKET FUEL OR SOMETHING?
I MEAN, WOULDN'T THAT JUST KILL YOU?
IT WAS A KNOTTY PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION. I WATCHED THE VIDEO AROUND FIFTEEN TIMES, THINKING IT OVER.


THROUGH EARLY DECEMBER, WE BEGAN TRAINING TOGETHER AS A TEAM.
IT WAS COMPLETELY HOPELESS THE FIRST DAY. SUPREMA MANAGED TO ALIENATE EVERYBODY EXCEPT TWILIGHT, WHO'S KNOWN HER FOR LONGER AND CAN, LIKE, ACTUALLY STAND HER.
NATURALLY, THINGS CHANGED AS WEEKS WORE ON. THEY GOT WORSE. SUPREMA STARTED INSISTING THAT WE THROW OUT EVERYONE EXCEPT HER AND TWILIGHT.


SHE WANTED TO ENLIST **SKIPPER** (TOBY KING, THE LAWYER WHO BUSTED SENTINEL) AND ROMAN'S NEPHEW, THIS KID CALLED **LAMPREY** WHO CAN'T BREATHE OUT OF WATER.


I TOLD HER THAT I DIDN'T WANT A **JUNIOR ALLIES**, WHICH SHE EVENTUALLY ACCEPTED.
HELL, I DIDN'T EVEN WANT A **SENIOR ALLIES**, BUT ACCORDING TO THE NEWS, **DIE HARD** HAD REFORMED THEM ANYWAY. LIKE, Y'KNOW, WE NEEDED THE COMPETITION.


ACTUALLY, MAYBE WE DID. EVERYBODY SEEMED TO SOBER UP ONCE THEY REALIZED HOW AMATEURISH WE'D LOOK. BY CHRISTMAS, WE WERE A SEMI-FUNCTIONAL TEAM.
UNFORTUNATELY, CHRISTMAS CAN BE EMOTIONALLY STRESSFUL. THIS MAY BE WHY AN EMOTIONALLY-FUELED MUTANT NAMED **STORMHEAD** CHOSE CHRISTMAS EVE TO GO NUTS IN COAST CITY.

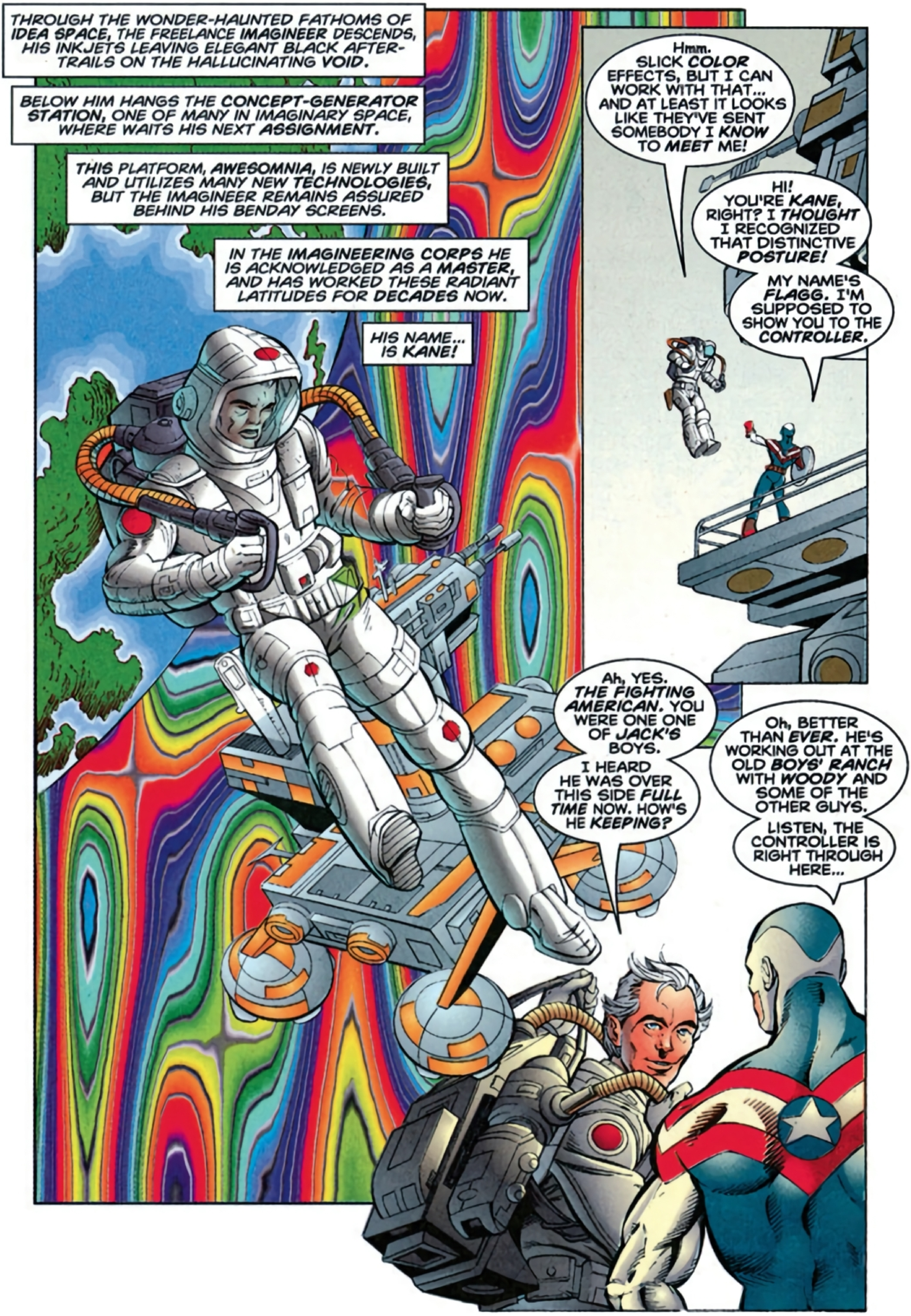

OTHER THAN THAT, CHRISTMAS WAS PRETTY QUIET. MAYBE 1998 WILL BE A BETTER YEAR.
OH, AND I GOT SOCKS FROM MOM. PROBABLY THAT'S WHAT PUT STORMHEAD OVER THE EDGE, TOO. ANYWAY, HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND GOODNIGHT.
MAYBE I'LL GO WATCH THAT VIDEO AGAIN.
Y

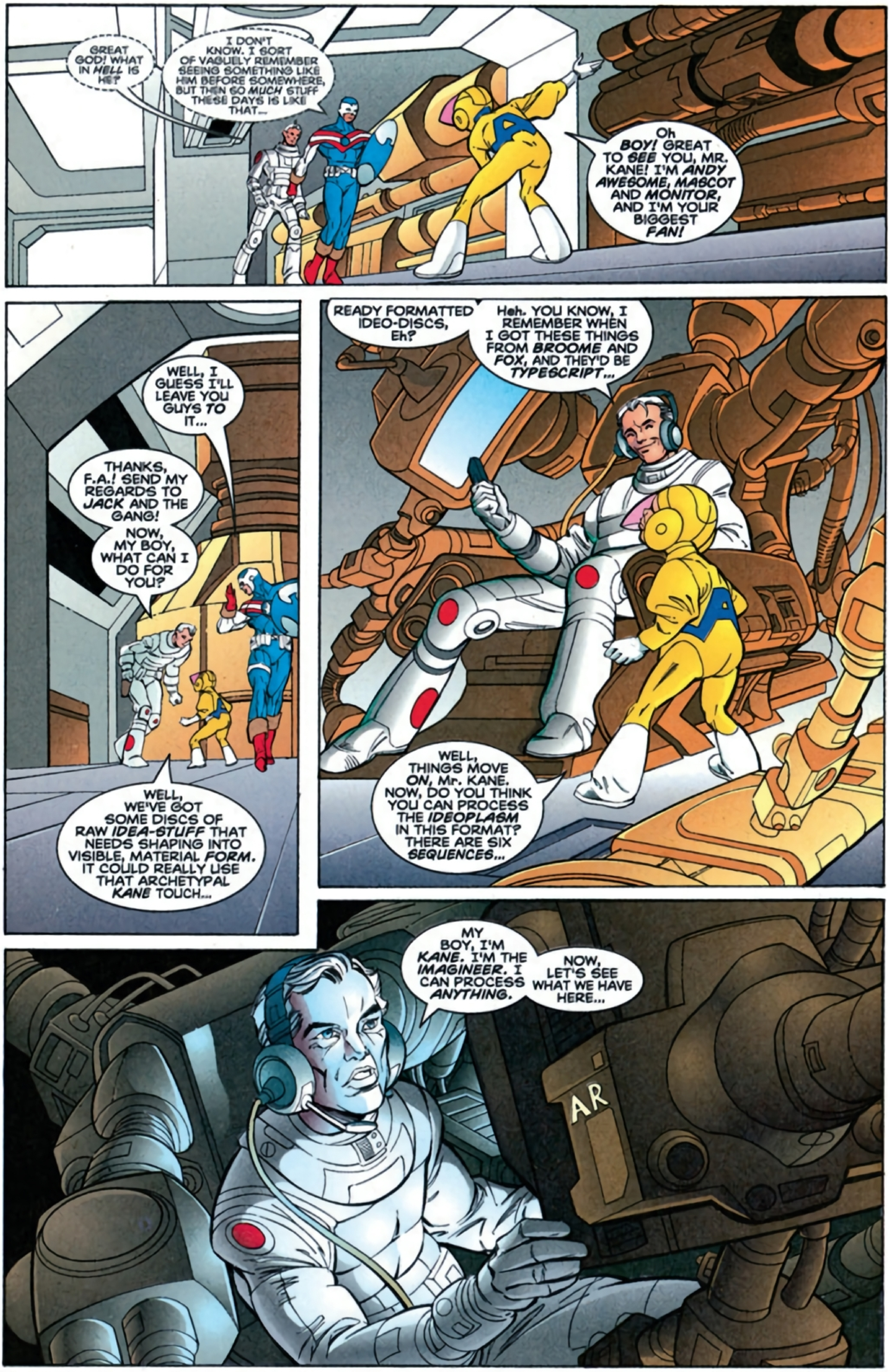
ALAN MOORE

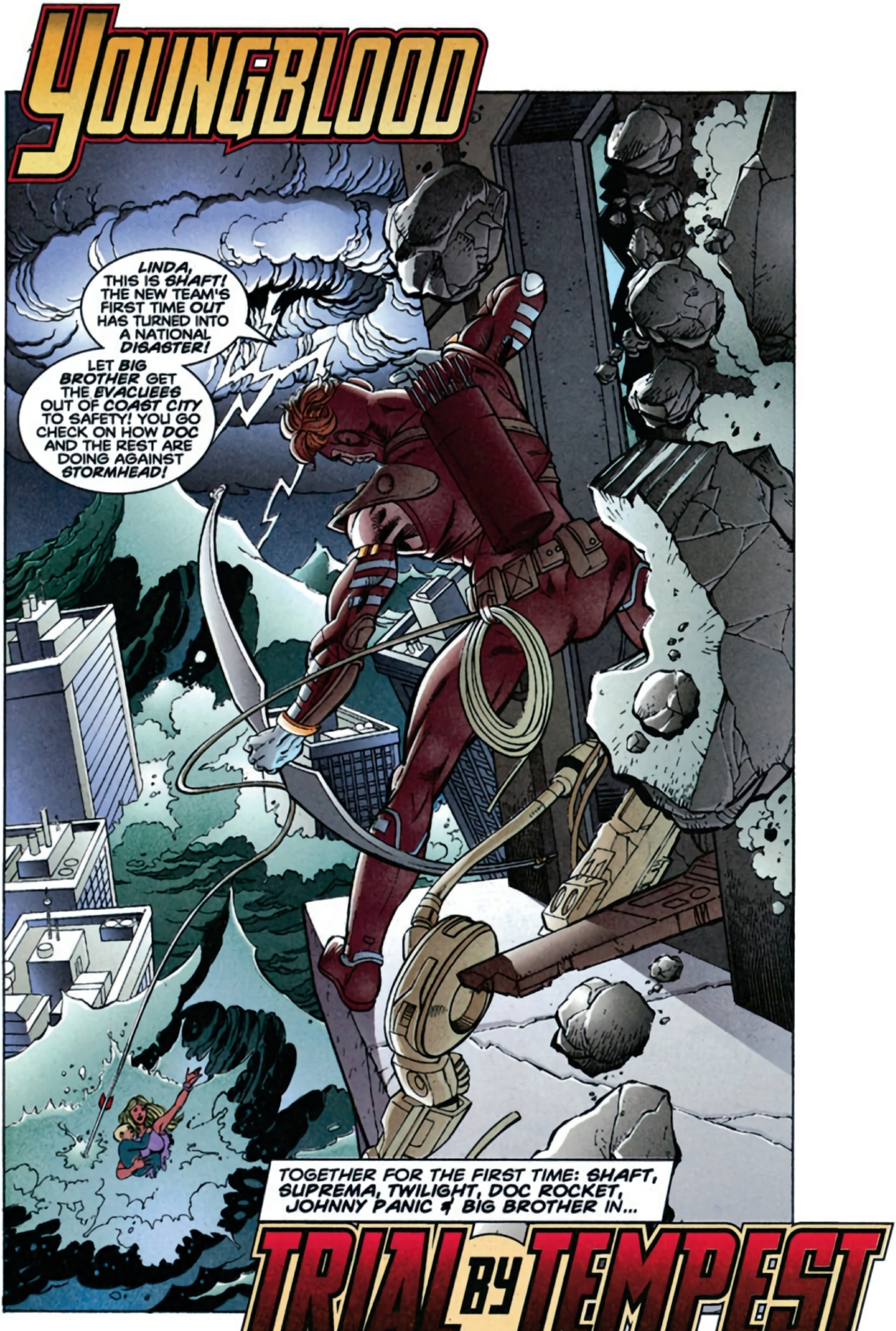
# JUDGMENT DAY

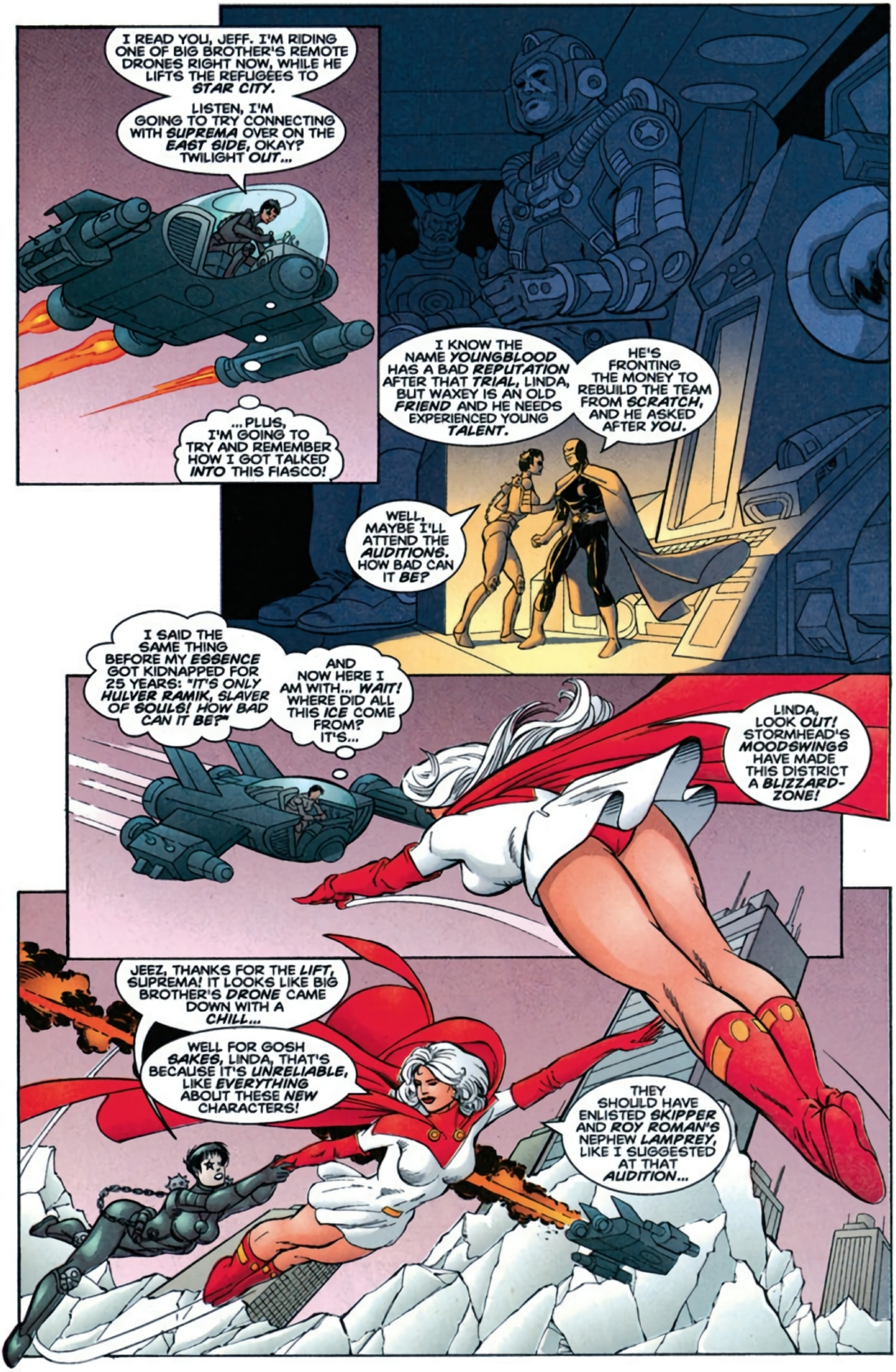
## CHAPTER FIVE
## AFTERMATH

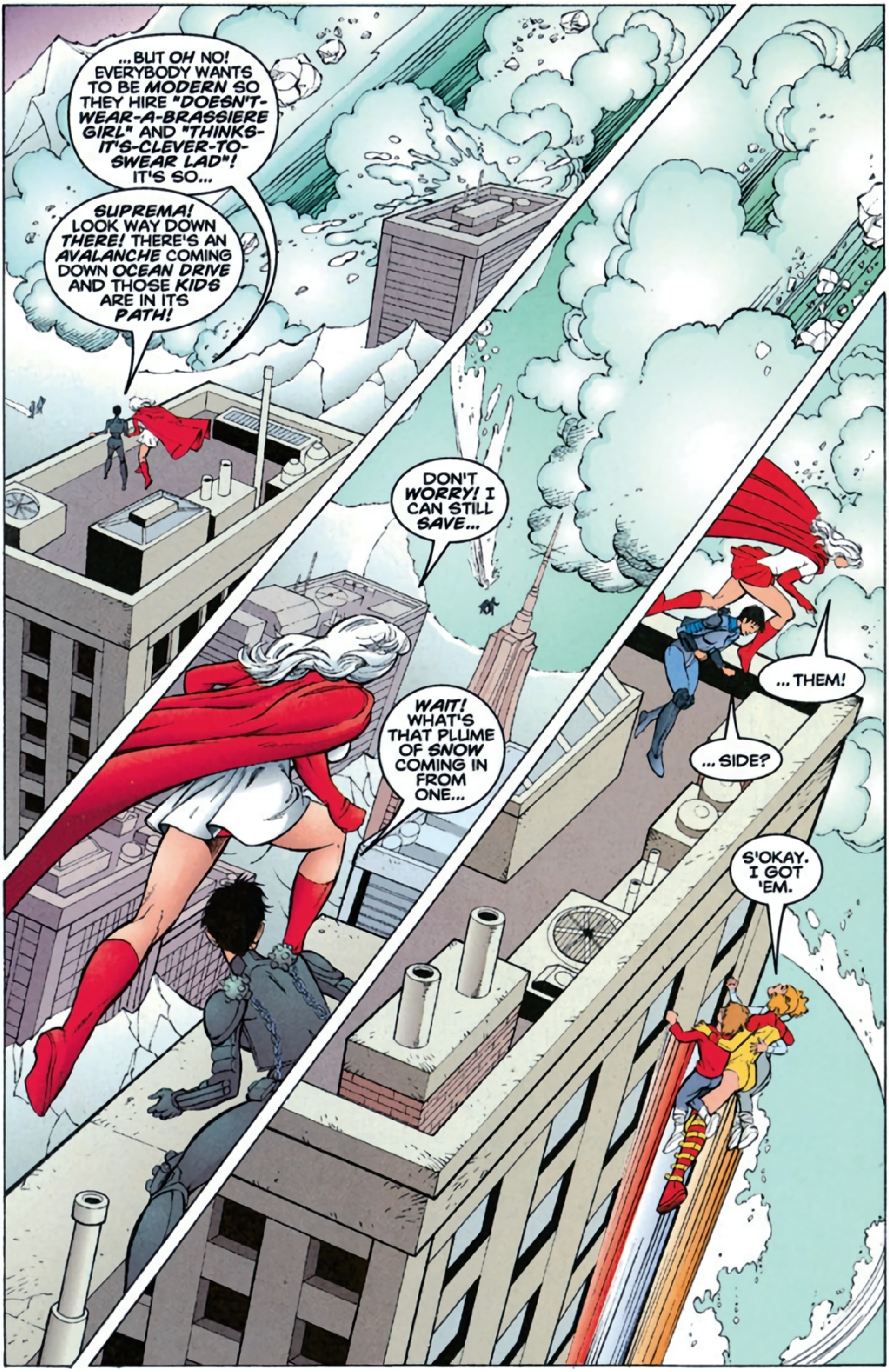
# PROLOGUE:

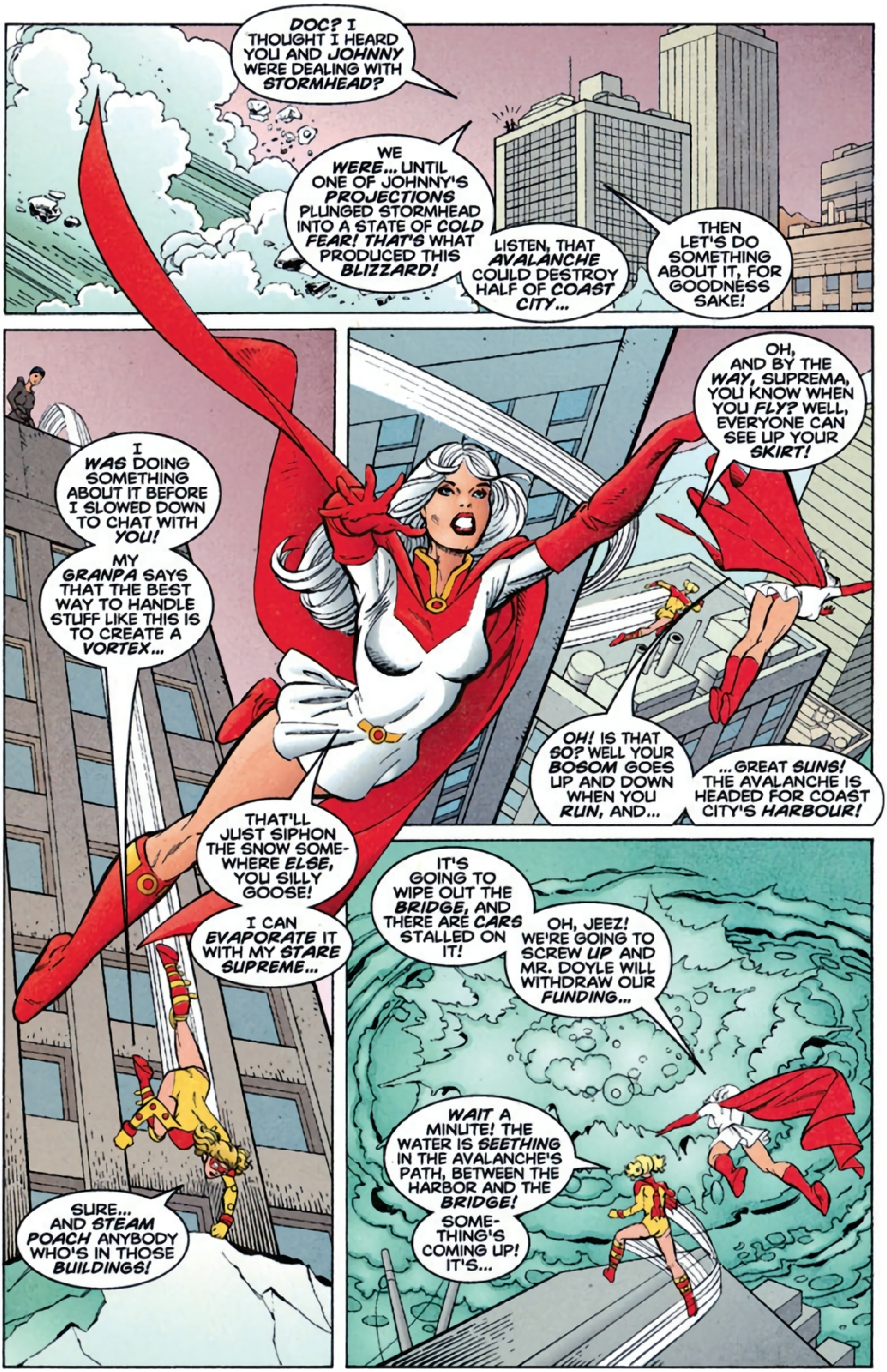

THROUGH THE WONDER-HAUNTED FATHOMS OF IDEA SPACE, THE FREELANCE IMAGINEER DESCENDS, HIS INKJETS LEAVING ELEGANT BLACK AFTER-TRAILS ON THE HALLUCINATING VOID.
BELOW HIM HANGS THE CONCEPT-GENERATOR STATION, ONE OF MANY IN IMAGINARY SPACE, WHERE WAITS HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT.
THIS PLATFORM, AWESOMNIA, IS NEWLY BUILT AND UTILIZES MANY NEW TECHNOLOGIES, BUT THE IMAGINEER REMAINS ASSURED BEHIND HIS BENDAY SCREENS.
IN THE IMAGINEERING CORPS HE IS ACKNOWLEDGED AS A MASTER, AND HAS WORKED THESE RADIANT LATITUDES FOR DECADES NOW.
HIS NAME... IS KANE!
Hmm. SLICK COLOR EFFECTS, BUT I CAN WORK WITH THAT... AND AT LEAST IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE SENT SOMEBODY I KNOW TO MEET ME!
HI! YOU'RE KANE, RIGHT? I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THAT DISTINCTIVE POSTURE!
MY NAME'S FLAGG. I'M SUPPOSED TO SHOW YOU TO THE CONTROLLER.
Ah, YES. THE FIGHTING AMERICAN. YOU WERE ONE ONE OF JACK'S BOYS.
I HEARD HE WAS OVER THIS SIDE FULL TIME NOW. HOW'S HE KEEPING?
Oh, BETTER THAN EVER. HE'S WORKING OUT AT THE OLD BOYS' RANCH WITH WOODY AND SOME OF THE OTHER GUYS.
LISTEN, THE CONTROLLER IS RIGHT THROUGH HERE...

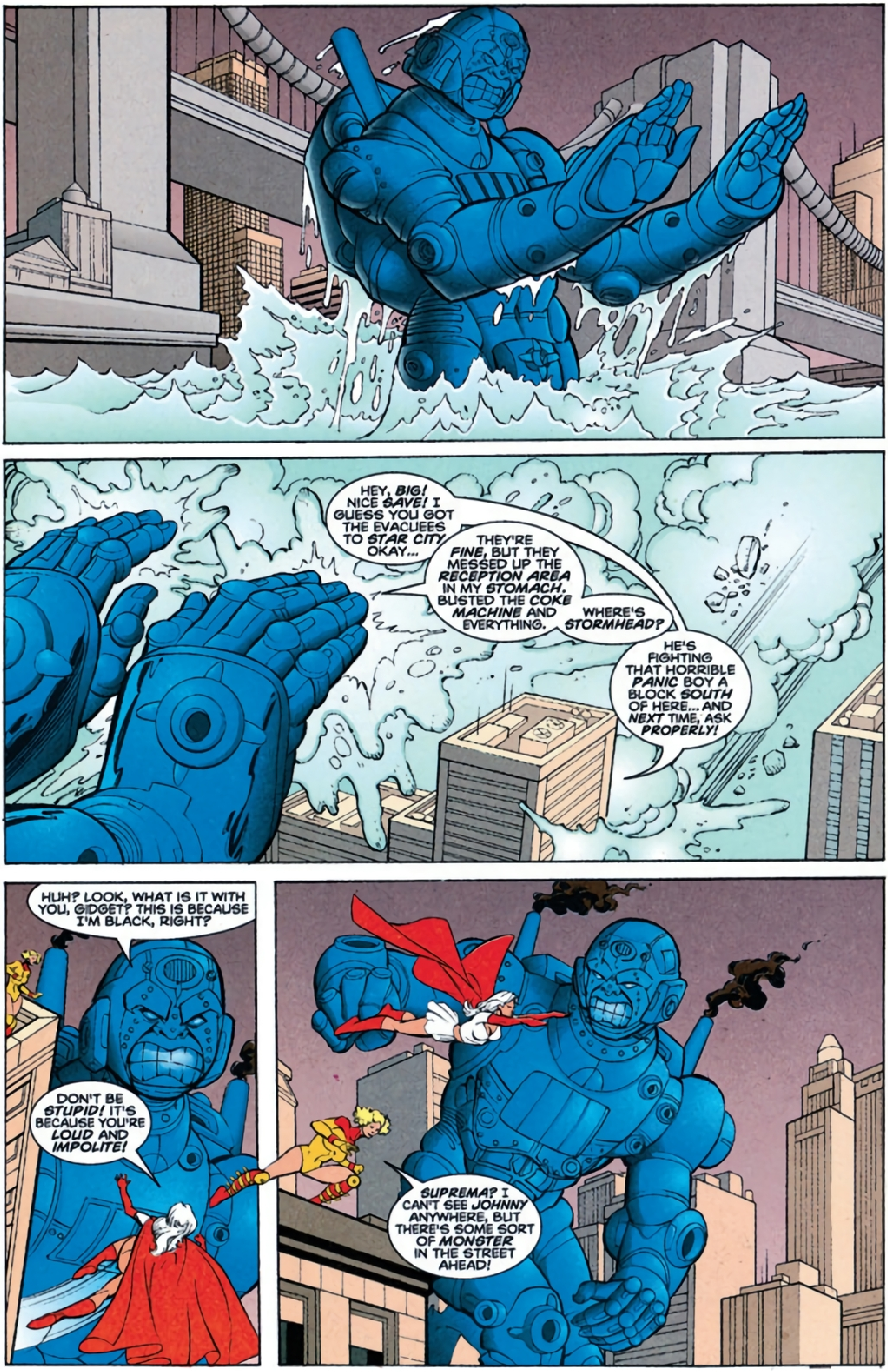

GREAT GOD! WHAT IN *HELL* IS HE?
I DON'T KNOW. I SORT OF VAGUELY REMEMBER SEEING SOMETHING LIKE HIM BEFORE SOMEWHERE, BUT THEN SO *MUCH* STUFF THESE DAYS IS LIKE THAT...
Oh *BOY!* GREAT TO *SEE* YOU, MR. KANE! I'M *ANDY AWESOME, MASCOT* AND *MONITOR,* AND I'M YOUR BIGGEST *FAN!*
WELL, I GUESS I'LL LEAVE YOU GUYS *TO* IT...
THANKS, F.A.! SEND MY REGARDS TO *JACK* AND THE GANG!
NOW, MY BOY, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WELL, WE'VE GOT SOME DISCS OF RAW *IDEA-STUFF* THAT NEEDS SHAPING INTO VISIBLE, MATERIAL *FORM.* IT COULD REALLY USE THAT ARCHETYPAL *KANE* TOUCH...
READY FORMATTED IDEO-DISCS, Eh?
Heh. YOU KNOW, I REMEMBER WHEN I GOT THESE THINGS FROM *BROOME* AND *FOX,* AND THEY'D BE *TYPESCRIPT...*
WELL, THINGS MOVE *ON,* Mr. KANE. NOW, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PROCESS THE *IDEOPLASM* IN THIS FORMAT? THERE ARE SIX *SEQUENCES...*
MY BOY, I'M *KANE.* I'M THE *IMAGINEER.* I CAN PROCESS *ANYTHING.*
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE...
AR

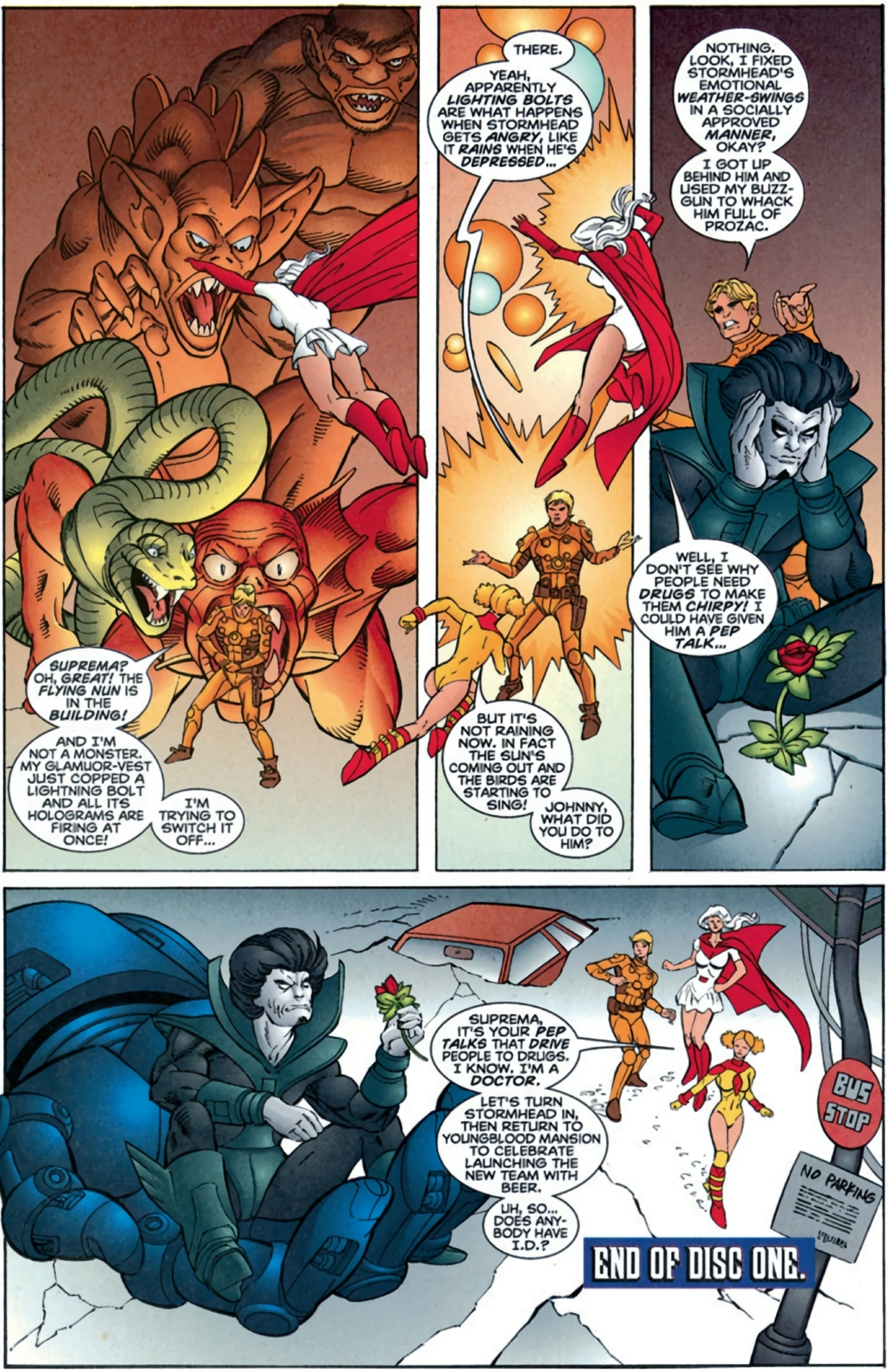

YOUNGBLOOD
LINDA, THIS IS SHAFT! THE NEW TEAM'S FIRST TIME OUT HAS TURNED INTO A NATIONAL DISASTER!
LET BIG BROTHER GET THE EVACUEES OUT OF COAST CITY TO SAFETY! YOU GO CHECK ON HOW DOC AND THE REST ARE DOING AGAINST STORMHEAD!
TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME: SHAFT, SUPREMA, TWILIGHT, DOC ROCKET, JOHNNY PANIC & BIG BROTHER IN...
TRIAL BY TEMPEST

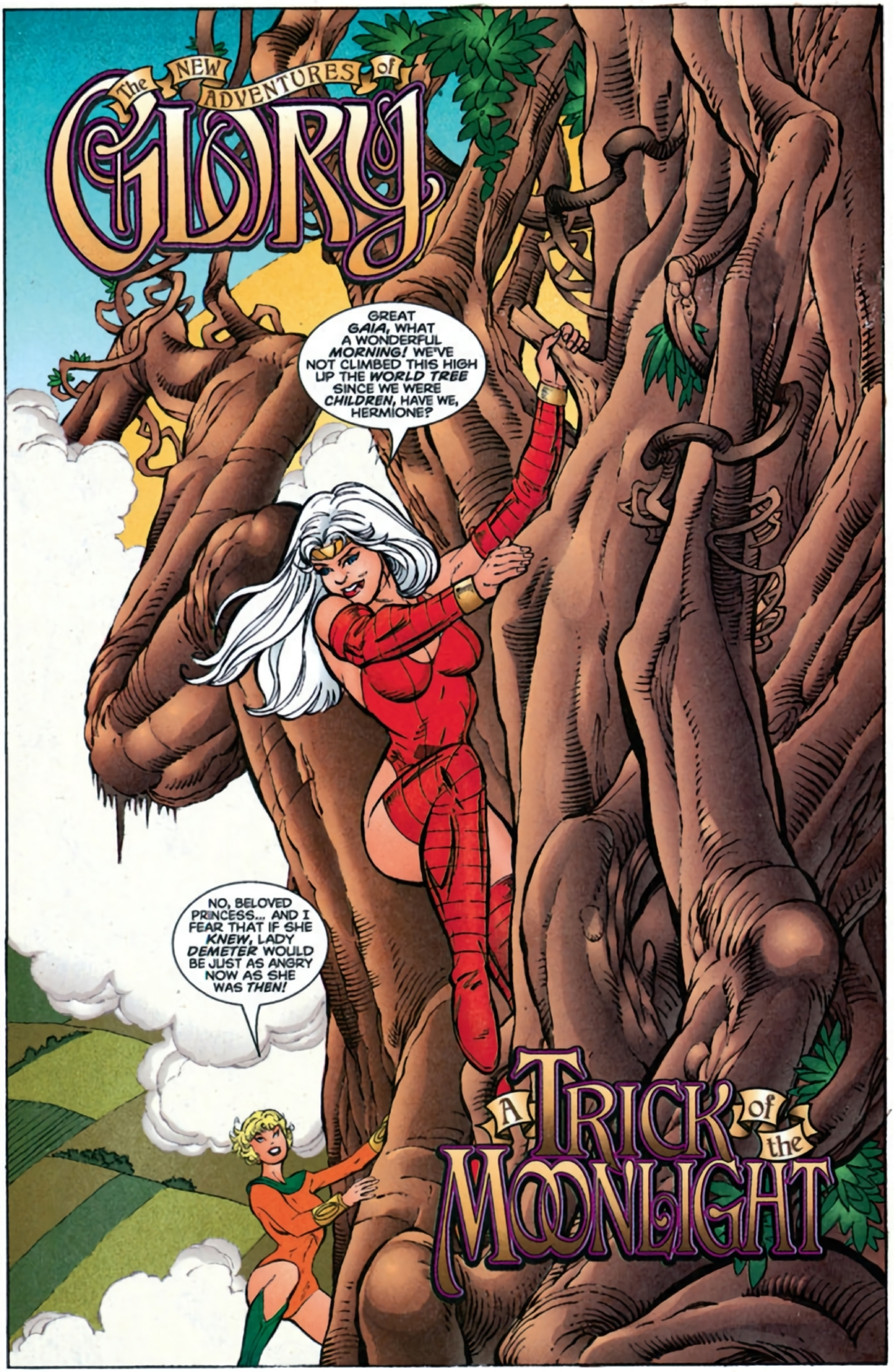

I READ YOU, JEFF. I'M RIDING ONE OF BIG BROTHER'S REMOTE DRONES RIGHT NOW, WHILE HE LIFTS THE REFUGEES TO *STAR CITY*.
LISTEN, I'M GOING TO TRY CONNECTING WITH *SUPREMA* OVER ON THE *EAST SIDE*, OKAY? TWILIGHT *OUT*...
...PLUS, I'M GOING TO TRY AND REMEMBER HOW I GOT TALKED *INTO* THIS FIASCO!
I KNOW THE NAME *YOUNGBLOOD* HAS A BAD *REPUTATION* AFTER THAT *TRIAL*, LINDA, BUT WAXEY IS AN OLD *FRIEND* AND HE NEEDS EXPERIENCED YOUNG *TALENT*.
HE'S FRONTING THE MONEY TO REBUILD THE TEAM FROM *SCRATCH*, AND HE ASKED AFTER *YOU*.
WELL, MAYBE I'LL ATTEND THE *AUDITIONS*. HOW BAD CAN IT *BE*?
I SAID THE SAME THING BEFORE MY *ESSENCE* GOT KIDNAPPED FOR 25 YEARS: *"IT'S ONLY HULVER RAMIK, SLAVER OF SOULS! HOW BAD CAN IT BE?"*
AND NOW HERE I AM WITH... *WAIT!* WHERE DID ALL THIS *ICE* COME FROM? IT'S...
LINDA, LOOK *OUT!* STORMHEAD'S *MOODSWINGS* HAVE MADE THIS DISTRICT A *BLIZZARD-ZONE!*
JEEZ, THANKS FOR THE *LIFT*, SUPREMA! IT LOOKS LIKE BIG BROTHER'S *DRONE* CAME DOWN WITH A *CHILL*...
WELL FOR GOSH *SAKES*, LINDA, THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S *UNRELIABLE*, LIKE *EVERYTHING* ABOUT THESE *NEW* CHARACTERS!
THEY SHOULD HAVE ENLISTED *SKIPPER* AND *ROY ROMAN'S* NEPHEW *LAMPREY*, LIKE I SUGGESTED AT THAT *AUDITION*...

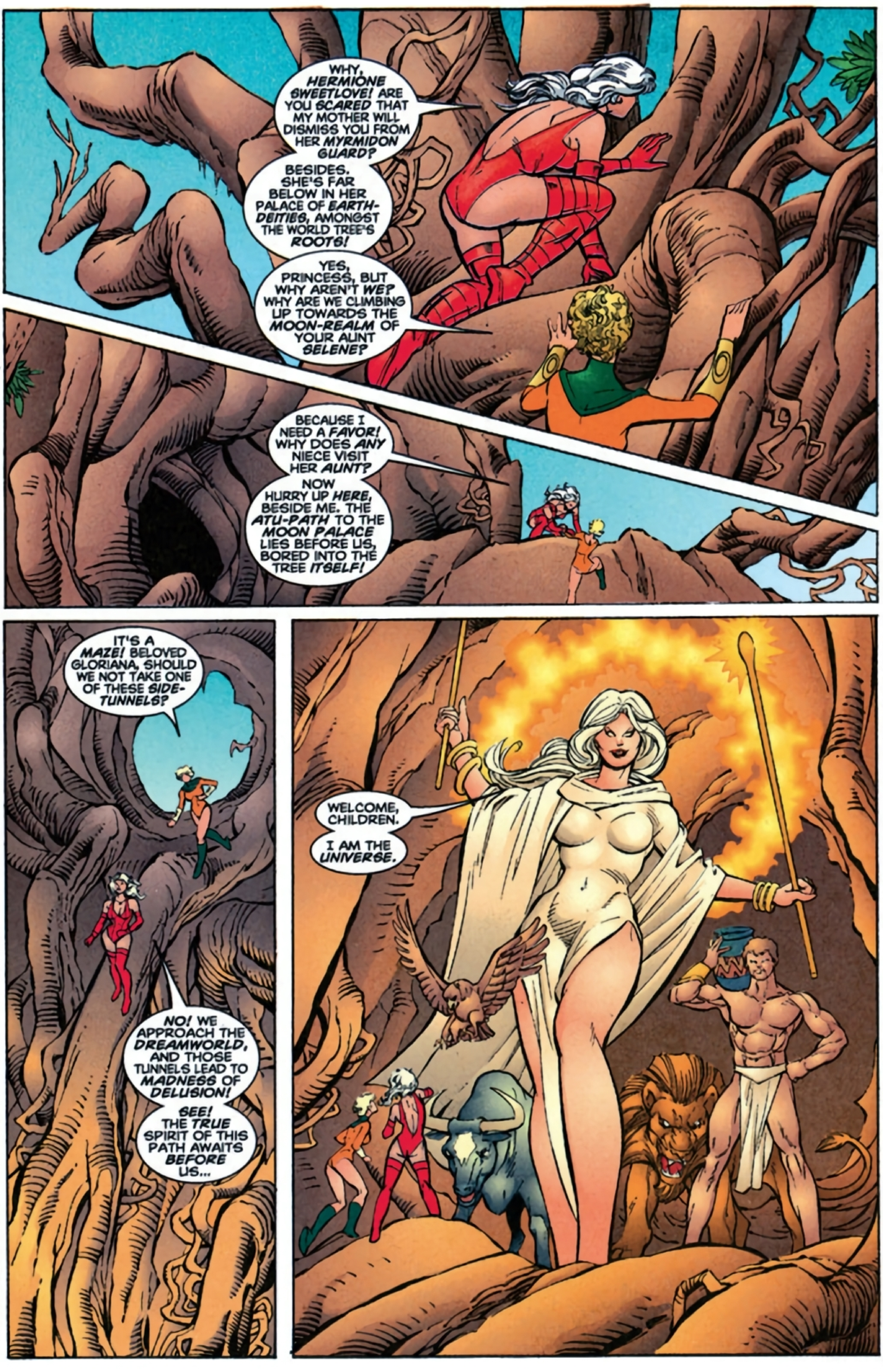

...BUT *OH* NO! EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE *MODERN* SO THEY HIRE *"DOESN'T-WEAR-A-BRASSIERE GIRL"* AND *"THINKS-IT'S-CLEVER-TO-SWEAR LAD"*! IT'S SO...
*SUPREMA!* LOOK WAY DOWN *THERE!* THERE'S AN *AVALANCHE* COMING DOWN *OCEAN DRIVE* AND THOSE *KIDS* ARE IN ITS *PATH!*
DON'T *WORRY!* I CAN STILL *SAVE...*
*WAIT!* WHAT'S THAT PLUME OF *SNOW* COMING IN FROM ONE...
...THEM!
...SIDE?
S'OKAY. I GOT 'EM.

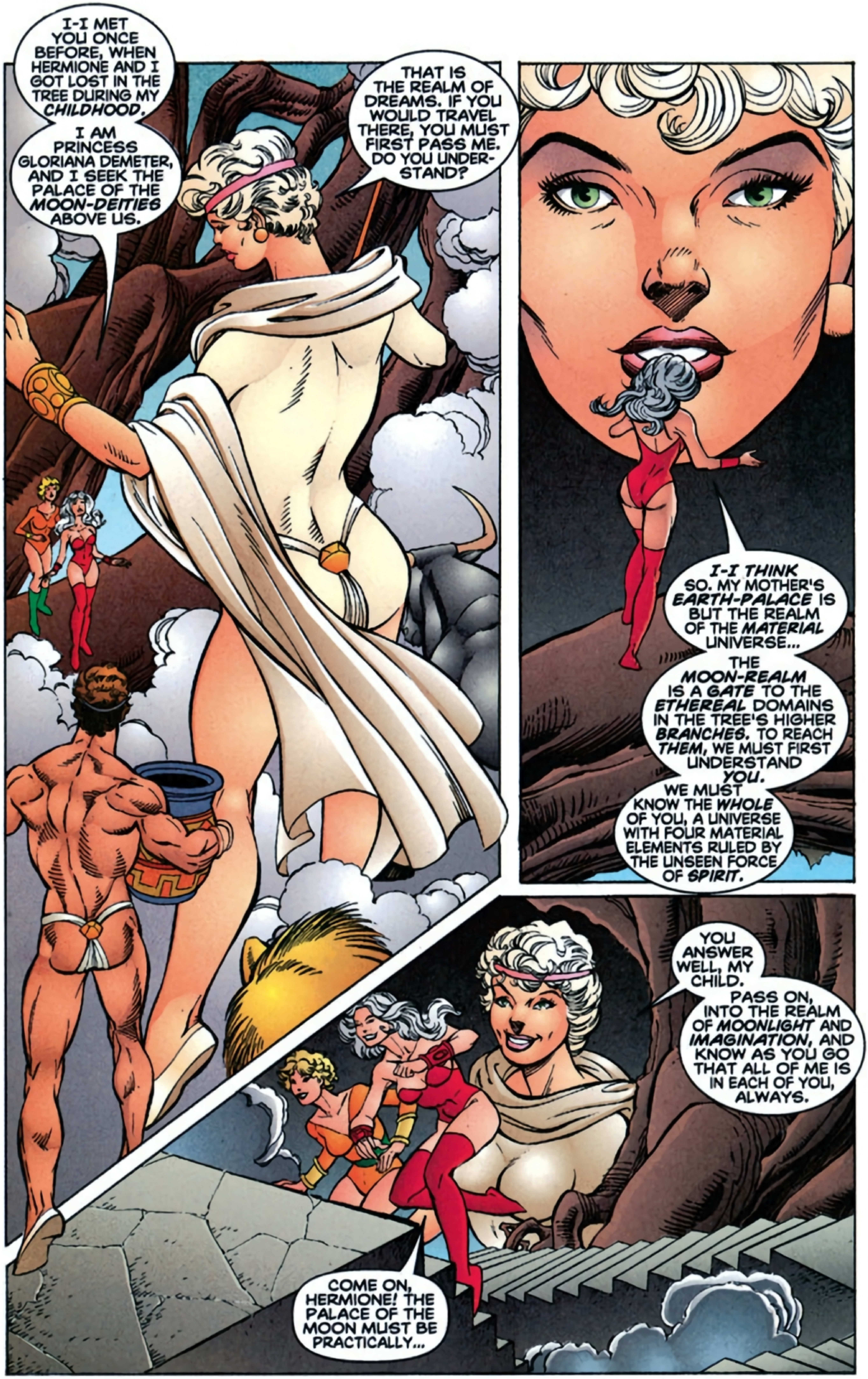

*DOC?* I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU AND *JOHNNY* WERE DEALING WITH *STORMHEAD?*
WE *WERE*... UNTIL ONE OF JOHNNY'S *PROJECTIONS* PLUNGED STORMHEAD INTO A STATE OF *COLD FEAR! THAT'S* WHAT PRODUCED THIS *BLIZZARD!*
LISTEN, THAT *AVALANCHE* COULD DESTROY HALF OF *COAST CITY*...
THEN LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!
I *WAS* DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT BEFORE I SLOWED DOWN TO CHAT WITH *YOU!*
MY *GRANPA* SAYS THAT THE BEST WAY TO HANDLE STUFF LIKE THIS IS TO CREATE A *VORTEX*...
THAT'LL JUST SIPHON THE SNOW SOMEWHERE *ELSE*, YOU SILLY GOOSE!
I CAN *EVAPORATE* IT WITH MY *STARE SUPREME*...
SURE... AND *STEAM POACH* ANYBODY WHO'S IN THOSE *BUILDINGS!*
OH, AND BY THE *WAY*, SUPREMA, YOU KNOW WHEN YOU *FLY?* WELL, EVERYONE CAN SEE UP YOUR *SKIRT!*
*OH!* IS THAT *SO?* WELL YOUR *BOSOM* GOES UP AND DOWN WHEN YOU *RUN*, AND...
...GREAT *SUNS!* THE AVALANCHE IS HEADED FOR COAST CITY'S *HARBOUR!*
IT'S GOING TO WIPE OUT THE *BRIDGE*, AND THERE ARE *CARS* STALLED ON IT!
OH, JEEZ! WE'RE GOING TO SCREW *UP* AND MR. DOYLE WILL WITHDRAW OUR *FUNDING*...
*WAIT* A MINUTE! THE WATER IS *SEETHING* IN THE AVALANCHE'S PATH, BETWEEN THE HARBOR AND THE *BRIDGE!*
SOMETHING'S COMING UP! IT'S...

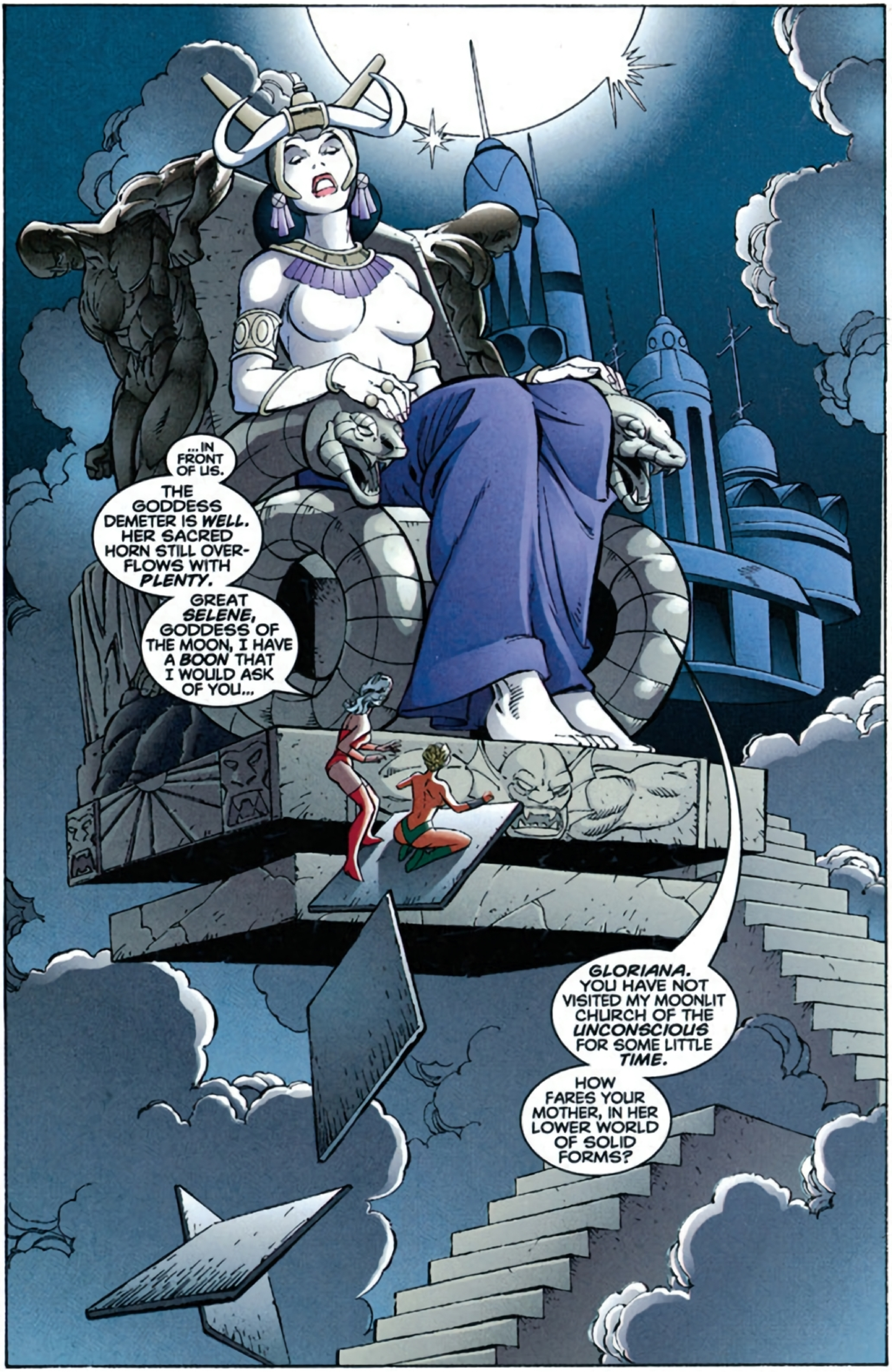

HEY, BIG! NICE SAVE! I GUESS YOU GOT THE EVACUEES TO STAR CITY OKAY...
THEY'RE FINE, BUT THEY MESSED UP THE RECEPTION AREA IN MY STOMACH. BUSTED THE COKE MACHINE AND EVERYTHING.
WHERE'S STORMHEAD?
HE'S FIGHTING THAT HORRIBLE PANIC BOY A BLOCK SOUTH OF HERE... AND NEXT TIME, ASK PROPERLY!
HUH? LOOK, WHAT IS IT WITH YOU, GIDGET? THIS IS BECAUSE I'M BLACK, RIGHT?
DON'T BE STUPID! IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE LOUD AND IMPOLITE!
SUPREMA? I CAN'T SEE JOHNNY ANYWHERE, BUT THERE'S SOME SORT OF MONSTER IN THE STREET AHEAD!

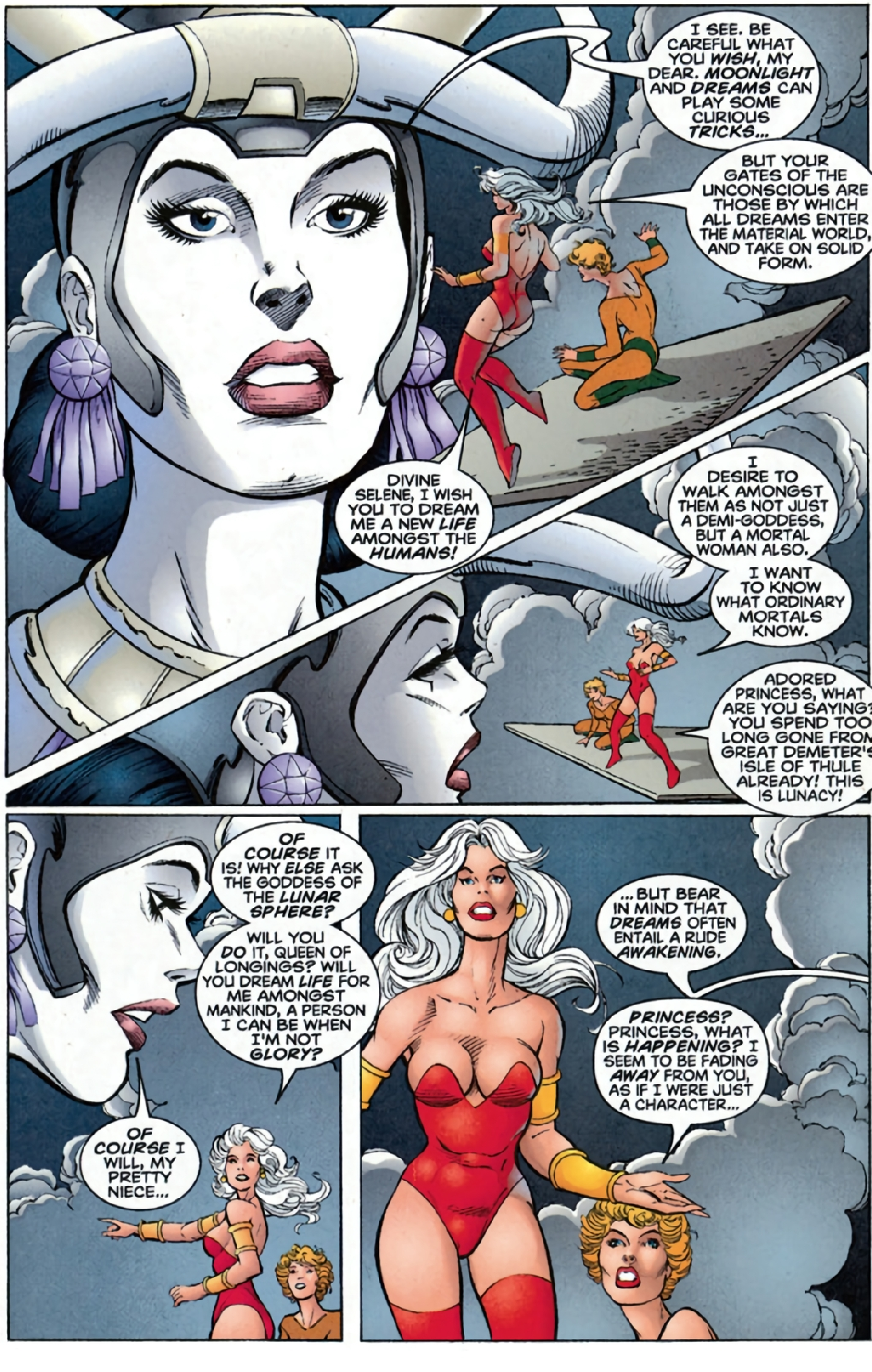

SUPREMA? OH, GREAT! THE FLYING NUN IS IN THE BUILDING!
AND I'M NOT A MONSTER. MY GLAMUOR-VEST JUST COPPED A LIGHTNING BOLT AND ALL ITS HOLOGRAMS ARE FIRING AT ONCE!
I'M TRYING TO SWITCH IT OFF...
THERE.
YEAH, APPARENTLY LIGHTING BOLTS ARE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN STORMHEAD GETS ANGRY, LIKE IT RAINS WHEN HE'S DEPRESSED...
BUT IT'S NOT RAINING NOW. IN FACT THE SUN'S COMING OUT AND THE BIRDS ARE STARTING TO SING!
JOHNNY, WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?
NOTHING. LOOK, I FIXED STORMHEAD'S EMOTIONAL WEATHER-SWINGS IN A SOCIALLY APPROVED MANNER, OKAY?
I GOT UP BEHIND HIM AND USED MY BUZZ-GUN TO WHACK HIM FULL OF PROZAC.
WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY PEOPLE NEED DRUGS TO MAKE THEM CHIRPY! I COULD HAVE GIVEN HIM A PEP TALK...
SUPREMA, IT'S YOUR PEP TALKS THAT DRIVE PEOPLE TO DRUGS. I KNOW. I'M A DOCTOR.
LET'S TURN STORMHEAD IN, THEN RETURN TO YOUNGBLOOD MANSION TO CELEBRATE LAUNCHING THE NEW TEAM WITH BEER.
UH, SO... DOES ANYBODY HAVE I.D.?
BUS STOP
NO PARKING
END OF DISC ONE.

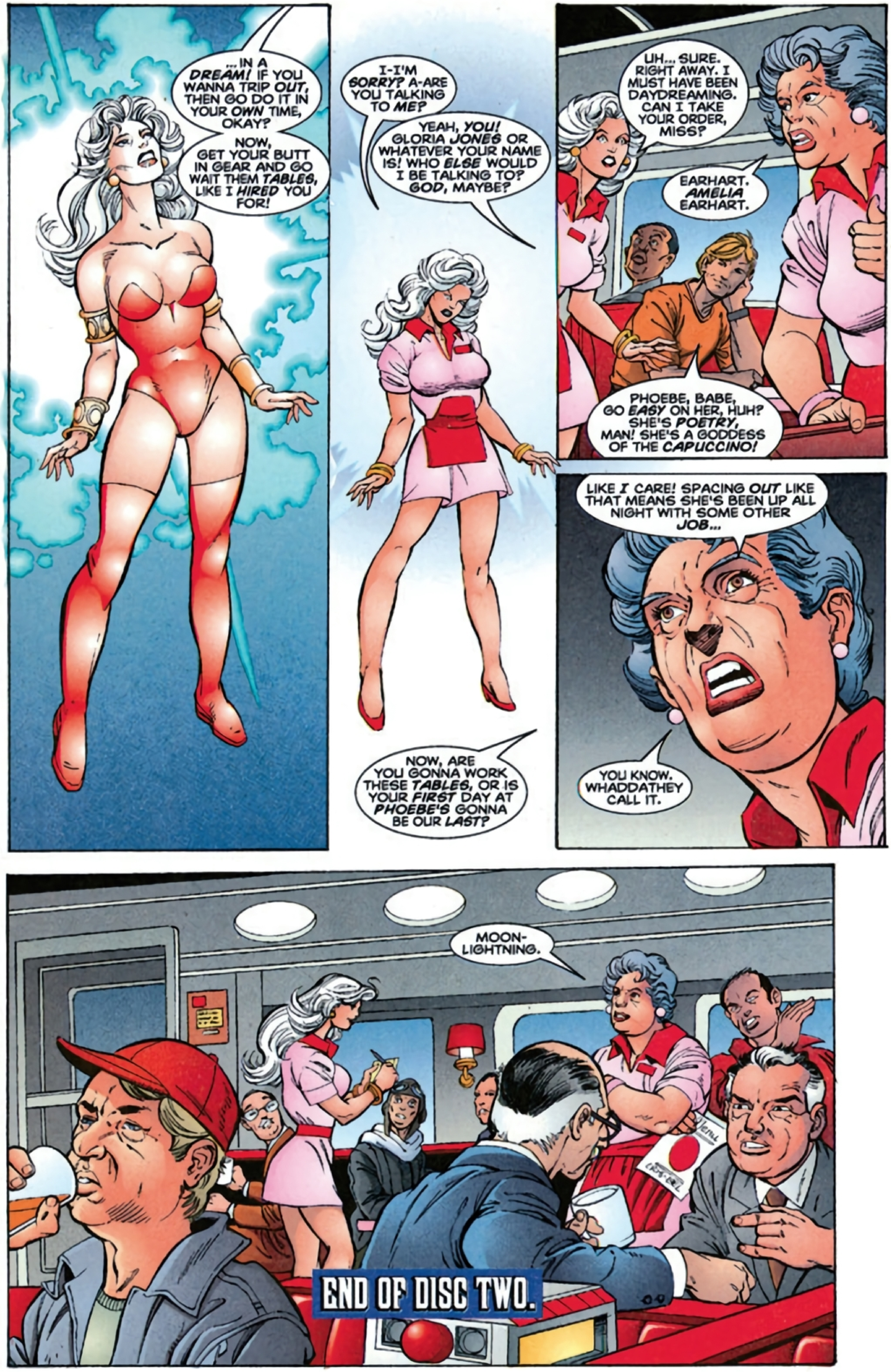

The NEW ADVENTURES of GLORY
GREAT *GAIA*, WHAT A WONDERFUL *MORNING!* WE'VE NOT CLIMBED THIS HIGH UP THE *WORLD TREE* SINCE WE WERE *CHILDREN*, HAVE WE, HERMIONE?
NO, BELOVED PRINCESS... AND I FEAR THAT IF SHE *KNEW*, LADY *DEMETER* WOULD BE JUST AS ANGRY NOW AS SHE WAS *THEN!*
A TRICK of the MOONLIGHT

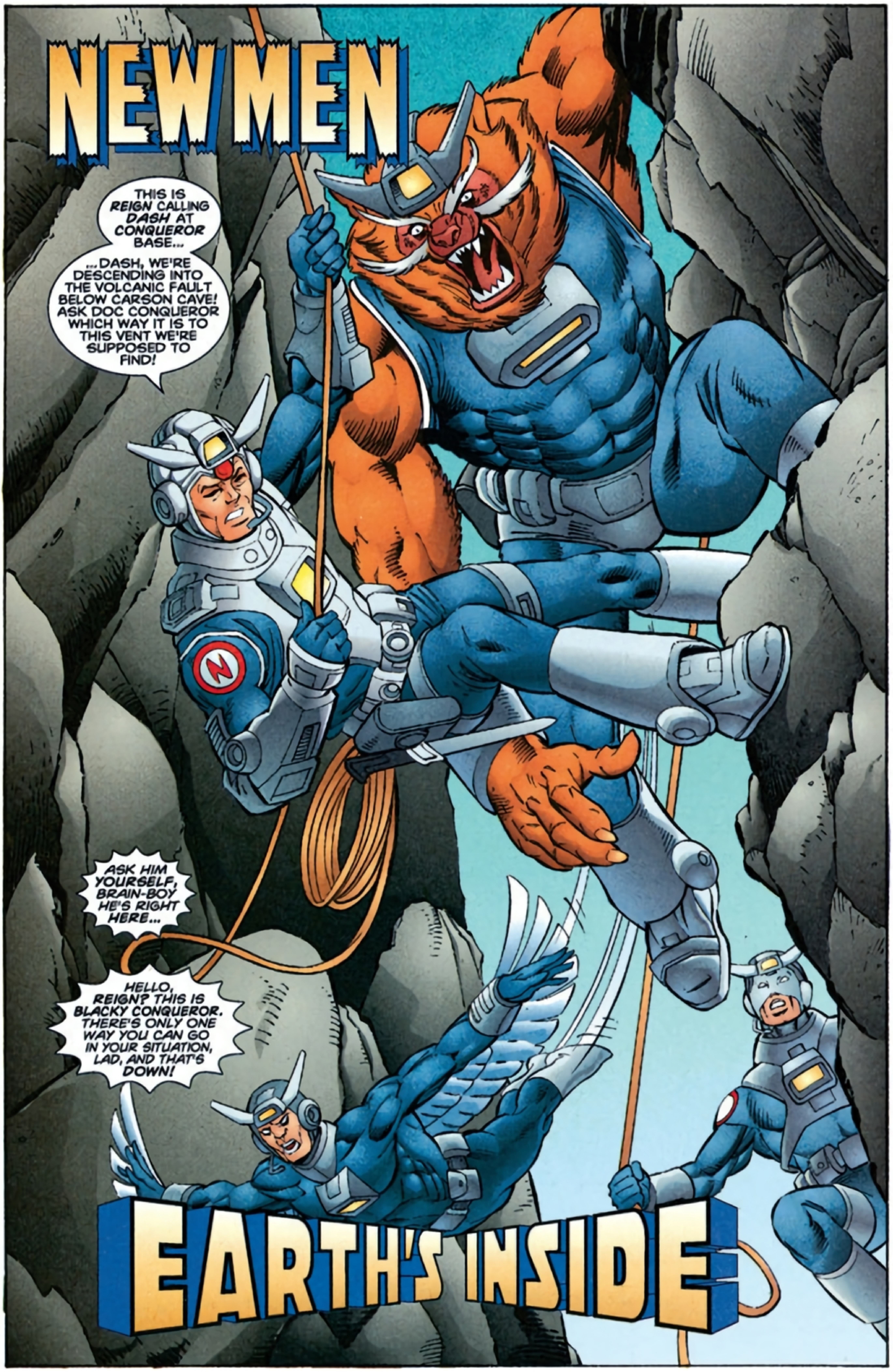

WHY, HERMIONE SWEETLOVE! ARE YOU SCARED THAT MY MOTHER WILL DISMISS YOU FROM HER MYRMIDON GUARD?
BESIDES. SHE'S FAR BELOW IN HER PALACE OF EARTH-DEITIES, AMONGST THE WORLD TREE'S ROOTS!
YES, PRINCESS, BUT WHY AREN'T WE? WHY ARE WE CLIMBING UP TOWARDS THE MOON-REALM OF YOUR AUNT SELENE?
BECAUSE I NEED A FAVOR! WHY DOES ANY NIECE VISIT HER AUNT?
NOW HURRY UP HERE, BESIDE ME. THE ATU-PATH TO THE MOON PALACE LIES BEFORE US, BORED INTO THE TREE ITSELF!
IT'S A MAZE! BELOVED GLORIANA, SHOULD WE NOT TAKE ONE OF THESE SIDE-TUNNELS?
NO! WE APPROACH THE DREAMWORLD, AND THOSE TUNNELS LEAD TO MADNESS OF DELUSION!
SEE! THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THIS PATH AWAITS BEFORE US...
WELCOME, CHILDREN.
I AM THE UNIVERSE.

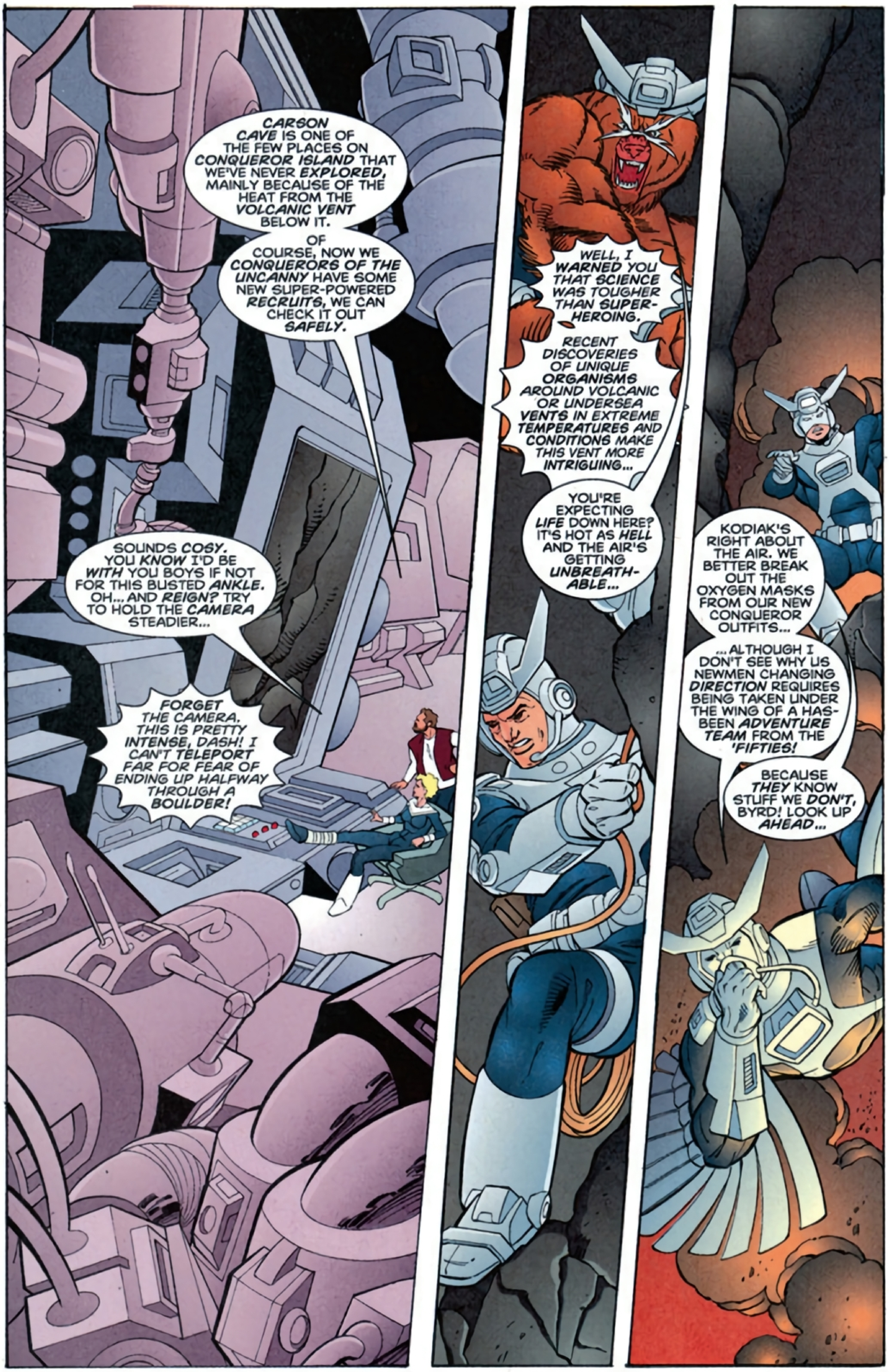

I-I MET YOU ONCE BEFORE, WHEN HERMIONE AND I GOT LOST IN THE TREE DURING MY *CHILDHOOD.*
I AM PRINCESS GLORIANA DEMETER, AND I SEEK THE PALACE OF THE *MOON-DEITIES* ABOVE US.
THAT IS THE REALM OF DREAMS. IF YOU WOULD TRAVEL THERE, YOU MUST FIRST PASS ME. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
*I-I THINK* SO. MY MOTHER'S *EARTH-PALACE* IS BUT THE REALM OF THE *MATERIAL* UNIVERSE...
THE *MOON-REALM* IS A *GATE* TO THE *ETHEREAL* DOMAINS IN THE TREE'S HIGHER *BRANCHES.* TO REACH *THEM,* WE MUST FIRST UNDERSTAND *YOU.*
WE MUST KNOW THE *WHOLE* OF YOU, A UNIVERSE WITH FOUR MATERIAL ELEMENTS RULED BY THE UNSEEN FORCE OF *SPIRIT.*
YOU ANSWER WELL, MY CHILD.
PASS ON, INTO THE REALM OF *MOONLIGHT* AND *IMAGINATION,* AND KNOW AS YOU GO THAT ALL OF ME IS IN EACH OF YOU, ALWAYS.
COME ON, HERMIONE! THE PALACE OF THE MOON MUST BE PRACTICALLY...

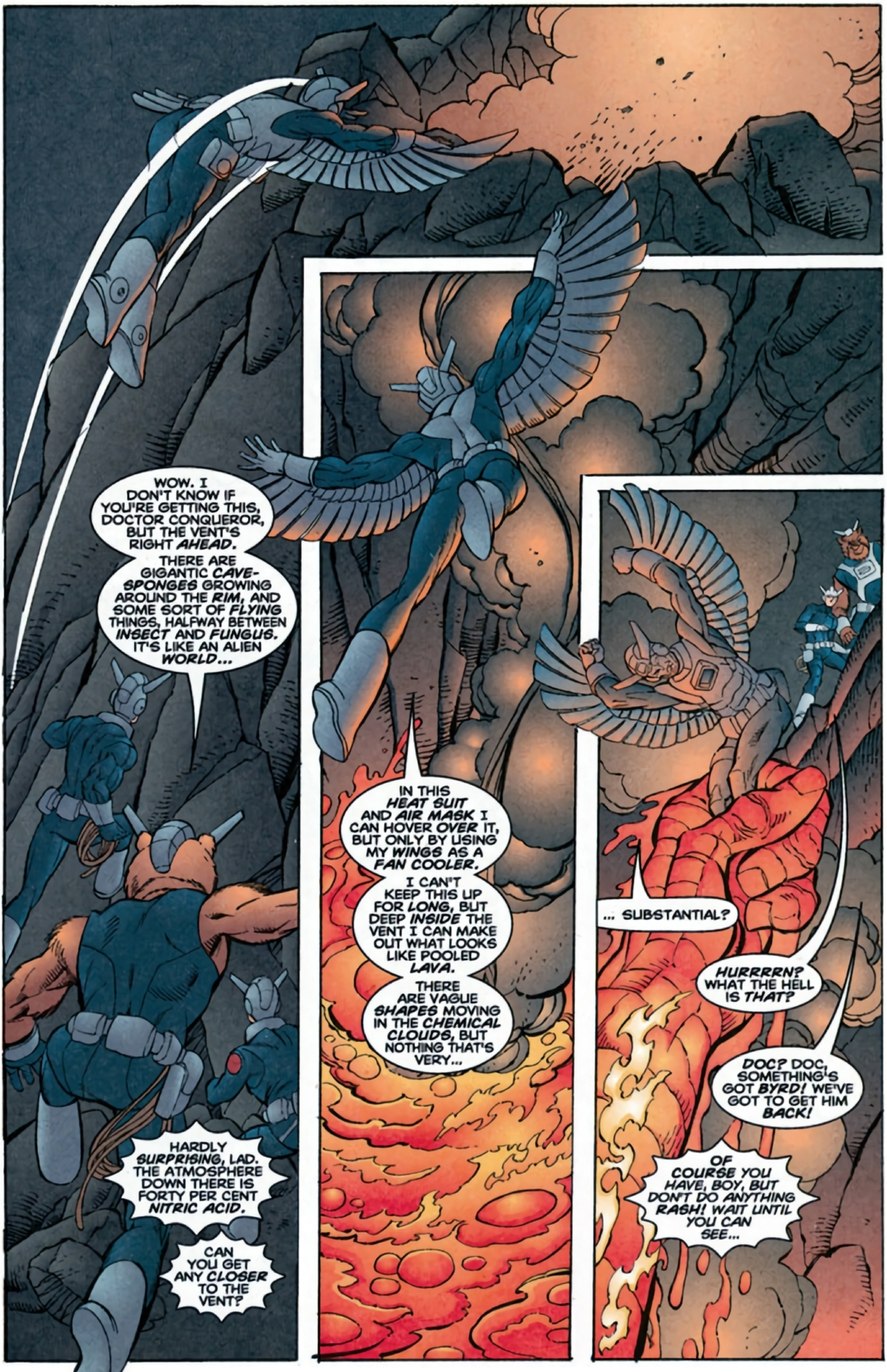

...IN FRONT OF US.
THE GODDESS DEMETER IS *WELL*. HER SACRED HORN STILL OVERFLOWS WITH *PLENTY*.
GREAT *SELENE*, GODDESS OF THE MOON, I HAVE A *BOON* THAT I WOULD ASK OF YOU...
*GLORIANA*. YOU HAVE NOT VISITED MY MOONLIT CHURCH OF THE *UNCONSCIOUS* FOR SOME LITTLE *TIME*.
HOW FARES YOUR MOTHER, IN HER LOWER WORLD OF SOLID FORMS?

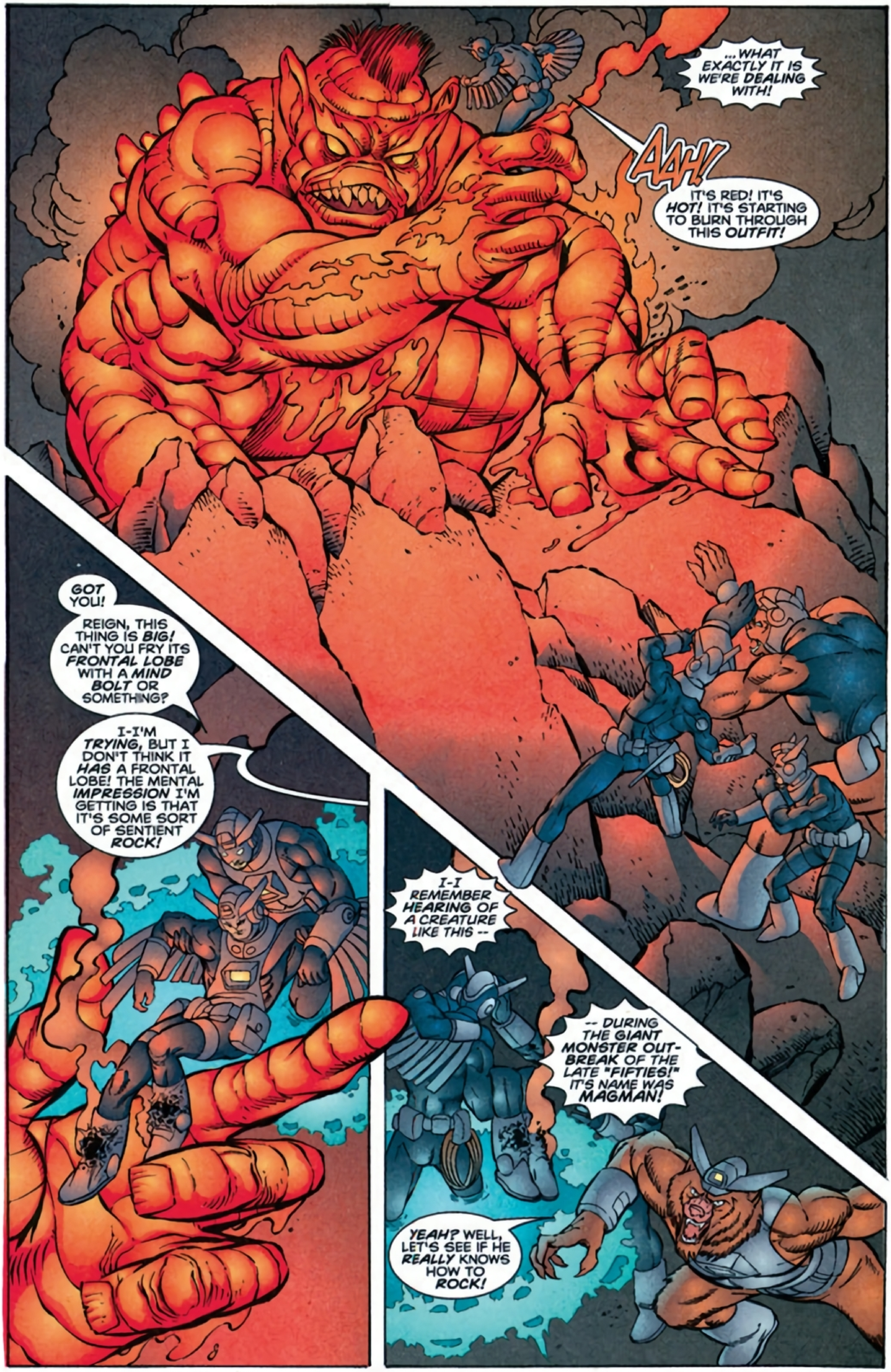

I SEE. BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU *WISH*, MY DEAR. *MOONLIGHT* AND *DREAMS* CAN PLAY SOME CURIOUS *TRICKS*...
BUT YOUR GATES OF THE UNCONSCIOUS ARE THOSE BY WHICH ALL DREAMS ENTER THE MATERIAL WORLD, AND TAKE ON SOLID FORM.
DIVINE SELENE, I WISH YOU TO DREAM ME A NEW *LIFE* AMONGST THE *HUMANS!*
I DESIRE TO WALK AMONGST THEM AS NOT JUST A DEMI-GODDESS, BUT A MORTAL WOMAN ALSO.
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT ORDINARY MORTALS KNOW.
ADORED PRINCESS, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU SPEND TOO LONG GONE FROM GREAT DEMETER'S ISLE OF THULE ALREADY! THIS IS LUNACY!
*OF COURSE* IT IS! WHY *ELSE* ASK THE GODDESS OF THE *LUNAR SPHERE?*
WILL YOU *DO* IT, QUEEN OF LONGINGS? WILL YOU DREAM *LIFE* FOR ME AMONGST MANKIND, A PERSON I CAN BE WHEN I'M NOT *GLORY?*
*OF COURSE* I WILL, MY PRETTY NIECE...
...BUT BEAR IN MIND THAT *DREAMS* OFTEN ENTAIL A RUDE *AWAKENING.*
*PRINCESS?* PRINCESS, WHAT IS *HAPPENING?* I SEEM TO BE FADING *AWAY* FROM YOU, AS IF I WERE JUST A CHARACTER...

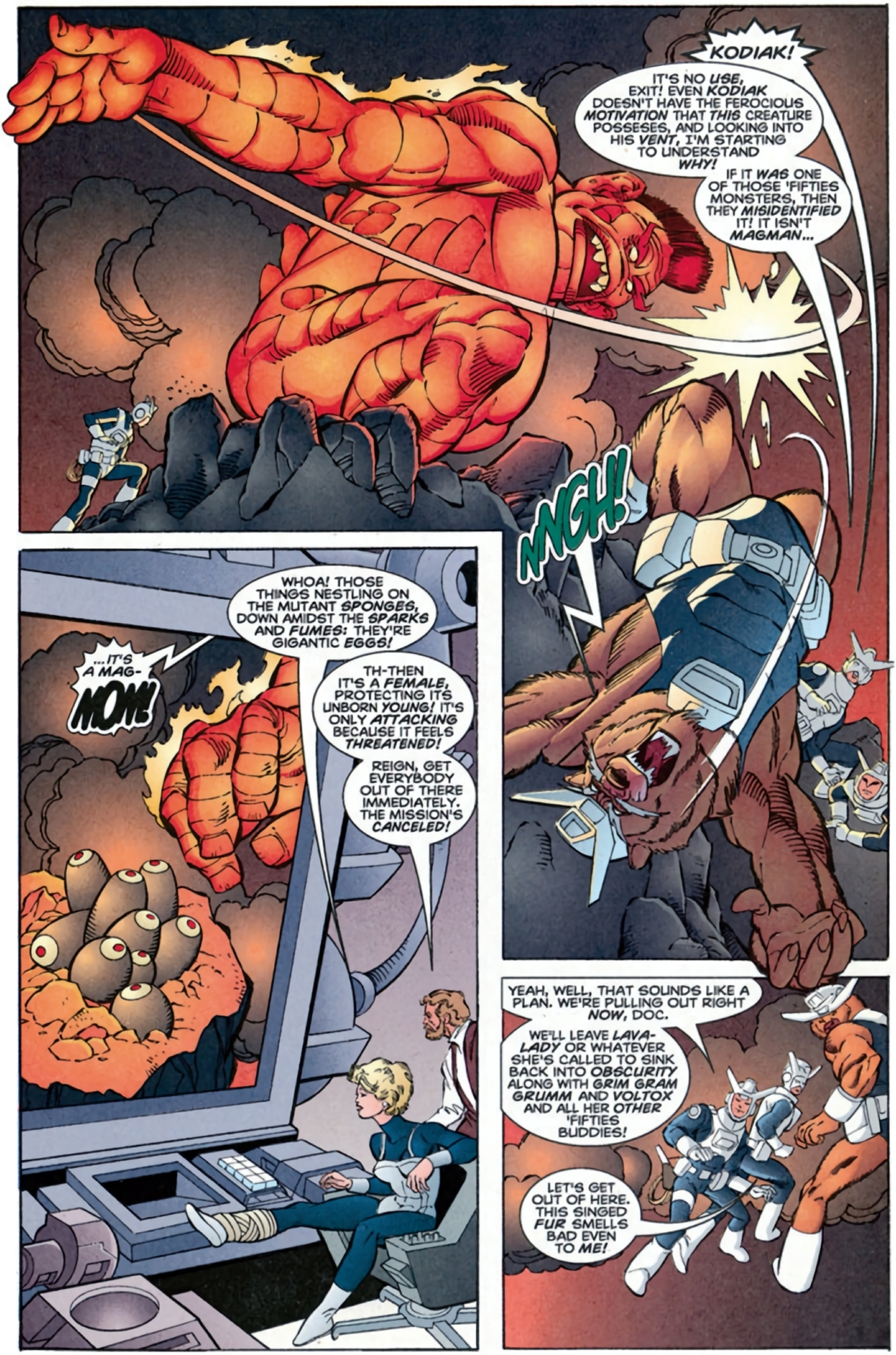

...IN A *DREAM!* IF YOU WANNA TRIP *OUT*, THEN GO DO IT IN YOUR *OWN* TIME, OKAY?
NOW, GET YOUR BUTT IN GEAR AND GO WAIT THEM *TABLES*, LIKE I *HIRED* YOU FOR!
I-I'M *SORRY?* A-ARE YOU TALKING TO *ME?*
YEAH, *YOU!* GLORIA *JONES* OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! WHO *ELSE* WOULD I BE TALKING TO? *GOD*, MAYBE?
NOW, ARE YOU GONNA WORK THESE *TABLES*, OR IS YOUR *FIRST* DAY AT *PHOEBE'S* GONNA BE OUR *LAST?*
UH... SURE. RIGHT AWAY. I MUST HAVE BEEN DAYDREAMING. CAN I TAKE YOUR ORDER, MISS?
EARHART. *AMELIA* EARHART.
PHOEBE, BABE, GO *EASY* ON HER, HUH? SHE'S *POETRY*, MAN! SHE'S A GODDESS OF THE *CAPUCCINO!*
LIKE *I* CARE! SPACING *OUT* LIKE THAT MEANS SHE'S BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WITH SOME OTHER *JOB*...
YOU KNOW. WHADDATHEY CALL IT.
MOON-LIGHTNING.
END OF DISC TWO.

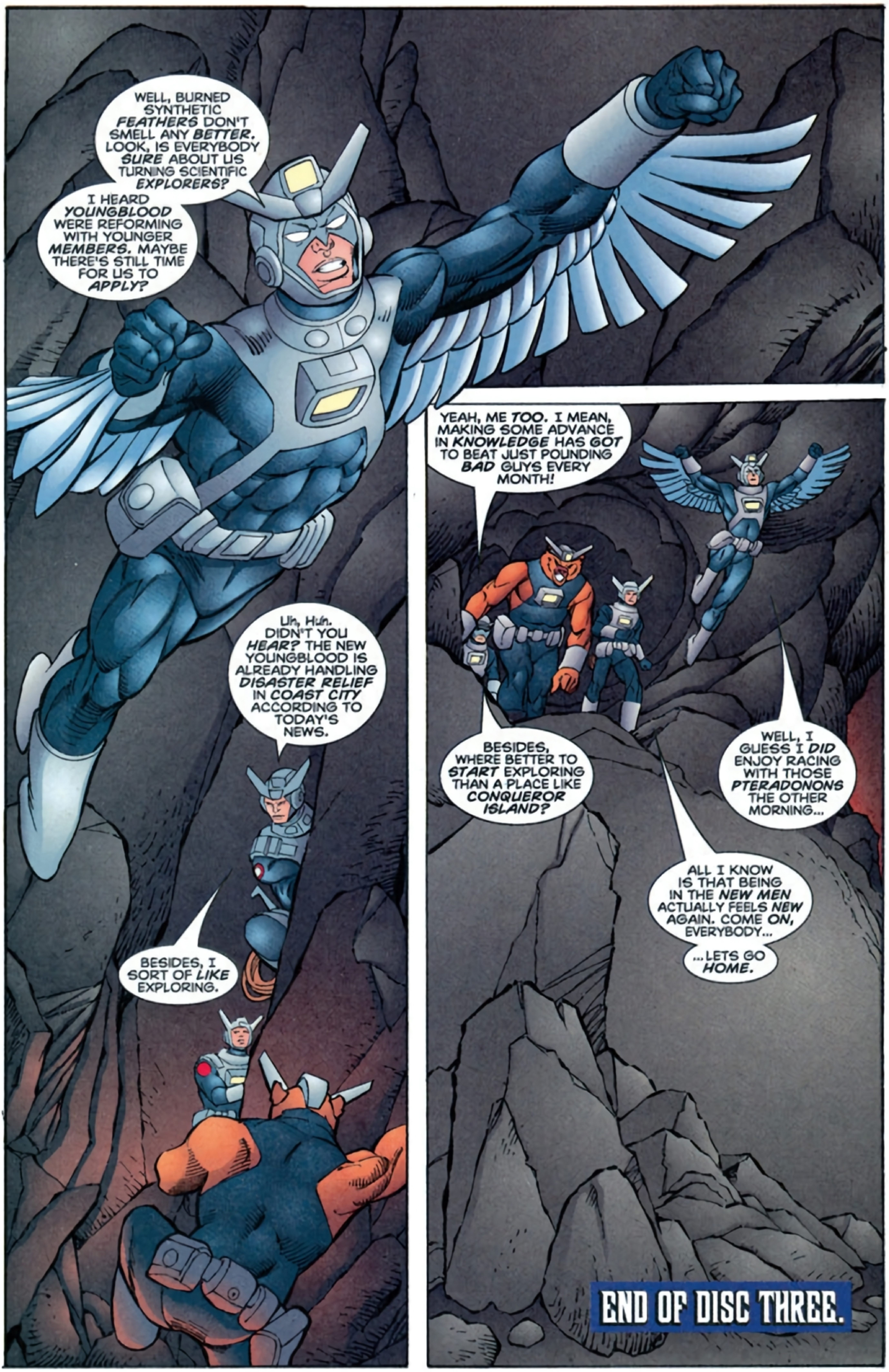

NEW MEN
THIS IS *REIGN* CALLING *DASH* AT CONQUEROR BASE... ...DASH, WE'RE DESCENDING INTO THE VOLCANIC FAULT BELOW CARSON CAVE! ASK DOC CONQUEROR WHICH WAY IT IS TO THIS VENT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FIND!
ASK HIM YOURSELF, BRAIN-BOY HE'S RIGHT HERE...
HELLO, REIGN? THIS IS BLACKY CONQUEROR. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN GO IN YOUR SITUATION, LAD, AND THAT'S DOWN!
EARTH'S INSIDE

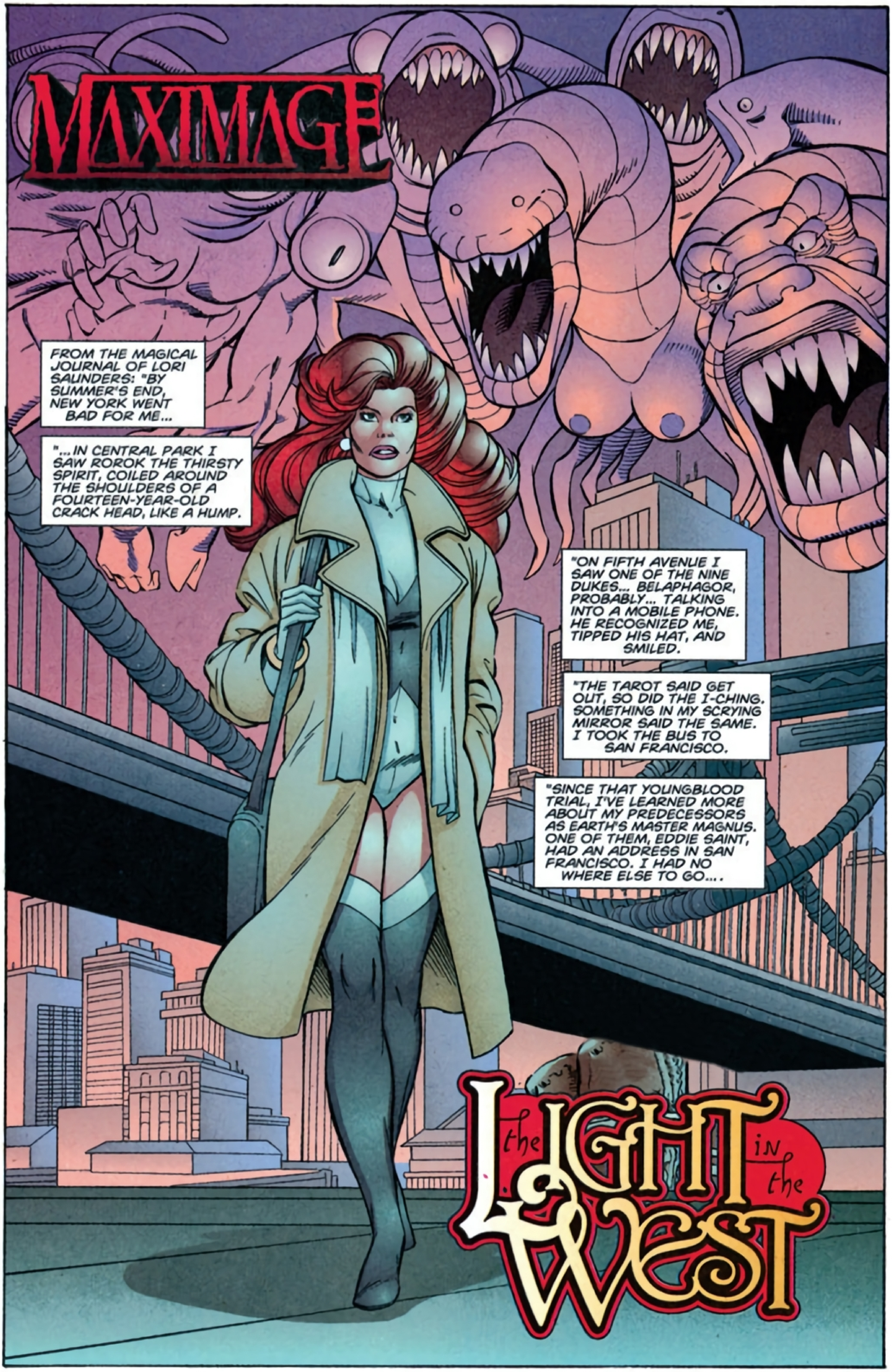

*CARSON CAVE* IS ONE OF THE FEW PLACES ON *CONQUEROR ISLAND* THAT WE'VE NEVER *EXPLORED*, MAINLY BECAUSE OF THE HEAT FROM THE *VOLCANIC VENT* BELOW IT.
OF COURSE, NOW WE *CONQUERORS OF THE UNCANNY* HAVE SOME NEW SUPER-POWERED *RECRUITS*, WE CAN CHECK IT OUT *SAFELY*.
SOUNDS *COSY*. YOU *KNOW* I'D BE *WITH* YOU BOYS IF NOT FOR THIS BUSTED *ANKLE*. OH... AND *REIGN?* TRY TO HOLD THE *CAMERA* STEADIER...
*FORGET THE CAMERA. THIS IS PRETTY INTENSE, DASH! I CAN'T TELEPORT FAR FOR FEAR OF ENDING UP HALFWAY THROUGH A BOULDER!*
WELL, I *WARNED* YOU THAT SCIENCE WAS TOUGHER THAN SUPER-HEROING.
RECENT DISCOVERIES OF UNIQUE *ORGANISMS* AROUND VOLCANIC OR UNDERSEA *VENTS* IN EXTREME *TEMPERATURES* AND *CONDITIONS* MAKE THIS VENT MORE *INTRIGUING*...
YOU'RE EXPECTING *LIFE* DOWN HERE? IT'S HOT AS *HELL* AND THE AIR'S GETTING *UNBREATHABLE*...
KODIAK'S RIGHT ABOUT THE AIR. WE BETTER BREAK OUT THE OXYGEN MASKS FROM OUR NEW CONQUEROR OUTFITS...
...ALTHOUGH I DON'T SEE WHY US NEWMEN CHANGING *DIRECTION* REQUIRES BEING TAKEN UNDER THE WING OF A HAS-BEEN *ADVENTURE TEAM* FROM THE *'FIFTIES!*
BECAUSE *THEY* KNOW STUFF WE *DON'T*, BYRD! LOOK UP *AHEAD*...

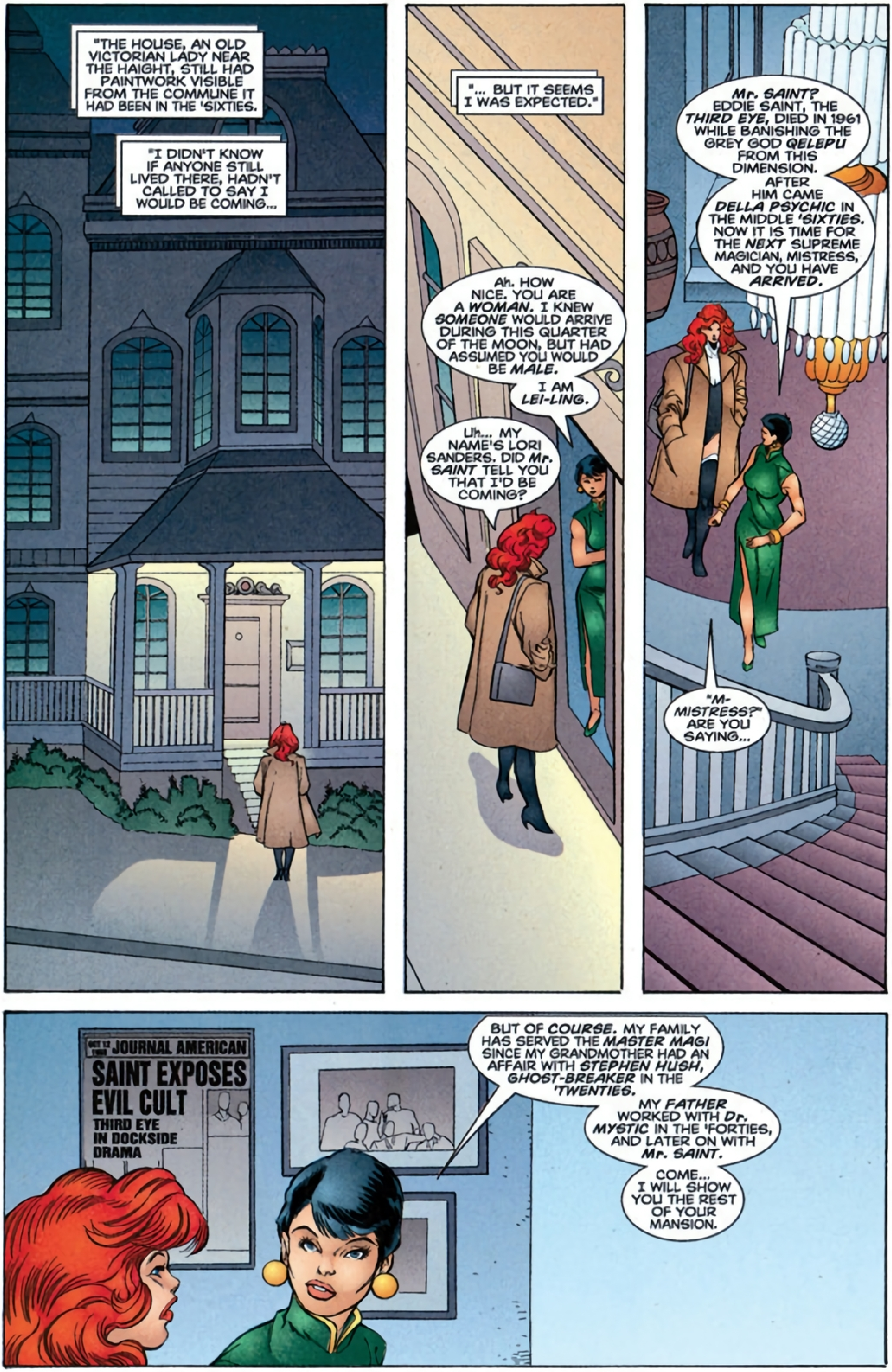

WOW. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE GETTING THIS, DOCTOR CONQUEROR, BUT THE VENT'S RIGHT AHEAD.
THERE ARE GIGANTIC CAVE-SPONGES GROWING AROUND THE RIM, AND SOME SORT OF FLYING THINGS, HALFWAY BETWEEN INSECT AND FUNGUS. IT'S LIKE AN ALIEN WORLD...
HARDLY SURPRISING, LAD. THE ATMOSPHERE DOWN THERE IS FORTY PER CENT NITRIC ACID.
CAN YOU GET ANY CLOSER TO THE VENT?
IN THIS HEAT SUIT AND AIR MASK I CAN HOVER OVER IT, BUT ONLY BY USING MY WINGS AS A FAN COOLER.
I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP FOR LONG, BUT DEEP INSIDE THE VENT I CAN MAKE OUT WHAT LOOKS LIKE POOLED LAVA.
THERE ARE VAGUE SHAPES MOVING IN THE CHEMICAL CLOUDS, BUT NOTHING THAT'S VERY...
... SUBSTANTIAL?
HURRRRN? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
DOC? DOC, SOMETHING'S GOT BYRD! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK!
OF COURSE YOU HAVE, BOY, BUT DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH! WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN SEE...

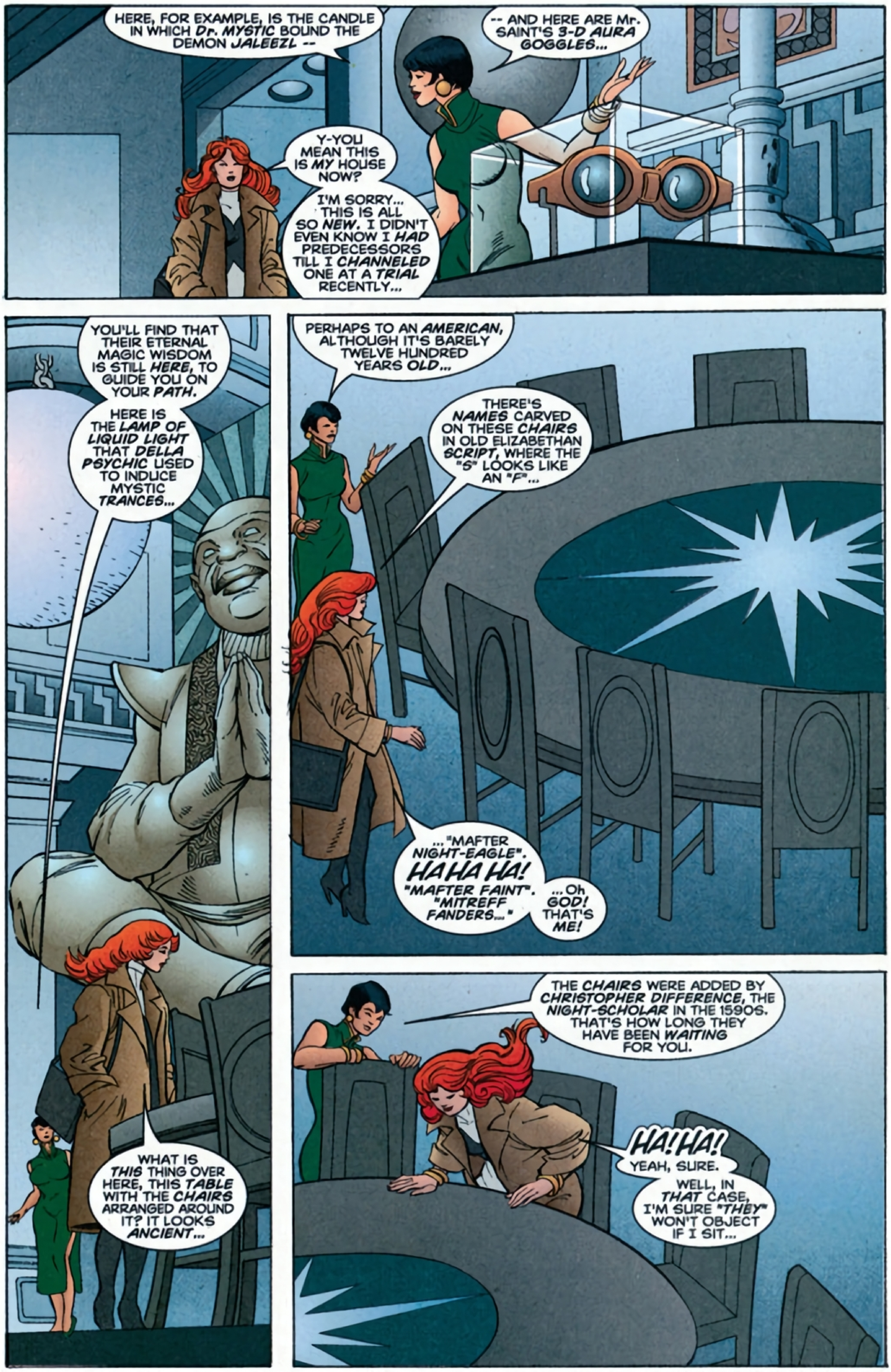

...WHAT EXACTLY IT IS WE'RE *DEALING* WITH!
AAH!
IT'S RED! IT'S *HOT!* IT'S STARTING TO BURN THROUGH THIS *OUTFIT!*
GOT YOU!
REIGN, THIS THING IS *BIG!* CAN'T YOU FRY ITS *FRONTAL LOBE* WITH A *MIND BOLT* OR SOMETHING?
I-I'M *TRYING,* BUT I DON'T THINK IT *HAS* A FRONTAL LOBE! THE MENTAL *IMPRESSION* I'M GETTING IS THAT IT'S SOME SORT OF SENTIENT *ROCK!*
I-I *REMEMBER HEARING* OF *A CREATURE* LIKE THIS --
-- DURING THE *GIANT MONSTER OUT-BREAK* OF THE LATE "FIFTIES!" IT'S NAME WAS *MAGMAN!*
*YEAH?* WELL, LET'S SEE IF HE *REALLY* KNOWS HOW TO *ROCK!*

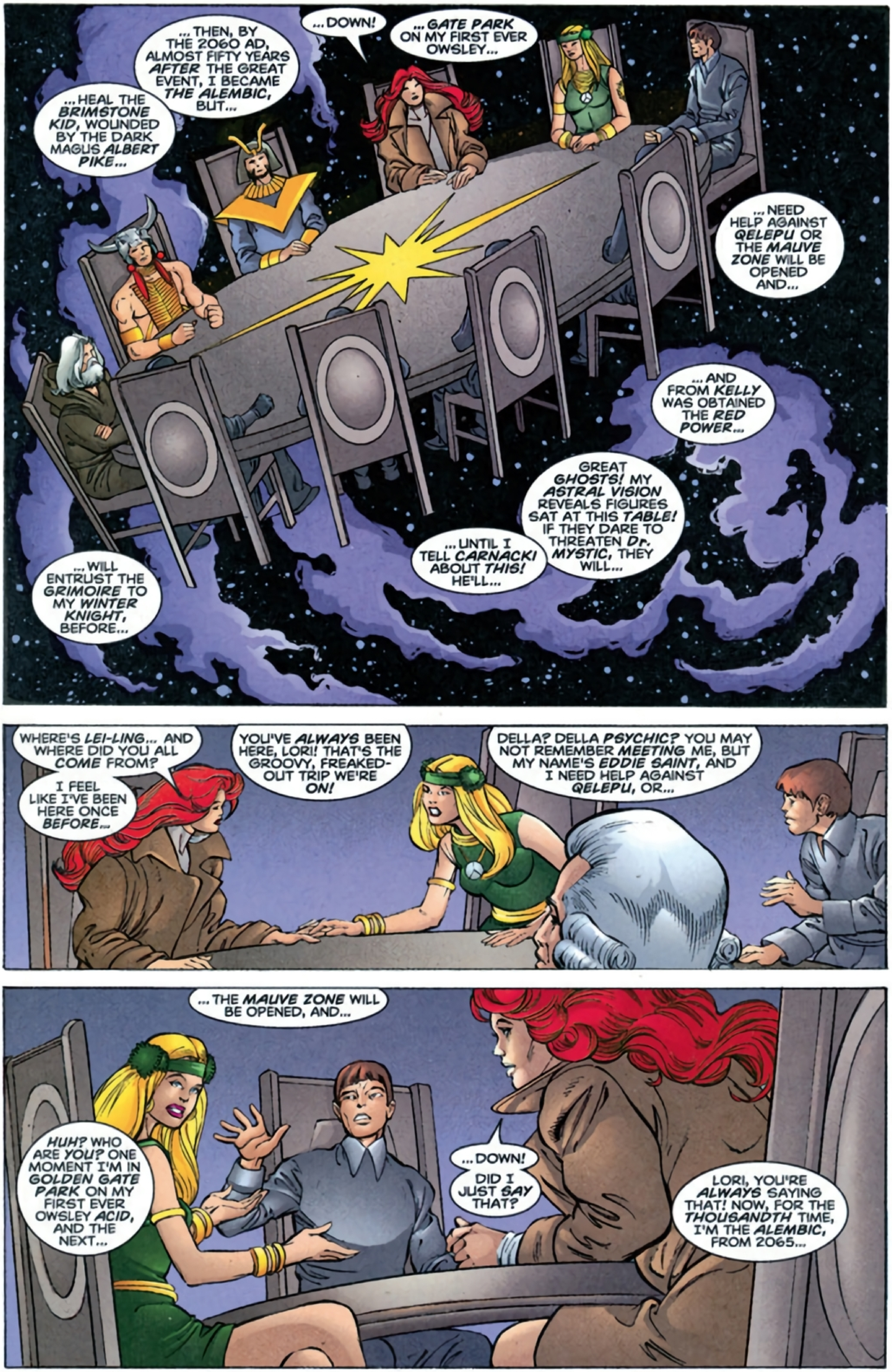

KODIAK!
IT'S NO USE, EXIT! EVEN KODIAK DOESN'T HAVE THE FEROCIOUS MOTIVATION THAT THIS CREATURE POSSESES, AND LOOKING INTO HIS VENT, I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND WHY!
IF IT WAS ONE OF THOSE 'FIFTIES MONSTERS, THEN THEY MISIDENTIFIED IT! IT ISN'T MAGMAN...
NNGH!
WHOA! THOSE THINGS NESTLING ON THE MUTANT SPONGES, DOWN AMIDST THE SPARKS AND FUMES: THEY'RE GIGANTIC EGGS!
...IT'S A MAG-
MOM!
TH-THEN IT'S A FEMALE, PROTECTING ITS UNBORN YOUNG! IT'S ONLY ATTACKING BECAUSE IT FEELS THREATENED!
REIGN, GET EVERYBODY OUT OF THERE IMMEDIATELY. THE MISSION'S CANCELED!
YEAH, WELL, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN. WE'RE PULLING OUT RIGHT NOW, DOC.
WE'LL LEAVE LAVA-LADY OR WHATEVER SHE'S CALLED TO SINK BACK INTO OBSCURITY ALONG WITH GRIM GRAM GRUMM AND VOLTOX AND ALL HER OTHER 'FIFTIES BUDDIES!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. THIS SINGED FUR SMELLS BAD EVEN TO ME!

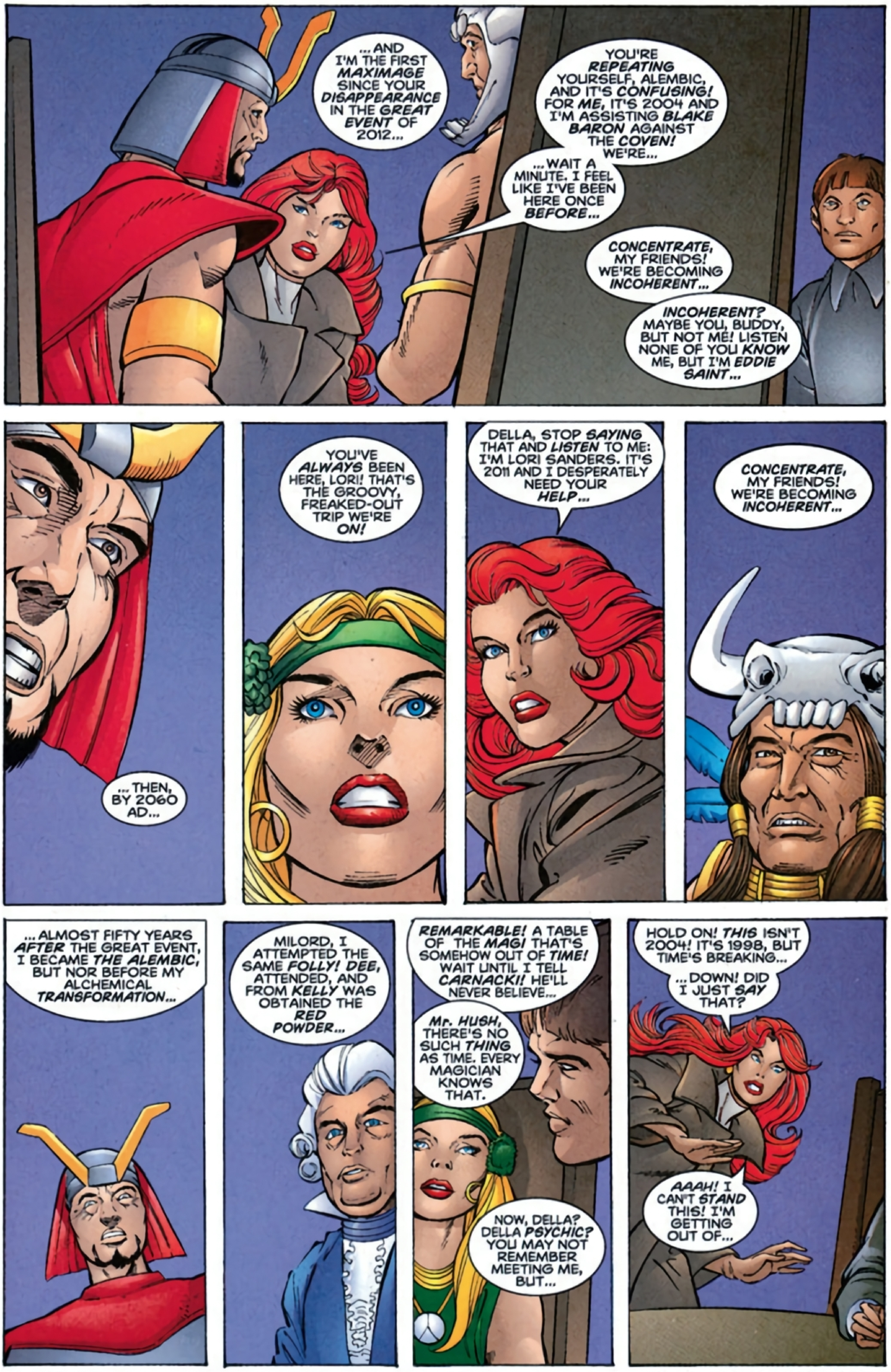

WELL, BURNED SYNTHETIC FEATHERS DON'T SMELL ANY BETTER. LOOK, IS EVERYBODY SURE ABOUT US TURNING SCIENTIFIC EXPLORERS?
I HEARD YOUNGBLOOD WERE REFORMING WITH YOUNGER MEMBERS. MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME FOR US TO APPLY?
Uh, Huh. DIDN'T YOU HEAR? THE NEW YOUNGBLOOD IS ALREADY HANDLING DISASTER RELIEF IN COAST CITY ACCORDING TO TODAY'S NEWS.
BESIDES, I SORT OF LIKE EXPLORING.
YEAH, ME TOO. I MEAN, MAKING SOME ADVANCE IN KNOWLEDGE HAS GOT TO BEAT JUST POUNDING BAD GUYS EVERY MONTH!
BESIDES, WHERE BETTER TO START EXPLORING THAN A PLACE LIKE CONQUEROR ISLAND?
WELL, I GUESS I DID ENJOY RACING WITH THOSE PTERADONONS THE OTHER MORNING...
ALL I KNOW IS THAT BEING IN THE NEW MEN ACTUALLY FEELS NEW AGAIN. COME ON, EVERYBODY...
...LETS GO HOME.
END OF DISC THREE.

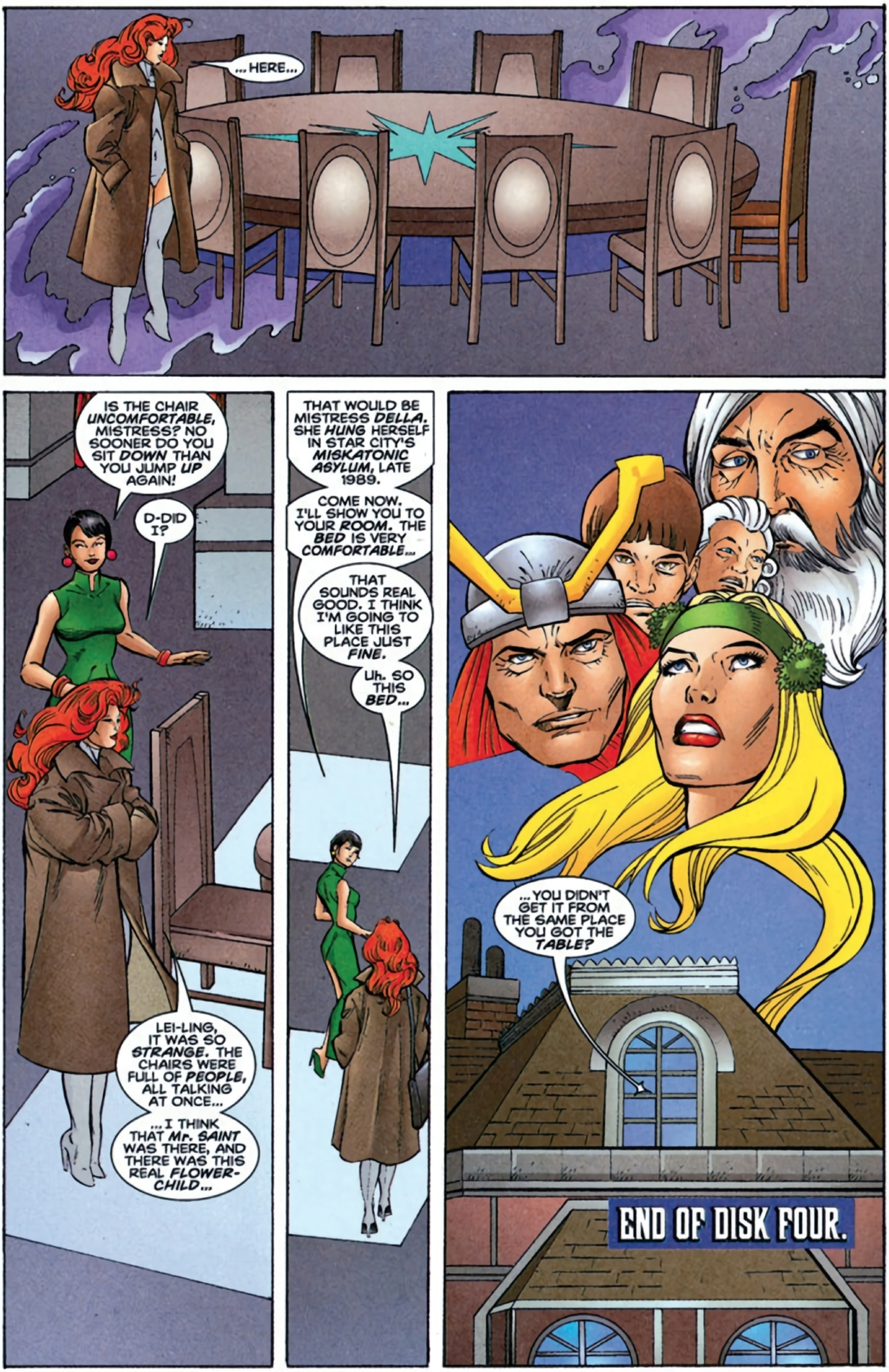

MAXIMAGE
FROM THE MAGICAL JOURNAL OF LORI SAUNDERS: "BY SUMMER'S END, NEW YORK WENT BAD FOR ME...
"...IN CENTRAL PARK I SAW ROROK THE THIRSTY SPIRIT, COILED AROUND THE SHOULDERS OF A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD CRACK HEAD, LIKE A HUMP.
"ON FIFTH AVENUE I SAW ONE OF THE NINE DUKES... BELAPHAGOR, PROBABLY... TALKING INTO A MOBILE PHONE. HE RECOGNIZED ME, TIPPED HIS HAT, AND SMILED.
"THE TAROT SAID GET OUT, SO DID THE I-CHING. SOMETHING IN MY SCRYING MIRROR SAID THE SAME. I TOOK THE BUS TO SAN FRANCISCO.
"SINCE THAT YOUNGBLOOD TRIAL, I'VE LEARNED MORE ABOUT MY PREDECESSORS AS EARTH'S MASTER MAGNUS. ONE OF THEM, EDDIE SAINT, HAD AN ADDRESS IN SAN FRANCISCO. I HAD NO WHERE ELSE TO GO....
the LIGHT in the WEST

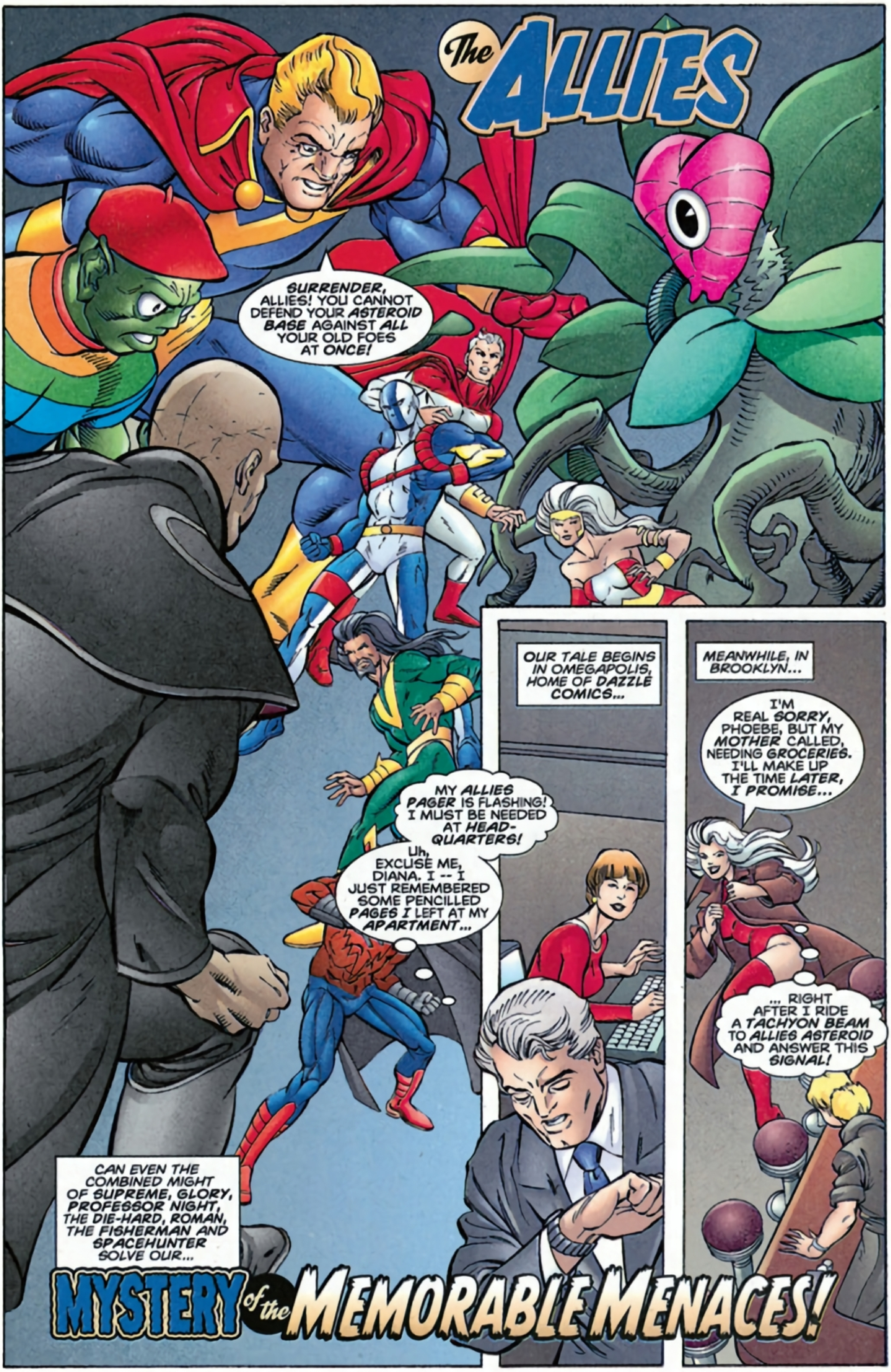

"THE HOUSE, AN OLD VICTORIAN LADY NEAR THE HAIGHT, STILL HAD PAINTWORK VISIBLE FROM THE COMMUNE IT HAD BEEN IN THE 'SIXTIES.
"I DIDN'T KNOW IF ANYONE STILL LIVED THERE, HADN'T CALLED TO SAY I WOULD BE COMING...
"... BUT IT SEEMS I WAS EXPECTED."
AH. HOW NICE. YOU ARE A *WOMAN*. I KNEW *SOMEONE* WOULD ARRIVE DURING THIS QUARTER OF THE MOON, BUT HAD ASSUMED YOU WOULD BE *MALE*.
I AM *LEI-LING*.
UH... MY NAME'S LORI SANDERS. DID *Mr. SAINT* TELL YOU THAT I'D BE COMING?
*Mr. SAINT?* EDDIE SAINT, THE *THIRD EYE*, DIED IN 1961 WHILE BANISHING THE GREY GOD *QELEPU* FROM THIS DIMENSION.
AFTER HIM CAME *DELLA PSYCHIC* IN THE MIDDLE *'SIXTIES*. NOW IT IS TIME FOR THE *NEXT* SUPREME MAGICIAN, MISTRESS, AND YOU HAVE *ARRIVED*.
"M-MISTRESS?" ARE YOU SAYING...
OCT 12 1961 JOURNAL AMERICAN
SAINT EXPOSES EVIL CULT
THIRD EYE IN DOCKSIDE DRAMA
BUT OF *COURSE*. MY FAMILY HAS SERVED THE *MASTER MAGI* SINCE MY GRANDMOTHER HAD AN AFFAIR WITH *STEPHEN HUSH, GHOST-BREAKER* IN THE *'TWENTIES*.
MY *FATHER* WORKED WITH *Dr. MYSTIC* IN THE 'FORTIES, AND LATER ON WITH *Mr. SAINT*.
COME... I WILL SHOW YOU THE REST OF YOUR MANSION.

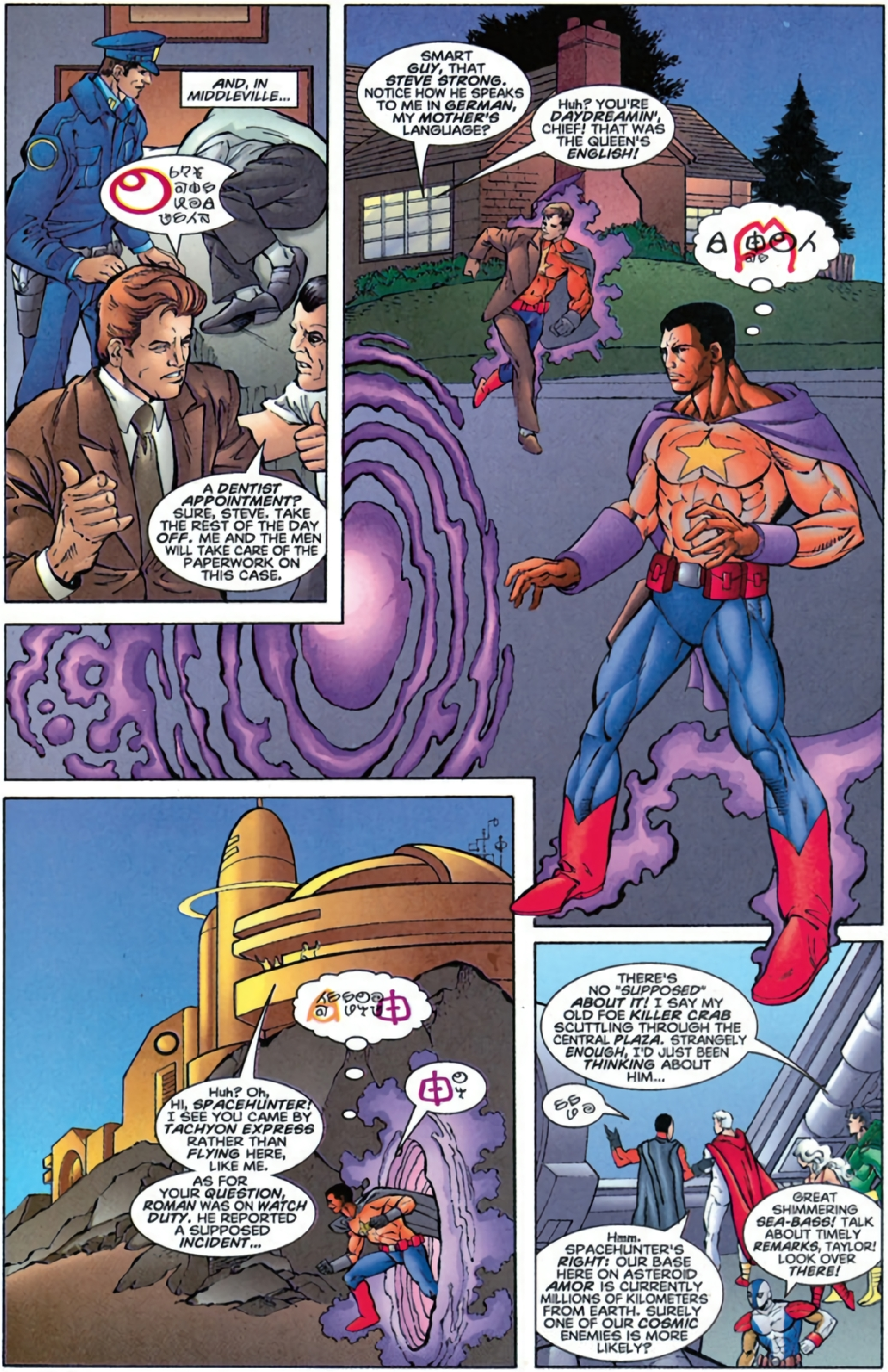

HERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS THE CANDLE IN WHICH *Dr. MYSTIC* BOUND THE DEMON *JALEEZL* --
-- AND HERE ARE Mr. SAINT'S *3-D AURA GOGGLES*...
Y-YOU MEAN THIS IS *MY* HOUSE NOW?
I'M SORRY... THIS IS ALL SO *NEW*. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I *HAD* PREDECESSORS TILL I *CHANNELED* ONE AT A *TRIAL* RECENTLY...
YOU'LL FIND THAT THEIR ETERNAL MAGIC WISDOM IS STILL *HERE*, TO GUIDE YOU ON YOUR *PATH*.
HERE IS THE *LAMP OF LIQUID LIGHT* THAT *DELLA PSYCHIC* USED TO INDUCE MYSTIC *TRANCES*...
WHAT IS *THIS* THING OVER HERE, THIS *TABLE* WITH THE *CHAIRS* ARRANGED AROUND IT? IT LOOKS *ANCIENT*...
PERHAPS TO AN *AMERICAN*, ALTHOUGH IT'S BARELY TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS *OLD*...
THERE'S *NAMES* CARVED ON THESE *CHAIRS* IN OLD ELIZABETHAN *SCRIPT*, WHERE THE "S" LOOKS LIKE AN "F"...
..."MAFTER NIGHT-EAGLE". *HAHAHA!* "MAFTER FAINT". "MITREFF FANDERS..."
...Oh *GOD!* THAT'S *ME!*
THE *CHAIRS* WERE ADDED BY *CHRISTOPHER DIFFERENCE*, THE *NIGHT-SCHOLAR* IN THE 1590S. THAT'S HOW LONG THEY HAVE BEEN *WAITING* FOR YOU.
*HA! HA!* YEAH, SURE.
WELL, IN *THAT* CASE, I'M SURE "*THEY*" WON'T OBJECT IF I SIT...

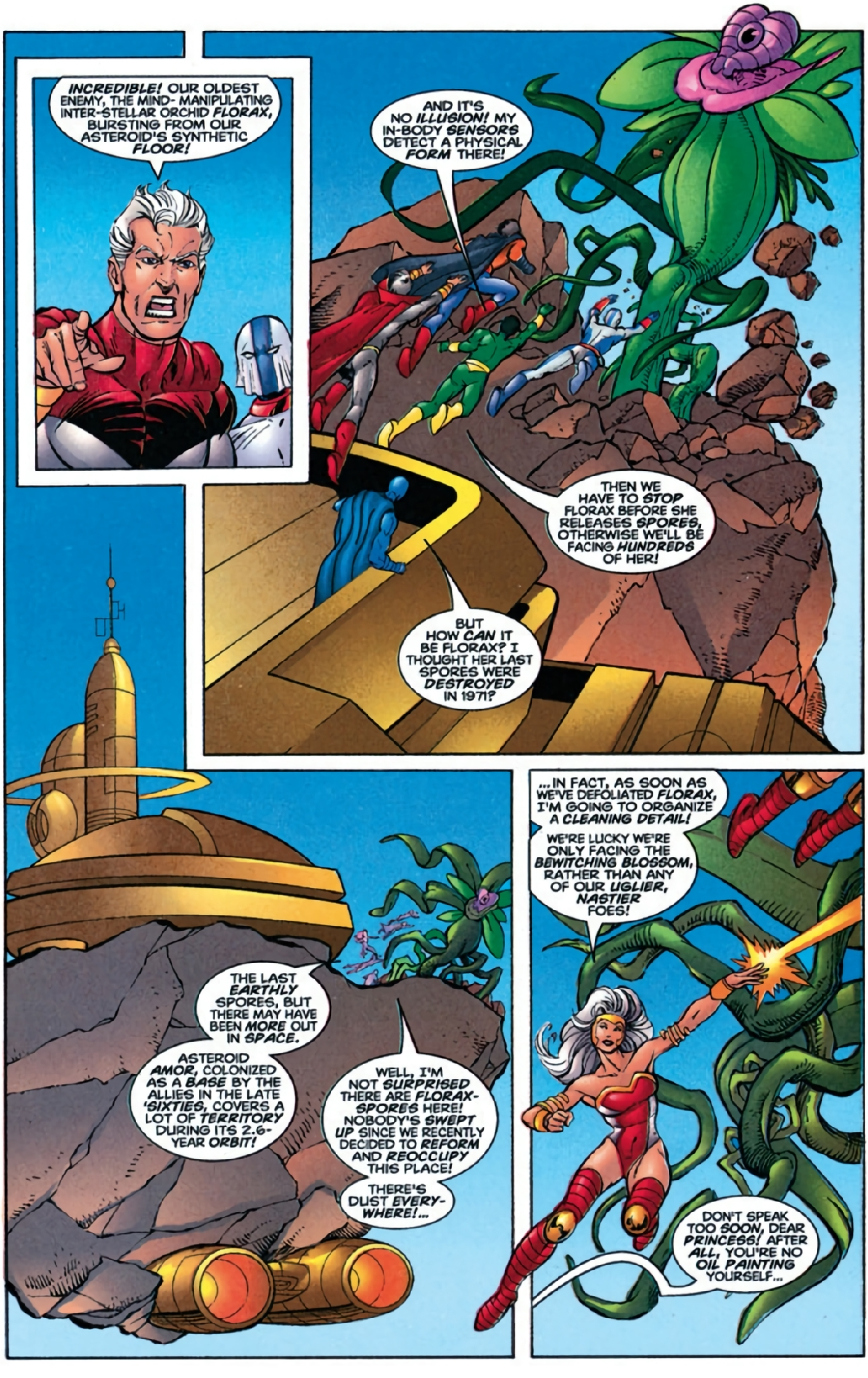

...HEAL THE BRIMSTONE KID, WOUNDED BY THE DARK MAGUS ALBERT PIKE...
...THEN, BY THE 2060 AD, ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE GREAT EVENT, I BECAME THE ALEMBIC, BUT...
...DOWN!
...GATE PARK ON MY FIRST EVER OWSLEY...
...NEED HELP AGAINST QELEPU OR THE MAUVE ZONE WILL BE OPENED AND...
...AND FROM KELLY WAS OBTAINED THE RED POWER...
GREAT GHOSTS! MY ASTRAL VISION REVEALS FIGURES SAT AT THIS TABLE! IF THEY DARE TO THREATEN Dr. MYSTIC, THEY WILL...
...UNTIL I TELL CARNACKI ABOUT THIS! HE'LL...
...WILL ENTRUST THE GRIMOIRE TO MY WINTER KNIGHT, BEFORE...
WHERE'S LEI-LING... AND WHERE DID YOU ALL COME FROM?
I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE ONCE BEFORE...
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN HERE, LORI! THAT'S THE GROOVY, FREAKED-OUT TRIP WE'RE ON!
DELLA? DELLA PSYCHIC? YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER MEETING ME, BUT MY NAME'S EDDIE SAINT, AND I NEED HELP AGAINST QELEPU, OR...
...THE MAUVE ZONE WILL BE OPENED, AND...
HUH? WHO ARE YOU? ONE MOMENT I'M IN GOLDEN GATE PARK ON MY FIRST EVER OWSLEY ACID, AND THE NEXT...
...DOWN!
DID I JUST SAY THAT?
LORI, YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING THAT! NOW, FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME, I'M THE ALEMBIC, FROM 2065...

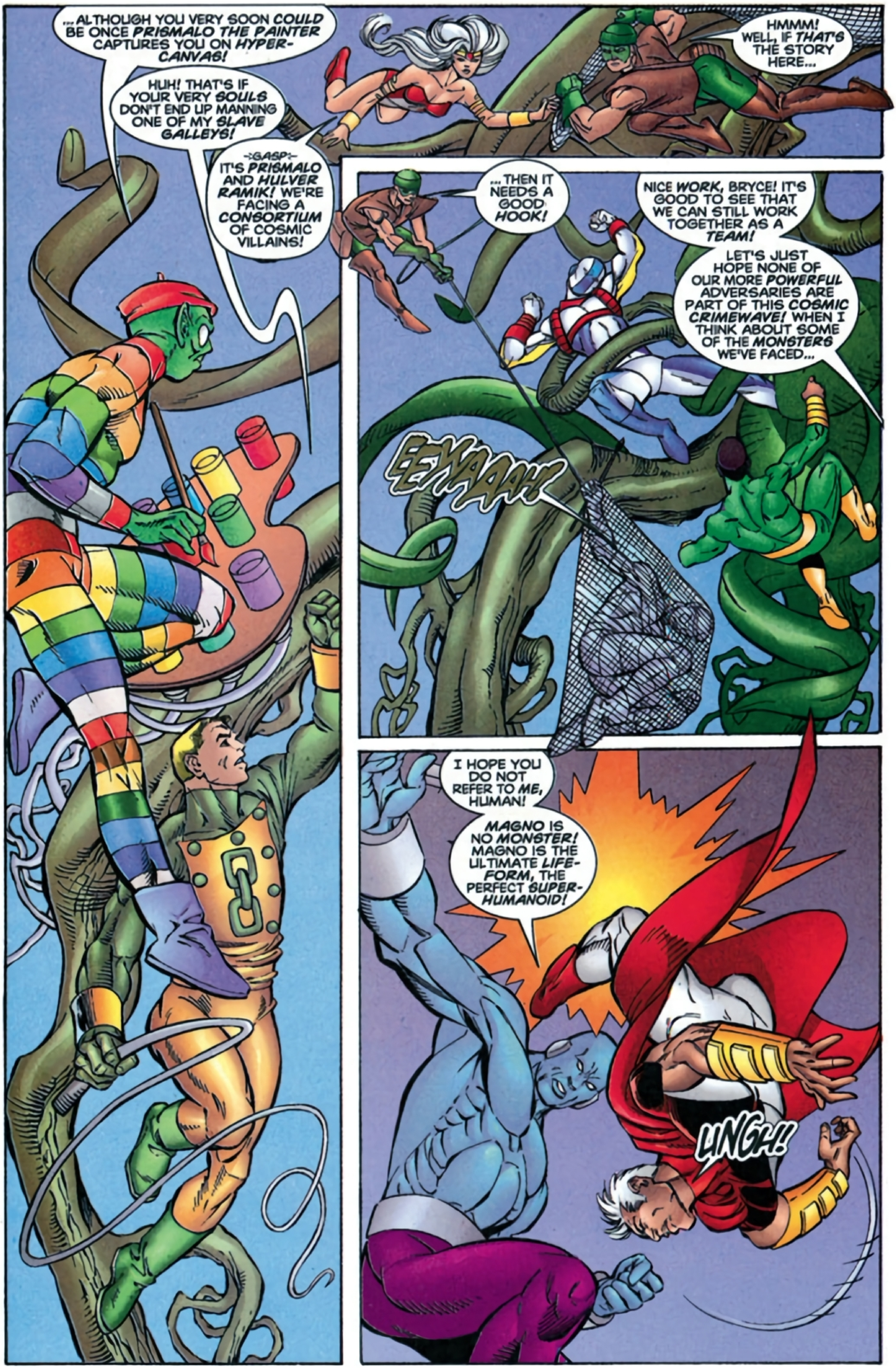

...AND I'M THE FIRST MAXIMAGE SINCE YOUR DISAPPEARANCE IN THE GREAT EVENT OF 2012...
YOU'RE REPEATING YOURSELF, ALEMBIC, AND IT'S CONFUSING! FOR ME, IT'S 2004 AND I'M ASSISTING BLAKE BARON AGAINST THE COVEN! WE'RE...
...WAIT A MINUTE. I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE ONCE BEFORE...
CONCENTRATE, MY FRIENDS! WE'RE BECOMING INCOHERENT...
INCOHERENT? MAYBE YOU, BUDDY, BUT NOT ME! LISTEN NONE OF YOU KNOW ME, BUT I'M EDDIE SAINT...
...THEN, BY 2060 AD...
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN HERE, LORI! THAT'S THE GROOVY, FREAKED-OUT TRIP WE'RE ON!
DELLA, STOP SAYING THAT AND LISTEN TO ME: I'M LORI SANDERS. IT'S 2011 AND I DESPERATELY NEED YOUR HELP...
CONCENTRATE, MY FRIENDS! WE'RE BECOMING INCOHERENT...
...ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE GREAT EVENT, I BECAME THE ALEMBIC, BUT NOR BEFORE MY ALCHEMICAL TRANSFORMATION...
MILORD, I ATTEMPTED THE SAME FOLLY! DEE, ATTENDED, AND FROM KELLY WAS OBTAINED THE RED POWDER...
REMARKABLE! A TABLE OF THE MAGI THAT'S SOMEHOW OUT OF TIME! WAIT UNTIL I TELL CARNACKI! HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE...
Mr. HUSH, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TIME. EVERY MAGICIAN KNOWS THAT.
NOW, DELLA? DELLA PSYCHIC? YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER MEETING ME, BUT...
HOLD ON! THIS ISN'T 2004! IT'S 1998, BUT TIME'S BREAKING...
...DOWN! DID I JUST SAY THAT?
AAAH! I CAN'T STAND THIS! I'M GETTING OUT OF...

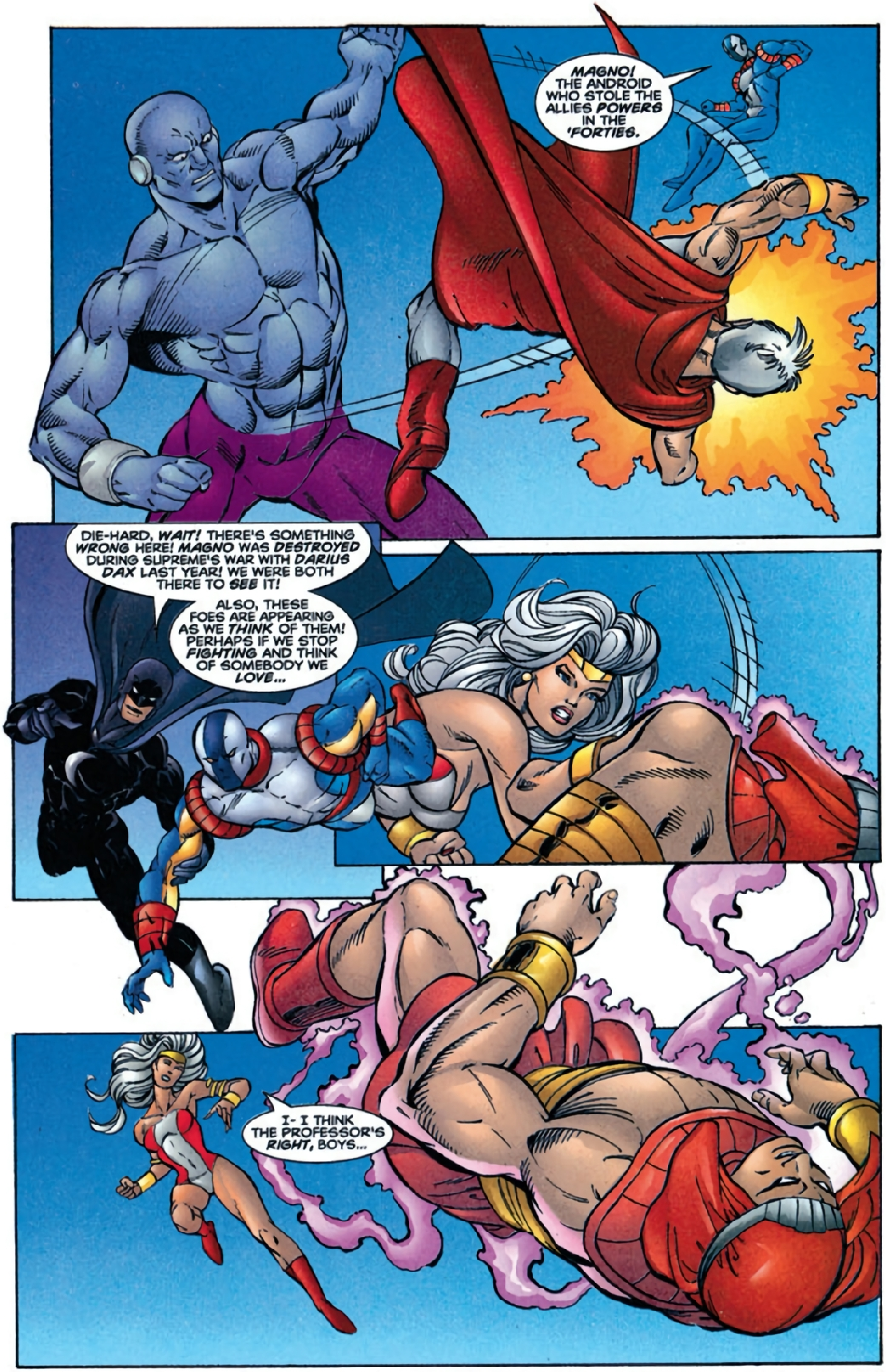

...HERE...
IS THE CHAIR *UNCOMFORTABLE*, MISTRESS? NO SOONER DO YOU SIT *DOWN* THAN YOU JUMP *UP* AGAIN!
D-DID I?
LEI-LING, IT WAS SO *STRANGE*. THE CHAIRS WERE FULL OF *PEOPLE*, ALL TALKING AT ONCE...
...I THINK THAT *Mr. SAINT* WAS THERE, AND THERE WAS THIS REAL *FLOWER-CHILD*...
THAT WOULD BE MISTRESS *DELLA*. SHE *HUNG* HERSELF IN STAR CITY'S *MISKATONIC ASYLUM*, LATE 1989.
COME NOW. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR *ROOM*. THE *BED* IS VERY *COMFORTABLE*...
THAT SOUNDS REAL GOOD. I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS PLACE JUST *FINE*.
Uh. SO THIS *BED*...
...YOU DIDN'T GET IT FROM THE SAME PLACE YOU GOT THE *TABLE*?
END OF DISK FOUR.

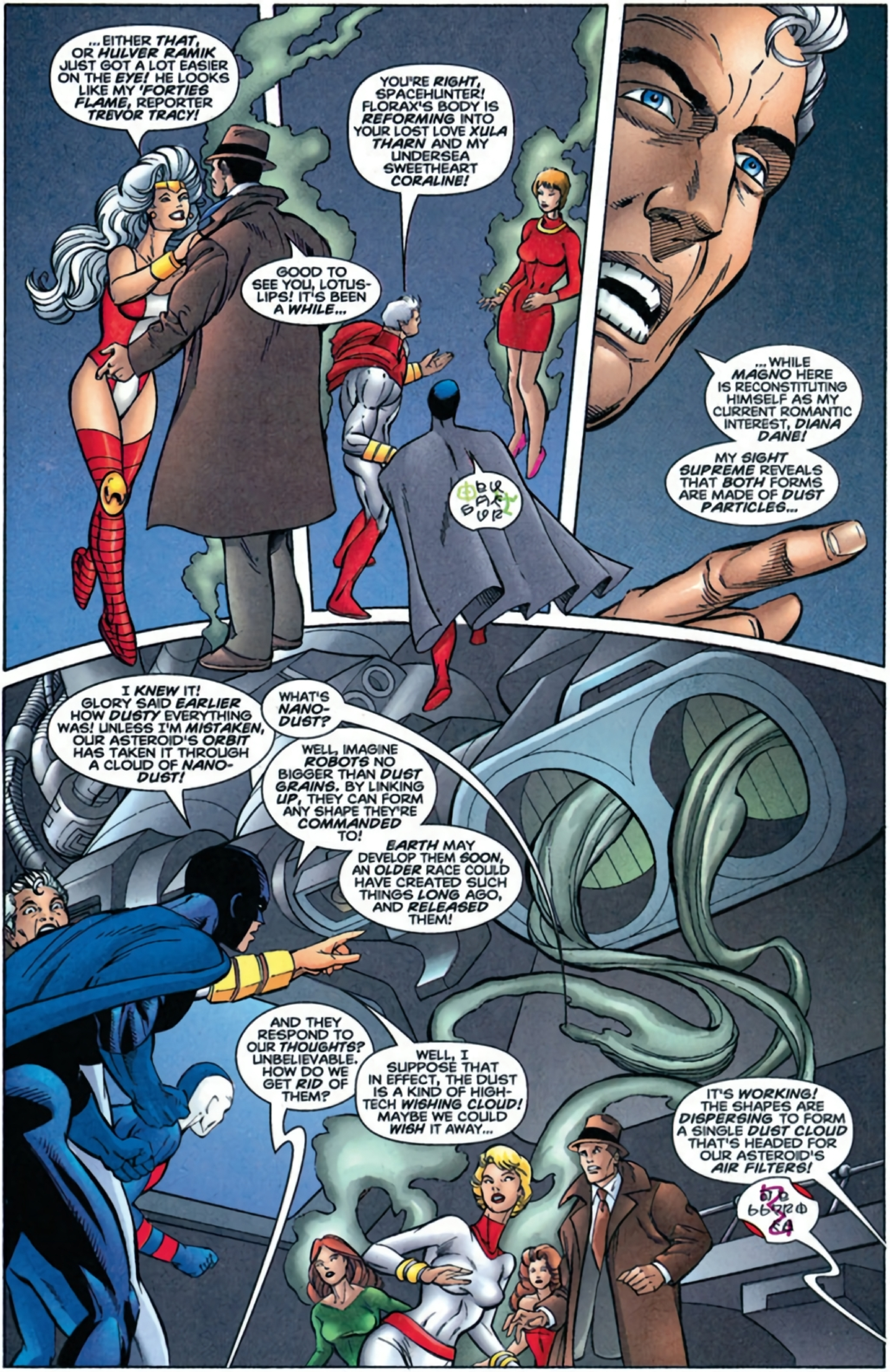

The ALLIES
SURRENDER, ALLIES! YOU CANNOT DEFEND YOUR ASTEROID BASE AGAINST ALL YOUR OLD FOES AT ONCE!
OUR TALE BEGINS IN OMEGAPOLIS, HOME OF DAZZLE COMICS...
MY ALLIES PAGER IS FLASHING! I MUST BE NEEDED AT HEADQUARTERS!
UH, EXCUSE ME, DIANA. I -- I JUST REMEMBERED SOME PENCILLED PAGES I LEFT AT MY APARTMENT...
MEANWHILE, IN BROOKLYN...
I'M REAL SORRY, PHOEBE, BUT MY MOTHER CALLED, NEEDING GROCERIES. I'LL MAKE UP THE TIME LATER, I PROMISE...
... RIGHT AFTER I RIDE A TACHYON BEAM TO ALLIES ASTEROID AND ANSWER THIS SIGNAL!
CAN EVEN THE COMBINED MIGHT OF SUPREME, GLORY, PROFESSOR NIGHT, THE DIE-HARD, ROMAN, THE FISHERMAN AND SPACEHUNTER SOLVE OUR...
MYSTERY of the MEMORABLE MENACES!

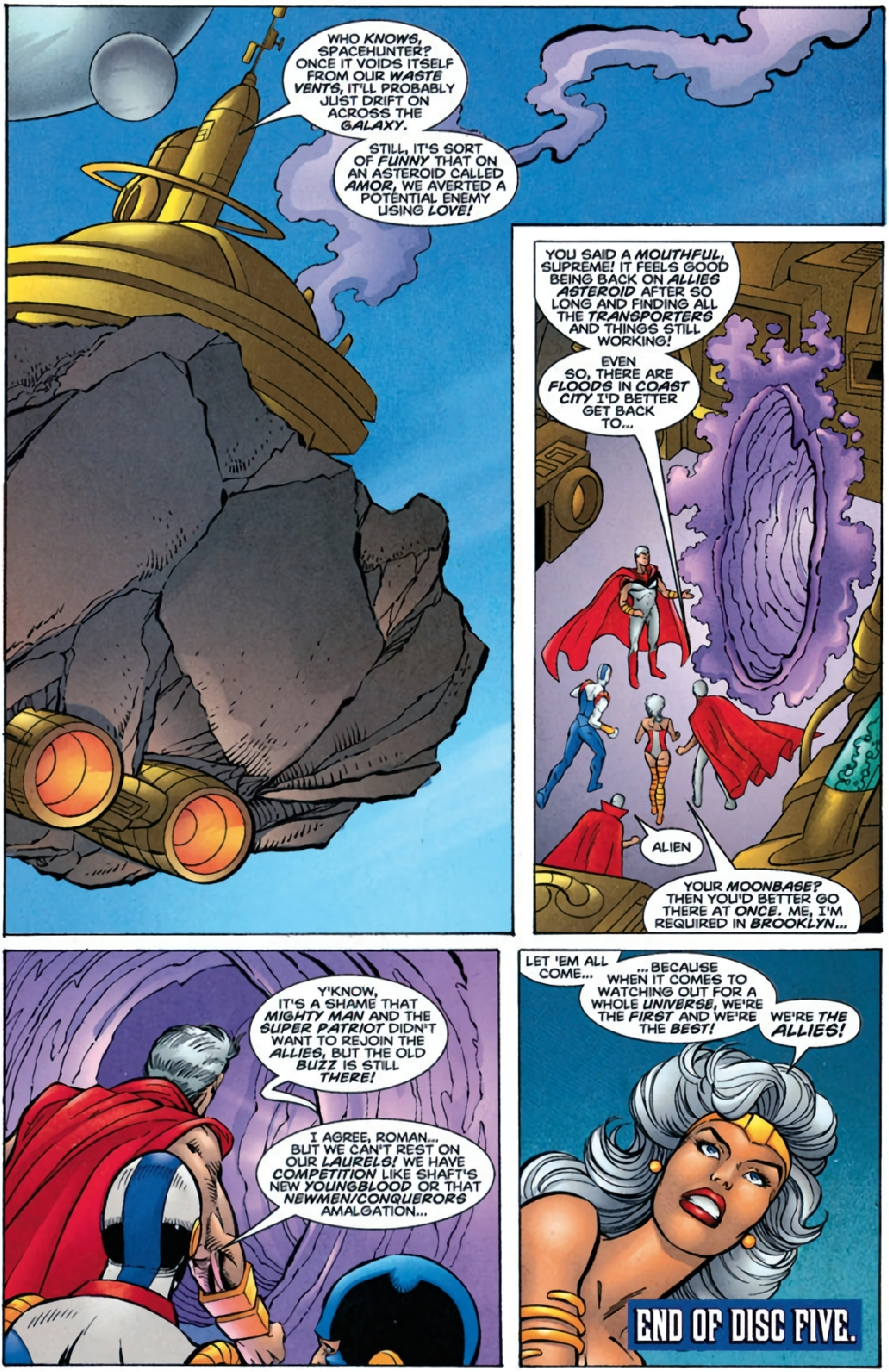

AND, IN MIDDLEVILLE...
A DENTIST APPOINTMENT? SURE, STEVE. TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF. ME AND THE MEN WILL TAKE CARE OF THE PAPERWORK ON THIS CASE.
SMART GUY, THAT STEVE STRONG. NOTICE HOW HE SPEAKS TO ME IN GERMAN, MY MOTHER'S LANGUAGE?
Huh? YOU'RE DAYDREAMIN', CHIEF! THAT WAS THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH!
Huh? Oh, HI, SPACEHUNTER! I SEE YOU CAME BY TACHYON EXPRESS RATHER THAN FLYING HERE, LIKE ME.
AS FOR YOUR QUESTION, ROMAN WAS ON WATCH DUTY. HE REPORTED A SUPPOSED INCIDENT...
THERE'S NO "SUPPOSED" ABOUT IT! I SAY MY OLD FOE KILLER CRAB SCUTTLING THROUGH THE CENTRAL PLAZA. STRANGELY ENOUGH, I'D JUST BEEN THINKING ABOUT HIM...
Hmm. SPACEHUNTER'S RIGHT: OUR BASE HERE ON ASTEROID AMOR IS CURRENTLY MILLIONS OF KILOMETERS FROM EARTH. SURELY ONE OF OUR COSMIC ENEMIES IS MORE LIKELY?
GREAT SHIMMERING SEA-BASS! TALK ABOUT TIMELY REMARKS, TAYLOR! LOOK OVER THERE!

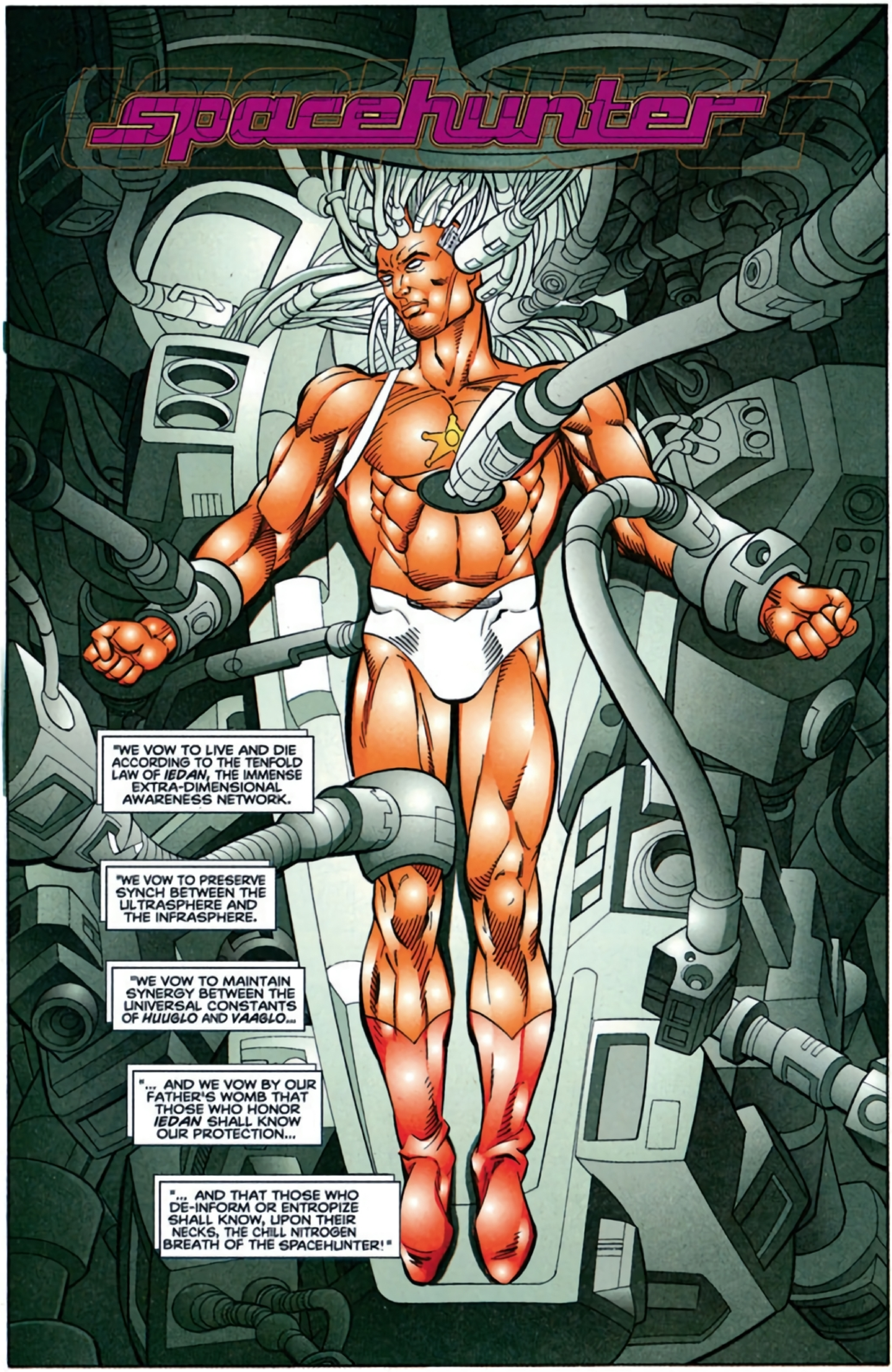

INCREDIBLE! OUR OLDEST ENEMY, THE MIND-MANIPULATING INTER-STELLAR ORCHID FLORAX, BURSTING FROM OUR ASTEROID'S SYNTHETIC FLOOR!
AND IT'S NO ILLUSION! MY IN-BODY SENSORS DETECT A PHYSICAL FORM THERE!
THEN WE HAVE TO STOP FLORAX BEFORE SHE RELEASES SPORES, OTHERWISE WE'LL BE FACING HUNDREDS OF HER!
BUT HOW CAN IT BE FLORAX? I THOUGHT HER LAST SPORES WERE DESTROYED IN 1971?
THE LAST EARTHLY SPORES, BUT THERE MAY HAVE BEEN MORE OUT IN SPACE.
ASTEROID AMOR, COLONIZED AS A BASE BY THE ALLIES IN THE LATE 'SIXTIES, COVERS A LOT OF TERRITORY DURING ITS 2.6-YEAR ORBIT!
WELL, I'M NOT SURPRISED THERE ARE FLORAX-SPORES HERE! NOBODY'S SWEPT UP SINCE WE RECENTLY DECIDED TO REFORM AND REOCCUPY THIS PLACE!
THERE'S DUST EVERYWHERE!...
...IN FACT, AS SOON AS WE'VE DEFOLIATED FLORAX, I'M GOING TO ORGANIZE A CLEANING DETAIL!
WE'RE LUCKY WE'RE ONLY FACING THE BEWITCHING BLOSSOM, RATHER THAN ANY OF OUR UGLIER, NASTIER FOES!
DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON, DEAR PRINCESS! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE NO OIL PAINTING YOURSELF...

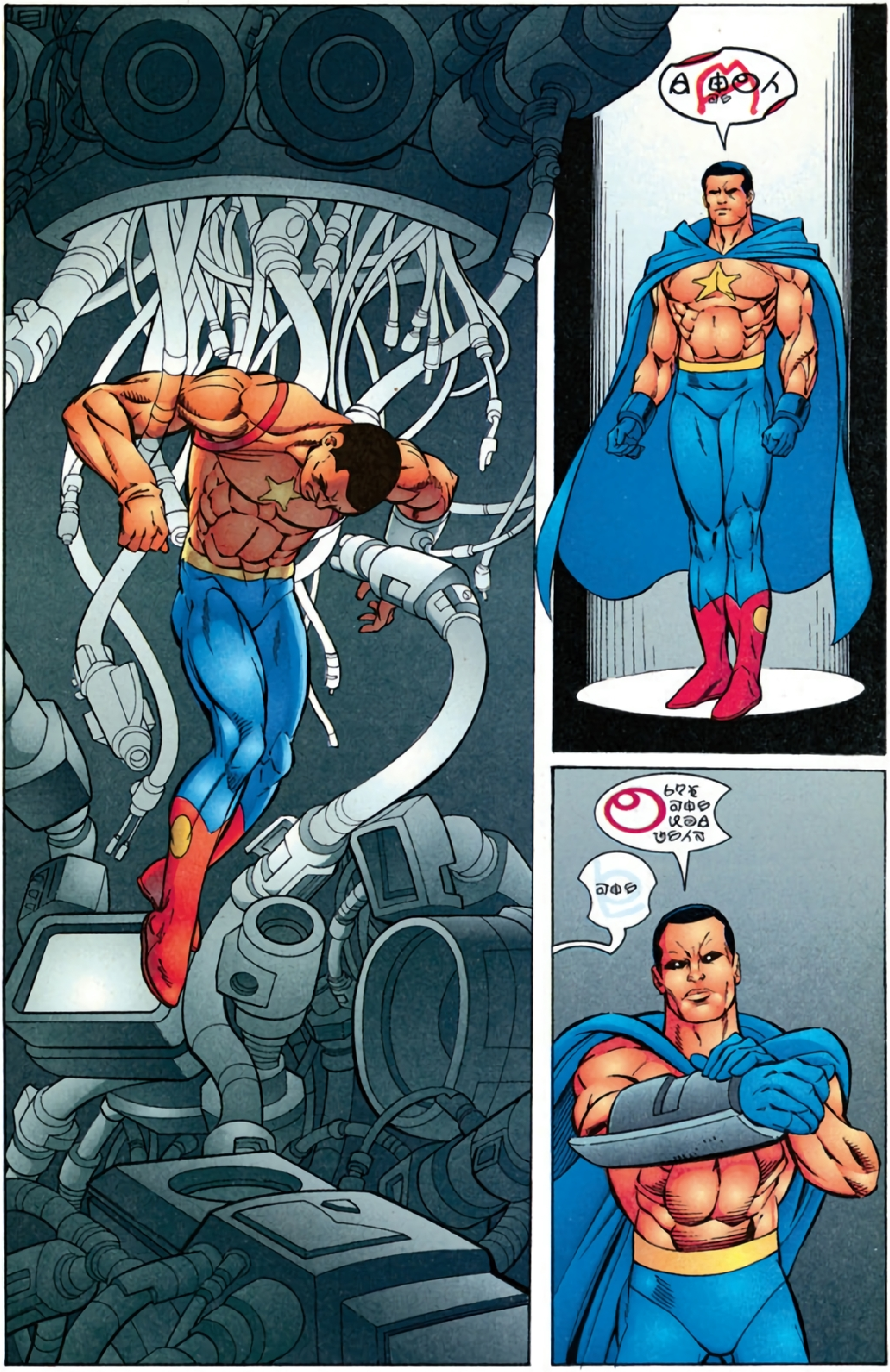

...ALTHOUGH YOU VERY SOON COULD BE ONCE PRISMALO THE PAINTER CAPTURES YOU ON HYPER-CANVAS!
HUH! THAT'S IF YOUR VERY SOULS DON'T END UP MANNING ONE OF MY SLAVE GALLEYS!
-GASP- IT'S PRISMALO AND HULVER RAMIK! WE'RE FACING A CONSORTIUM OF COSMIC VILLAINS!
HMMM! WELL, IF THAT'S THE STORY HERE...
...THEN IT NEEDS A GOOD HOOK!
NICE WORK, BRYCE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE THAT WE CAN STILL WORK TOGETHER AS A TEAM!
LET'S JUST HOPE NONE OF OUR MORE POWERFUL ADVERSARIES ARE PART OF THIS COSMIC CRIMEWAVE! WHEN I THINK ABOUT SOME OF THE MONSTERS WE'VE FACED...
EEYAAAH!
I HOPE YOU DO NOT REFER TO ME, HUMAN!
MAGNO IS NO MONSTER! MAGNO IS THE ULTIMATE LIFE-FORM, THE PERFECT SUPER-HUMANOID!
UNGH!

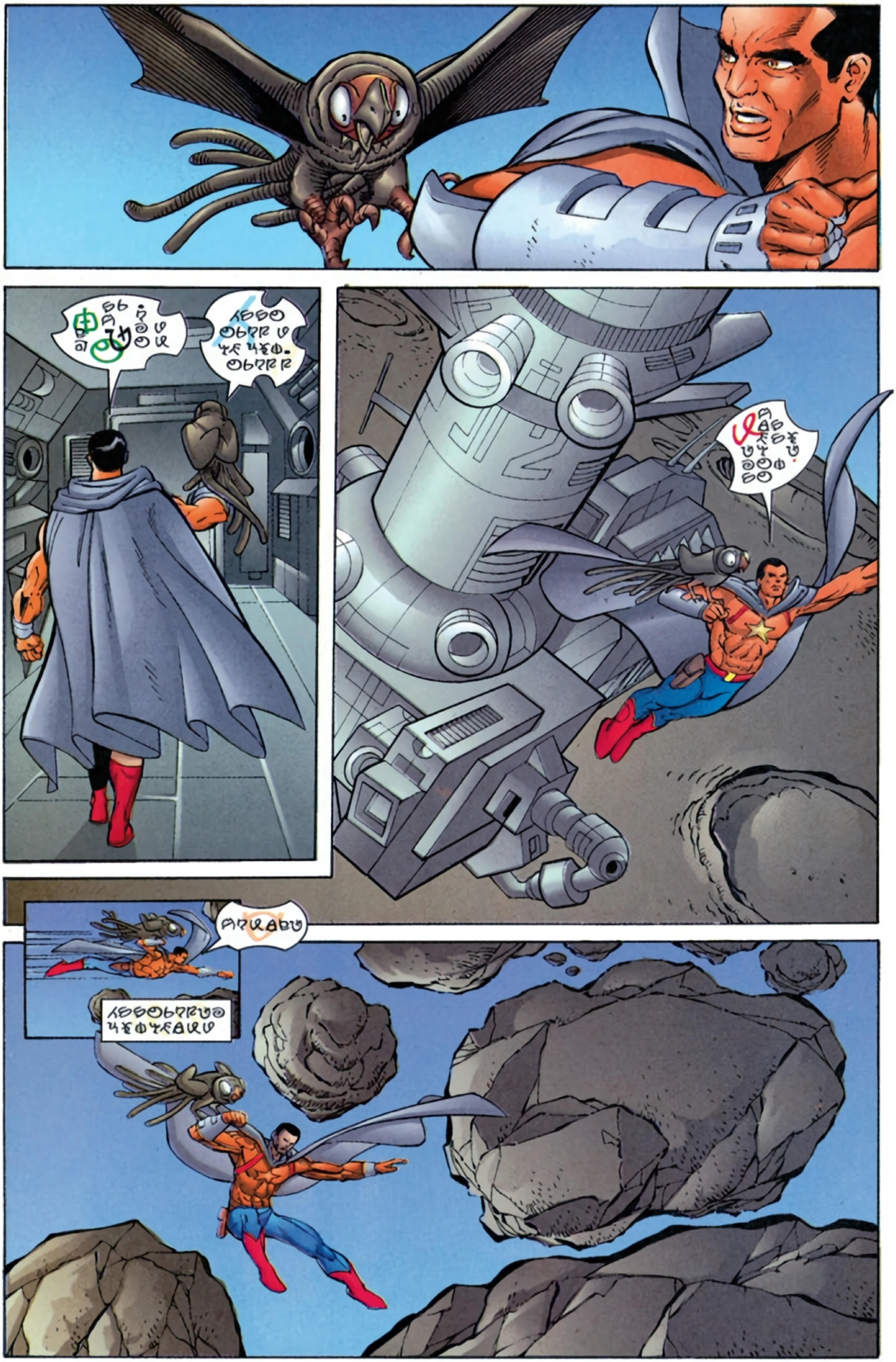

MAGNO! THE ANDROID WHO STOLE THE ALLIES *POWERS* IN THE *'FORTIES*.
DIE-HARD, *WAIT!* THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* HERE! *MAGNO* WAS *DESTROYED* DURING SUPREME'S WAR WITH *DARIUS DAX* LAST YEAR! WE WERE BOTH THERE TO *SEE* IT!
ALSO, THESE FOES ARE APPEARING AS WE *THINK* OF THEM! PERHAPS IF WE STOP *FIGHTING* AND THINK OF SOMEBODY WE *LOVE*...
I- I THINK THE PROFESSOR'S *RIGHT*, BOYS...

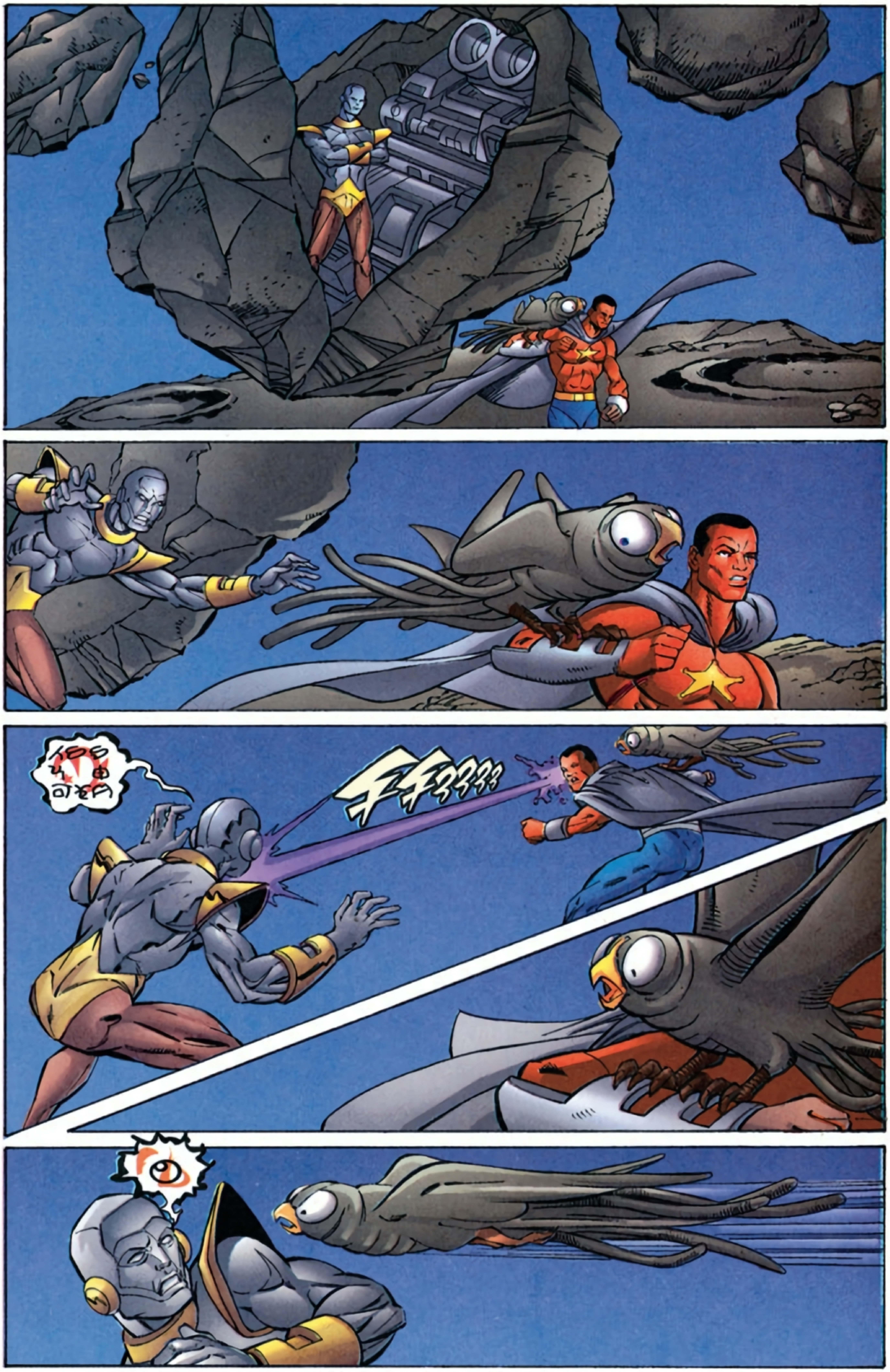

...EITHER *THAT*, OR *HULVER RAMIK* JUST GOT A LOT EASIER ON THE *EYE!* HE LOOKS LIKE MY *'FORTIES FLAME*, REPORTER *TREVOR TRACY!*
GOOD TO SEE YOU, LOTUS-LIPS! IT'S BEEN A *WHILE*...
YOU'RE *RIGHT*, SPACEHUNTER! FLORAX'S BODY IS *REFORMING* INTO YOUR LOST LOVE *XULA THARN* AND MY UNDERSEA SWEETHEART *CORALINE!*
...WHILE *MAGNO* HERE IS RECONSTITUTING HIMSELF AS MY CURRENT ROMANTIC INTEREST, *DIANA DANE!*
MY *SIGHT SUPREME* REVEALS THAT *BOTH* FORMS ARE MADE OF *DUST PARTICLES*...
I *KNEW* IT! GLORY SAID *EARLIER* HOW *DUSTY* EVERYTHING WAS! UNLESS I'M *MISTAKEN*, OUR ASTEROID'S *ORBIT* HAS TAKEN IT THROUGH A CLOUD OF *NANO-DUST!*
WHAT'S *NANO-DUST?*
WELL, IMAGINE *ROBOTS* NO BIGGER THAN *DUST GRAINS*. BY LINKING *UP*, THEY CAN FORM ANY SHAPE THEY'RE *COMMANDED* TO!
*EARTH* MAY DEVELOP THEM *SOON*, AN *OLDER* RACE COULD HAVE CREATED SUCH THINGS *LONG* AGO, AND *RELEASED* THEM!
AND THEY RESPOND TO OUR *THOUGHTS?* UNBELIEVABLE. HOW DO WE GET *RID* OF THEM?
WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT IN EFFECT, THE DUST IS A KIND OF HIGH-TECH *WISHING CLOUD!* MAYBE WE COULD *WISH* IT AWAY...
IT'S *WORKING!* THE SHAPES ARE *DISPERSING* TO FORM A SINGLE *DUST CLOUD* THAT'S HEADED FOR OUR ASTEROID'S *AIR FILTERS!*


WHO KNOWS, SPACEHUNTER? ONCE IT VOIDS ITSELF FROM OUR WASTE VENTS, IT'LL PROBABLY JUST DRIFT ON ACROSS THE GALAXY.
STILL, IT'S SORT OF FUNNY THAT ON AN ASTEROID CALLED AMOR, WE AVERTED A POTENTIAL ENEMY USING LOVE!
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, SUPREME! IT FEELS GOOD BEING BACK ON ALLIES ASTEROID AFTER SO LONG AND FINDING ALL THE TRANSPORTERS AND THINGS STILL WORKING!
EVEN SO, THERE ARE FLOODS IN COAST CITY I'D BETTER GET BACK TO...
ALIEN
YOUR MOONBASE? THEN YOU'D BETTER GO THERE AT ONCE. ME, I'M REQUIRED IN BROOKLYN...
Y'KNOW, IT'S A SHAME THAT MIGHTY MAN AND THE SUPER PATRIOT DIDN'T WANT TO REJOIN THE ALLIES, BUT THE OLD BUZZ IS STILL THERE!
I AGREE, ROMAN... BUT WE CAN'T REST ON OUR LAURELS! WE HAVE COMPETITION LIKE SHAFT'S NEW YOUNGBLOOD OR THAT NEWMEN/CONQUERORS AMALGATION...
LET 'EM ALL COME...
...BECAUSE WHEN IT COMES TO WATCHING OUT FOR A WHOLE UNIVERSE, WE'RE THE FIRST AND WE'RE THE BEST!
WE'RE THE ALLIES!
END OF DISC FIVE.


SPACEHUNTER
"WE VOW TO LIVE AND DIE ACCORDING TO THE TENFOLD LAW OF *IEDAN*, THE IMMENSE EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL AWARENESS NETWORK.
"WE VOW TO PRESERVE SYNCH BETWEEN THE ULTRASPHERE AND THE INFRASPHERE.
"WE VOW TO MAINTAIN SYNERGY BETWEEN THE UNIVERSAL CONSTANTS OF *HUUGLO* AND *VAAGLO*...
"... AND WE VOW BY OUR FATHER'S WOMB THAT THOSE WHO HONOR *IEDAN* SHALL KNOW OUR PROTECTION...
"... AND THAT THOSE WHO DE-INFORM OR ENTROPIZE SHALL KNOW, UPON THEIR NECKS, THE CHILL NITROGEN BREATH OF THE SPACEHUNTER!"



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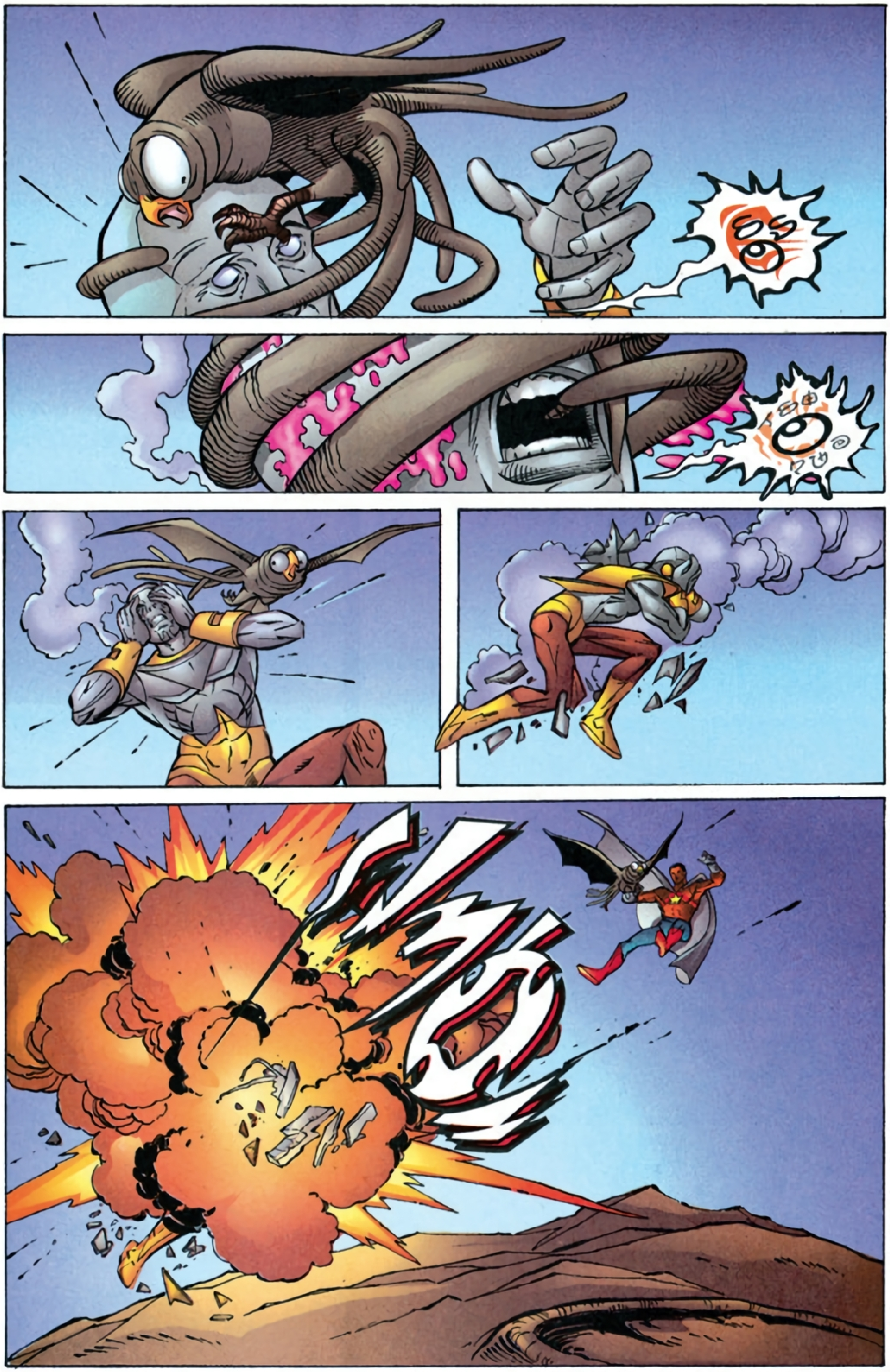
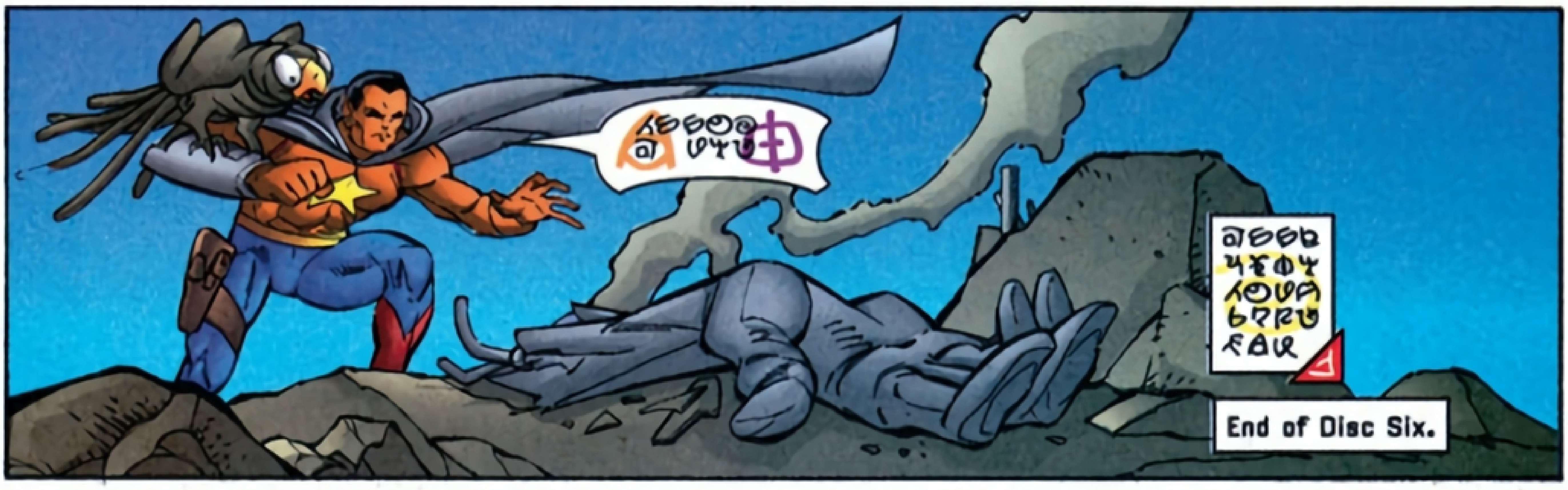
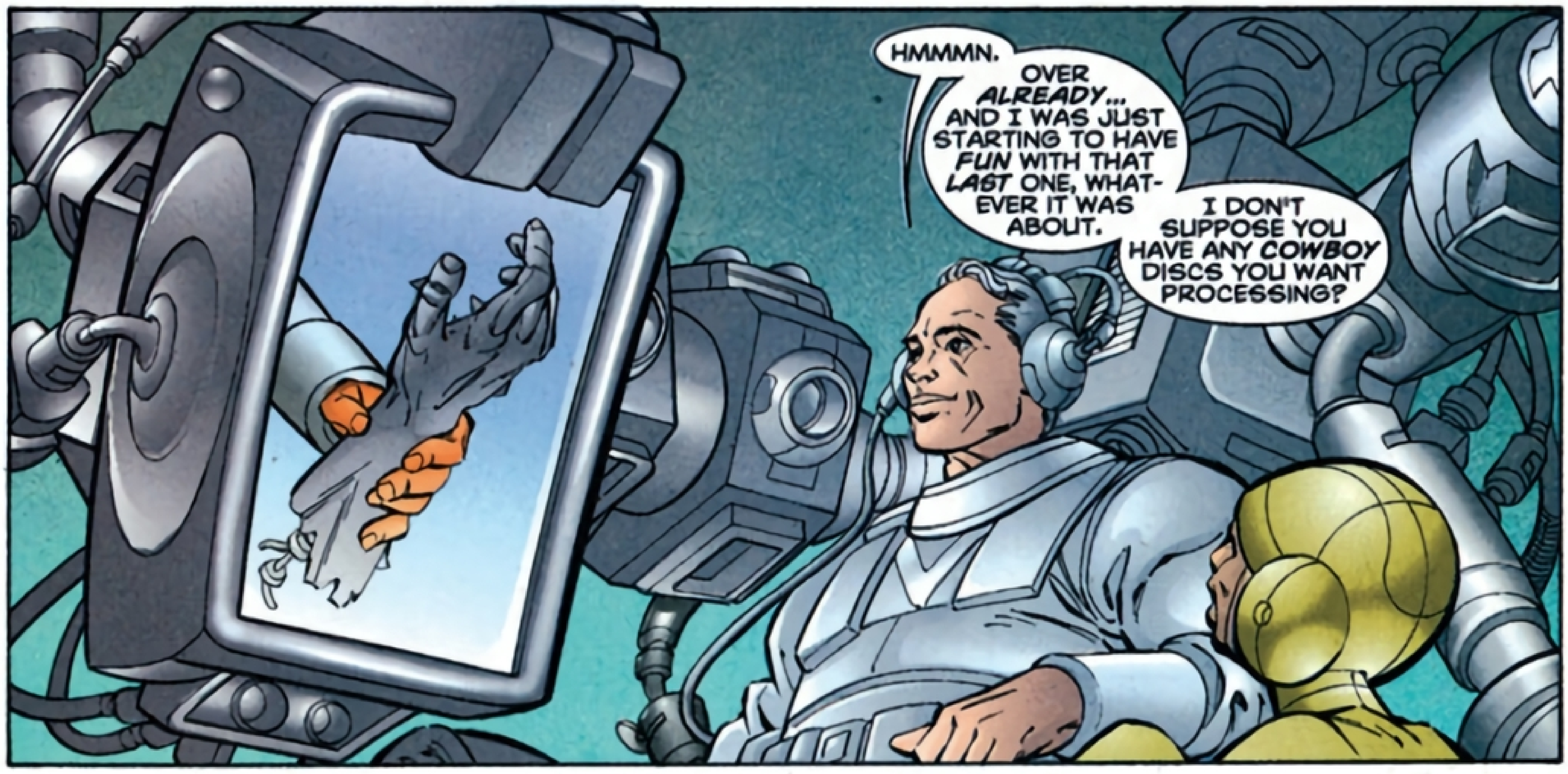
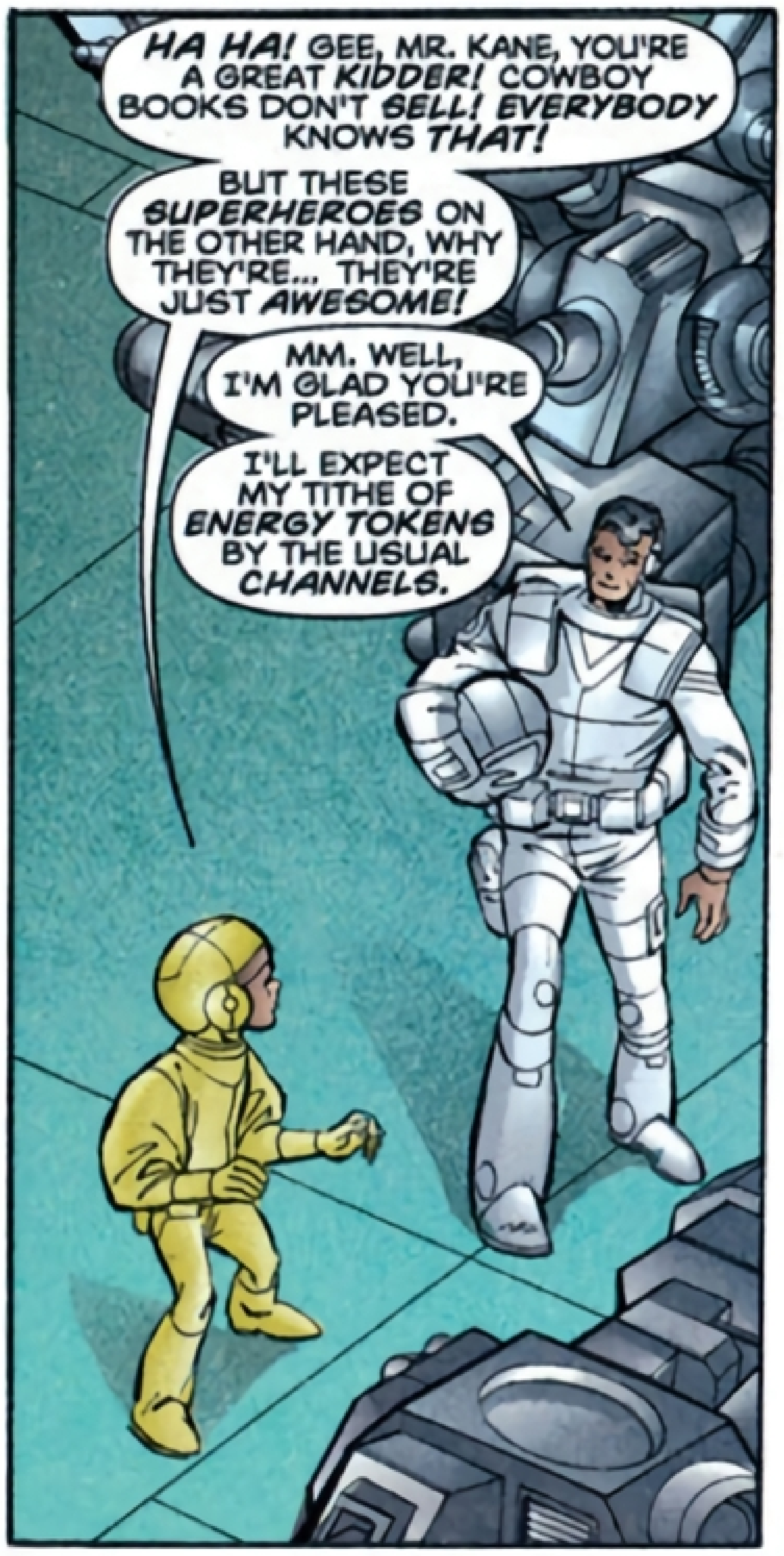
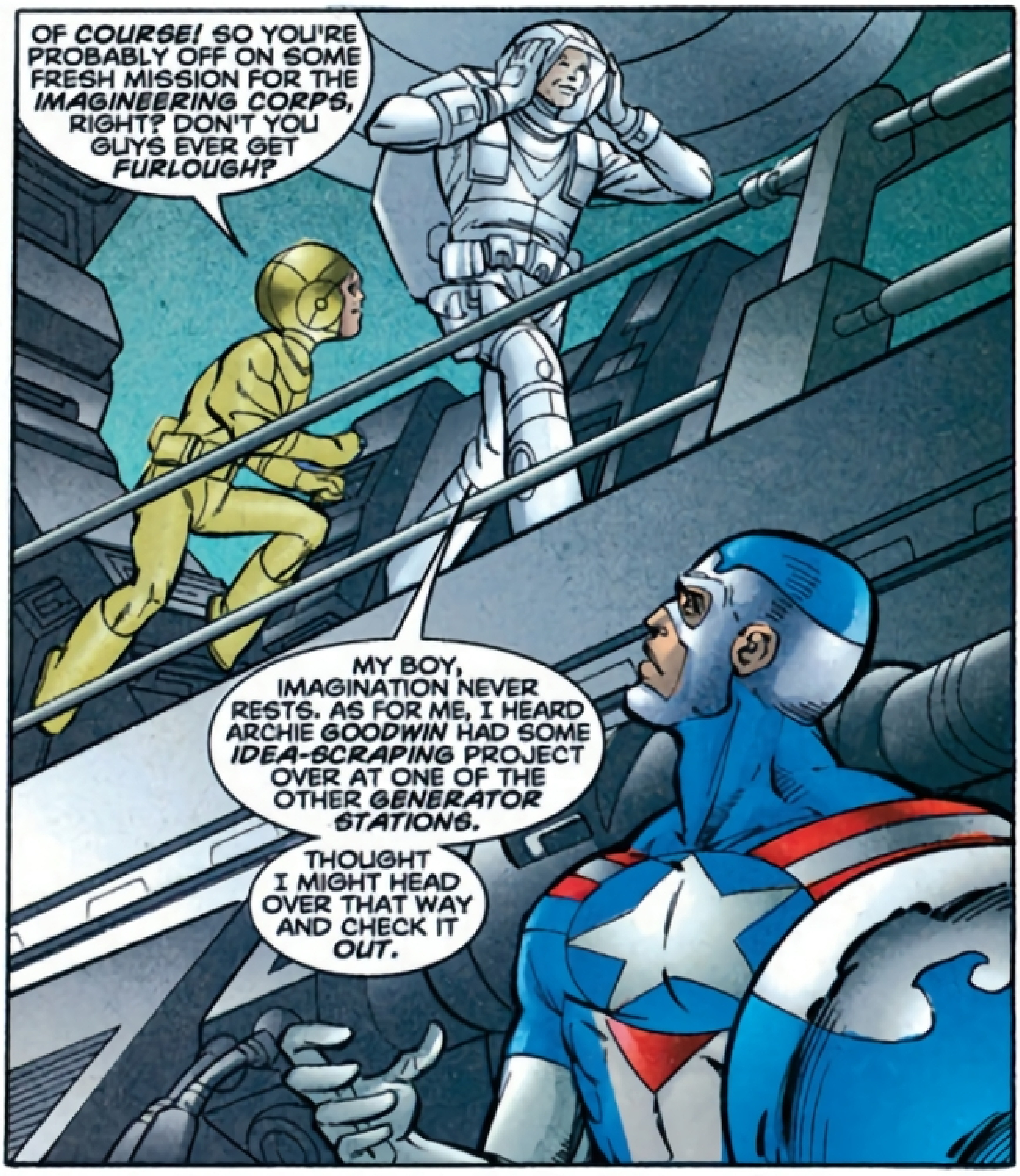
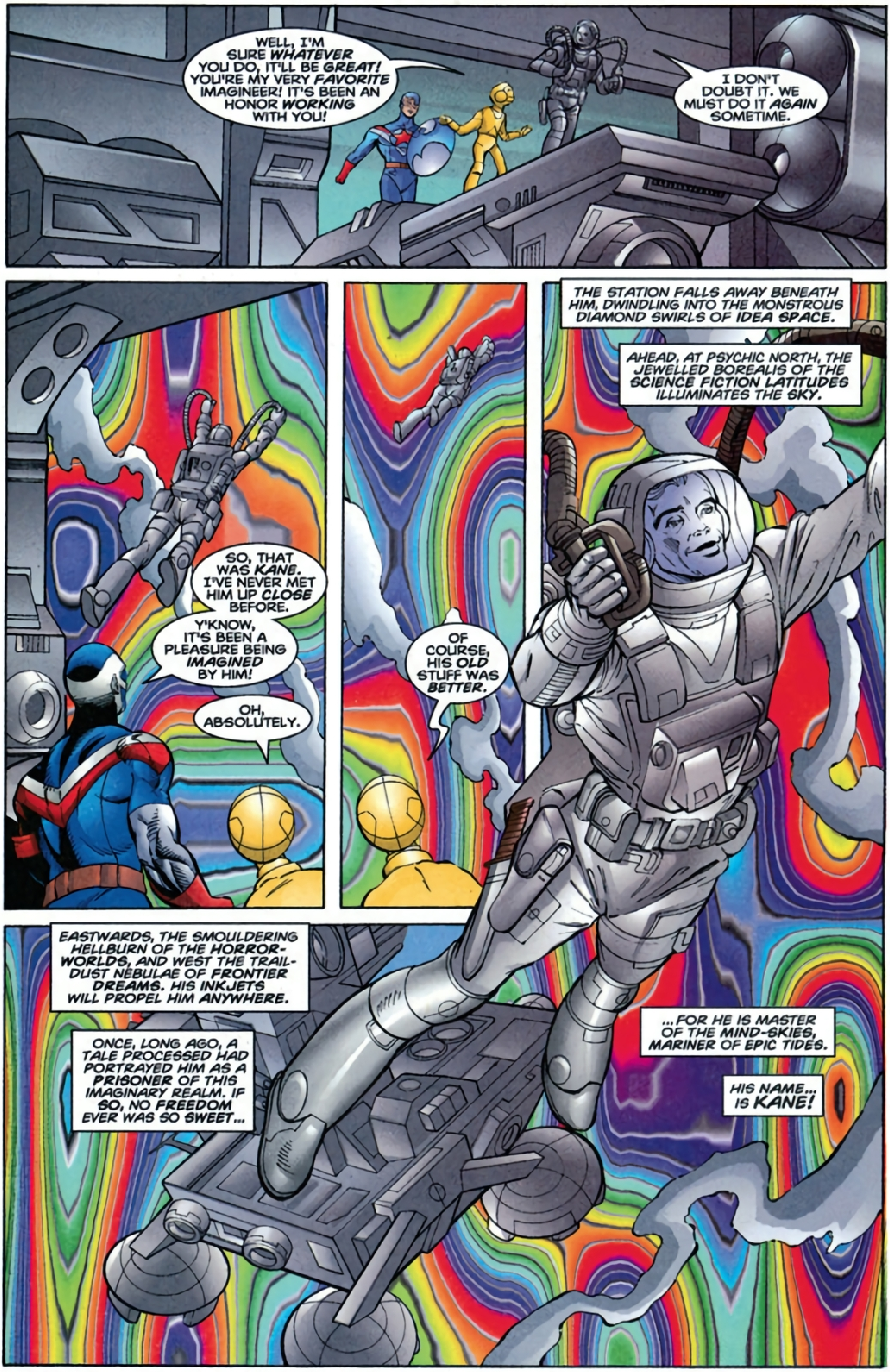



End of Disc Six.


HMMMN.
OVER *ALREADY*... AND I WAS JUST STARTING TO HAVE *FUN* WITH THAT *LAST* ONE, WHATEVER IT WAS ABOUT.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY *COWBOY* DISCS YOU WANT PROCESSING?


*HA HA!* GEE, MR. KANE, YOU'RE A GREAT *KIDDER!* COWBOY BOOKS DON'T *SELL! EVERYBODY* KNOWS *THAT!*
BUT THESE *SUPERHEROES* ON THE OTHER HAND, WHY THEY'RE... THEY'RE JUST *AWESOME!*
MM. WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE PLEASED.
I'LL EXPECT MY TITHE OF *ENERGY TOKENS* BY THE USUAL *CHANNELS.*


OF *COURSE!* SO YOU'RE PROBABLY OFF ON SOME FRESH MISSION FOR THE *IMAGINEERING CORPS,* RIGHT? DON'T YOU GUYS EVER GET *FURLOUGH?*
MY BOY, IMAGINATION NEVER RESTS. AS FOR ME, I HEARD ARCHIE *GOODWIN* HAD SOME *IDEA-SCRAPING* PROJECT OVER AT ONE OF THE OTHER *GENERATOR STATIONS.*
THOUGHT I MIGHT HEAD OVER THAT WAY AND CHECK IT *OUT.*


WELL, I'M SURE WHATEVER YOU DO, IT'LL BE GREAT! YOU'RE MY VERY FAVORITE IMAGINEER! IT'S BEEN AN HONOR WORKING WITH YOU!
I DON'T DOUBT IT. WE MUST DO IT AGAIN SOMETIME.
SO, THAT WAS KANE. I'VE NEVER MET HIM UP CLOSE BEFORE.
Y'KNOW, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE BEING IMAGINED BY HIM!
OH, ABSOLUTELY.
OF COURSE, HIS OLD STUFF WAS BETTER.
THE STATION FALLS AWAY BENEATH HIM, DWINDLING INTO THE MONSTROUS DIAMOND SWIRLS OF IDEA SPACE.
AHEAD, AT PSYCHIC NORTH, THE JEWELLED BOREALIS OF THE SCIENCE FICTION LATITUDES ILLUMINATES THE SKY.
EASTWARDS, THE SMOULDERING HELLBURN OF THE HORROR-WORLDS, AND WEST THE TRAIL-DUST NEBULAE OF FRONTIER DREAMS. HIS INKJETS WILL PROPEL HIM ANYWHERE.
ONCE, LONG AGO, A TALE PROCESSED HAD PORTRAYED HIM AS A PRISONER OF THIS IMAGINARY REALM. IF SO, NO FREEDOM EVER WAS SO SWEET...
...FOR HE IS MASTER OF THE MIND-SKIES, MARINER OF EPIC TIDES.
HIS NAME... IS KANE!

ALAN MOORE

# JUDGMENT DAY

## CHAPTER SIX

## OUR PLAYERS

Classified

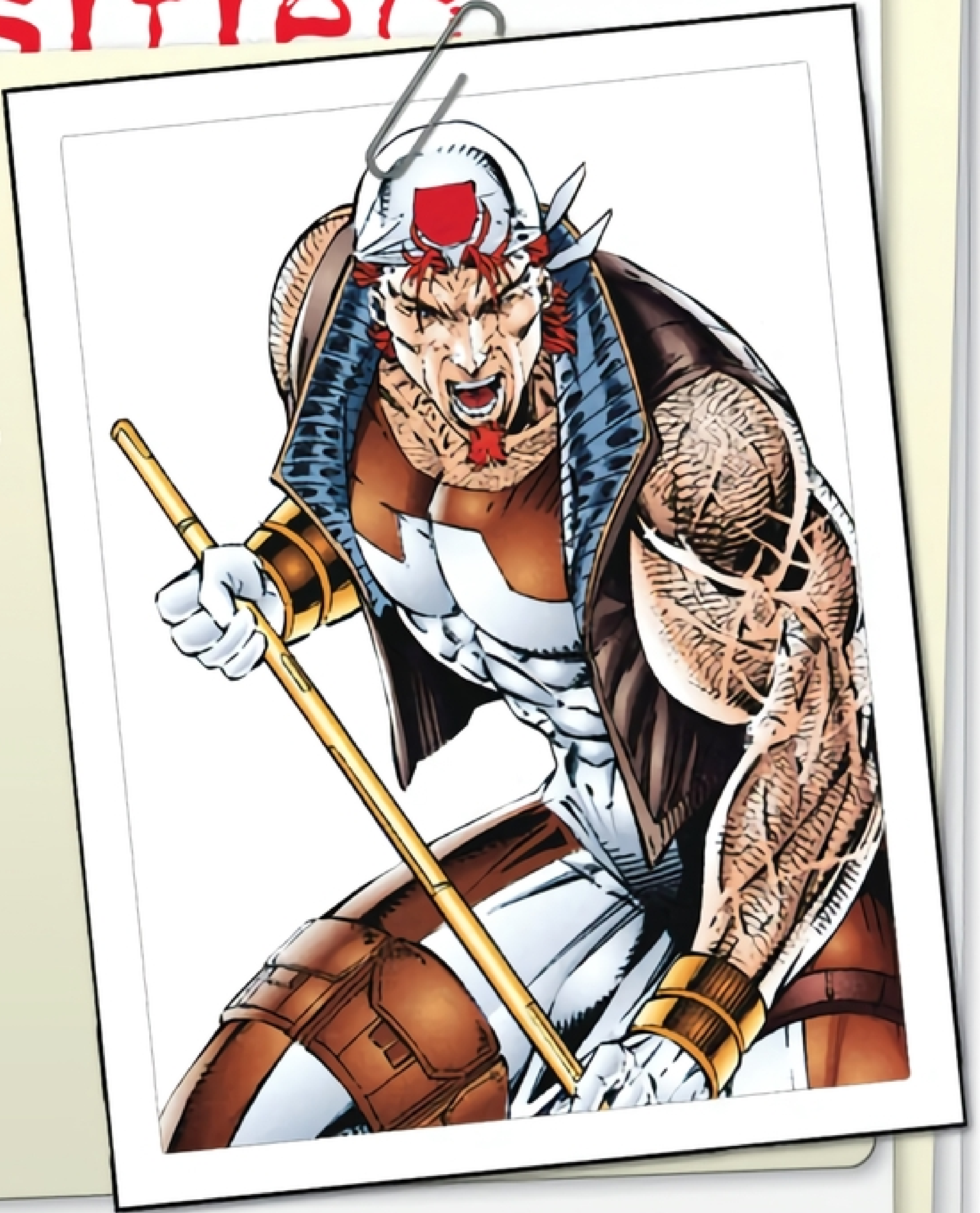
**Knight Sabre**

Real Name: Mick (surname unknown)

An Australian street-fighter and thief and a latecomer to Team Youngblood. Has the ability to absorb energy from his opponents as he battles with a titanium-alloy battle staff.

First Appearance:
Team Youngblood 9 , May 1994

Appearances: Youngblood 6-10



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Classified

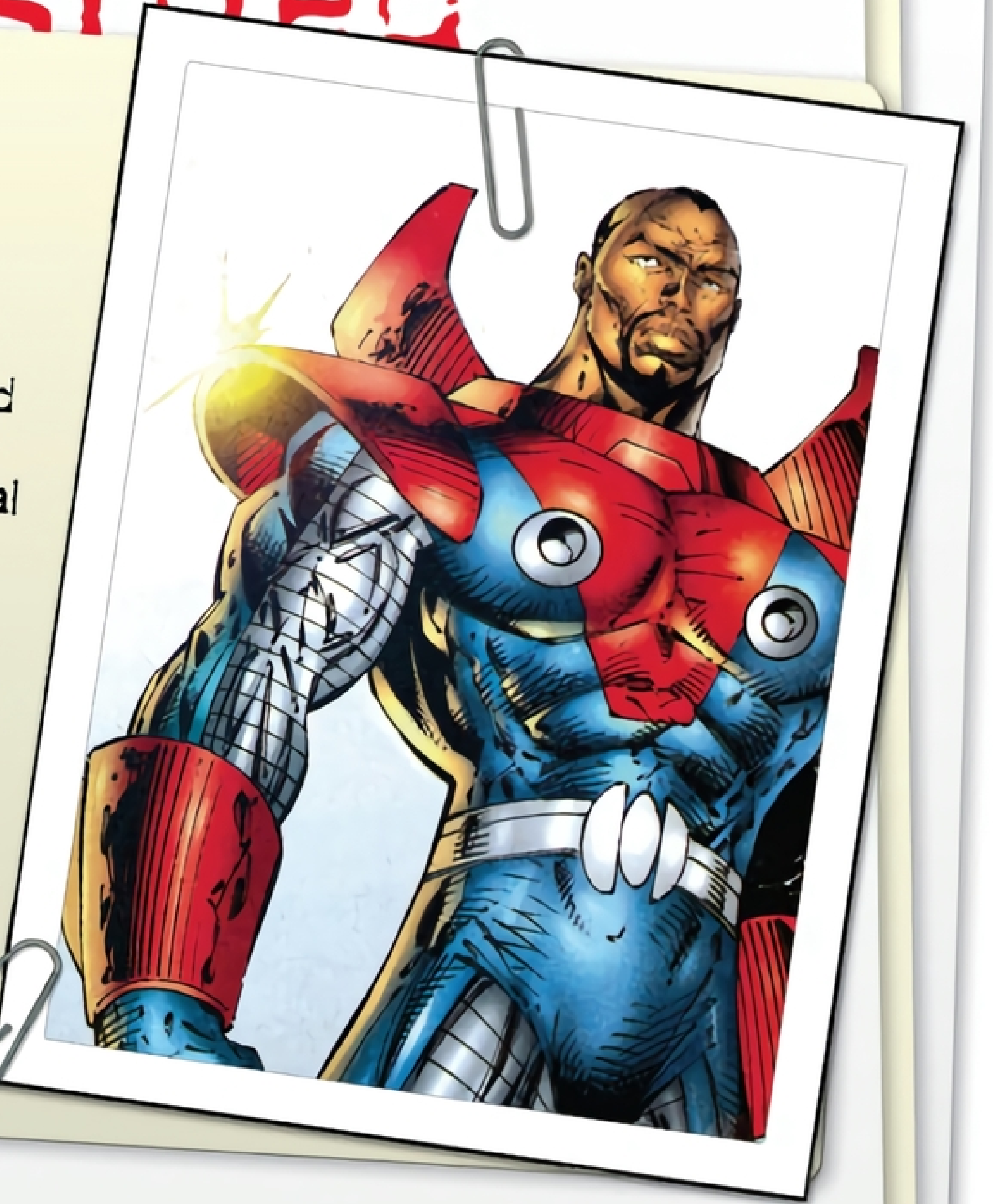
**Sentinel**

Real Name: Marcus Langston

A world-class scientist outfitted with his own inventions, including a near impenetrable fusion-powered exo-skeleton, an anti-gravity belt, and powerful wrist blasters. Orginal leader of Youngblood, and now heads up Team Youngblood.

First Appearance:
Youngblood 1, April 1992

Appearances: Team Youngblood 1-12



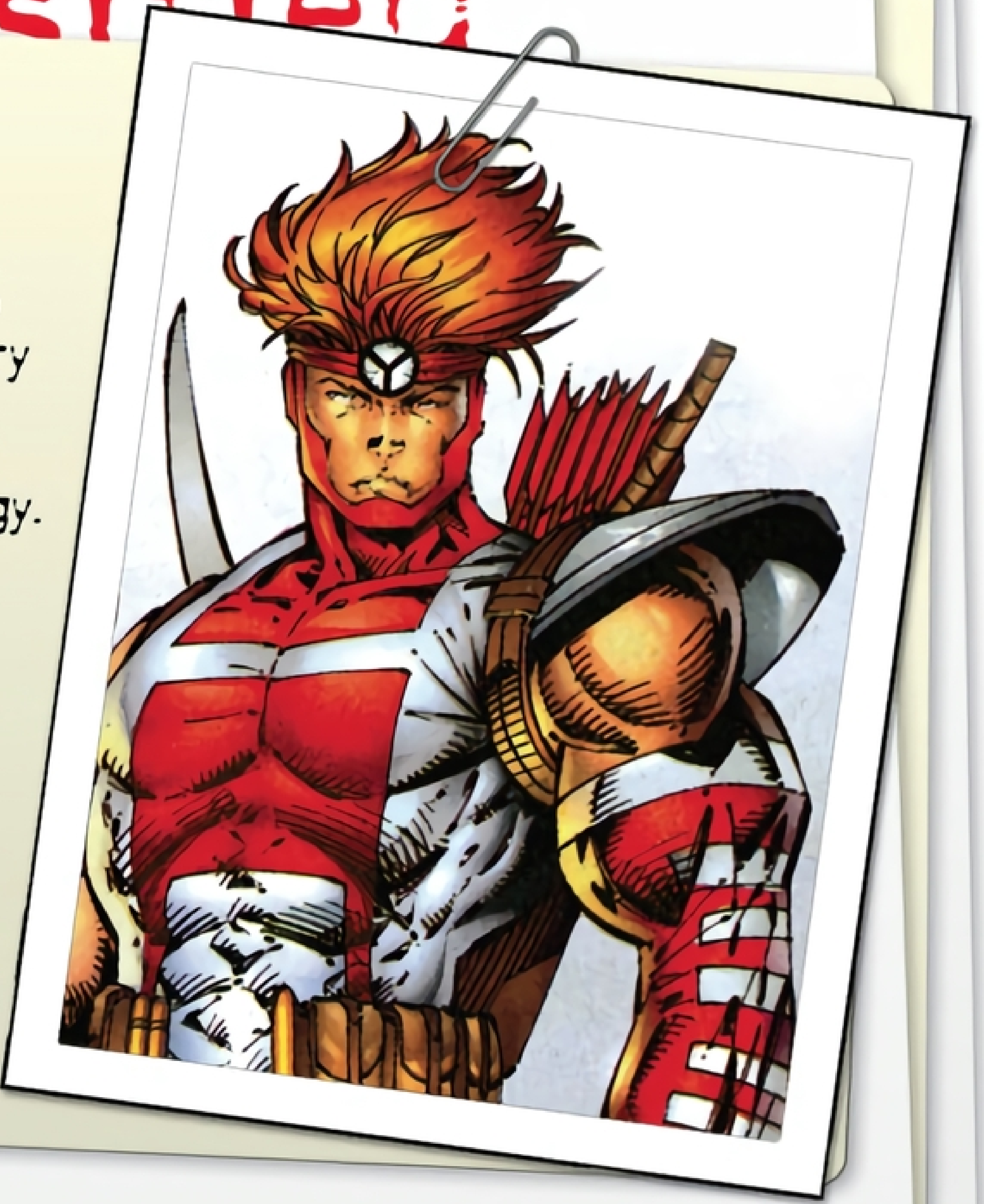
## Shaft

Real Name: Jeff Terrell

Distinguished FBI agent picked to lead Youngblood. Excelled in archery as a youth. Outfitted with a high-tech, linear acceleration bow utilizing extraterrestrial technology.

First Appearance:
Youngblood 1, 1992

Appearances: Youngblood 1-10, Youngblood Strikefile 8



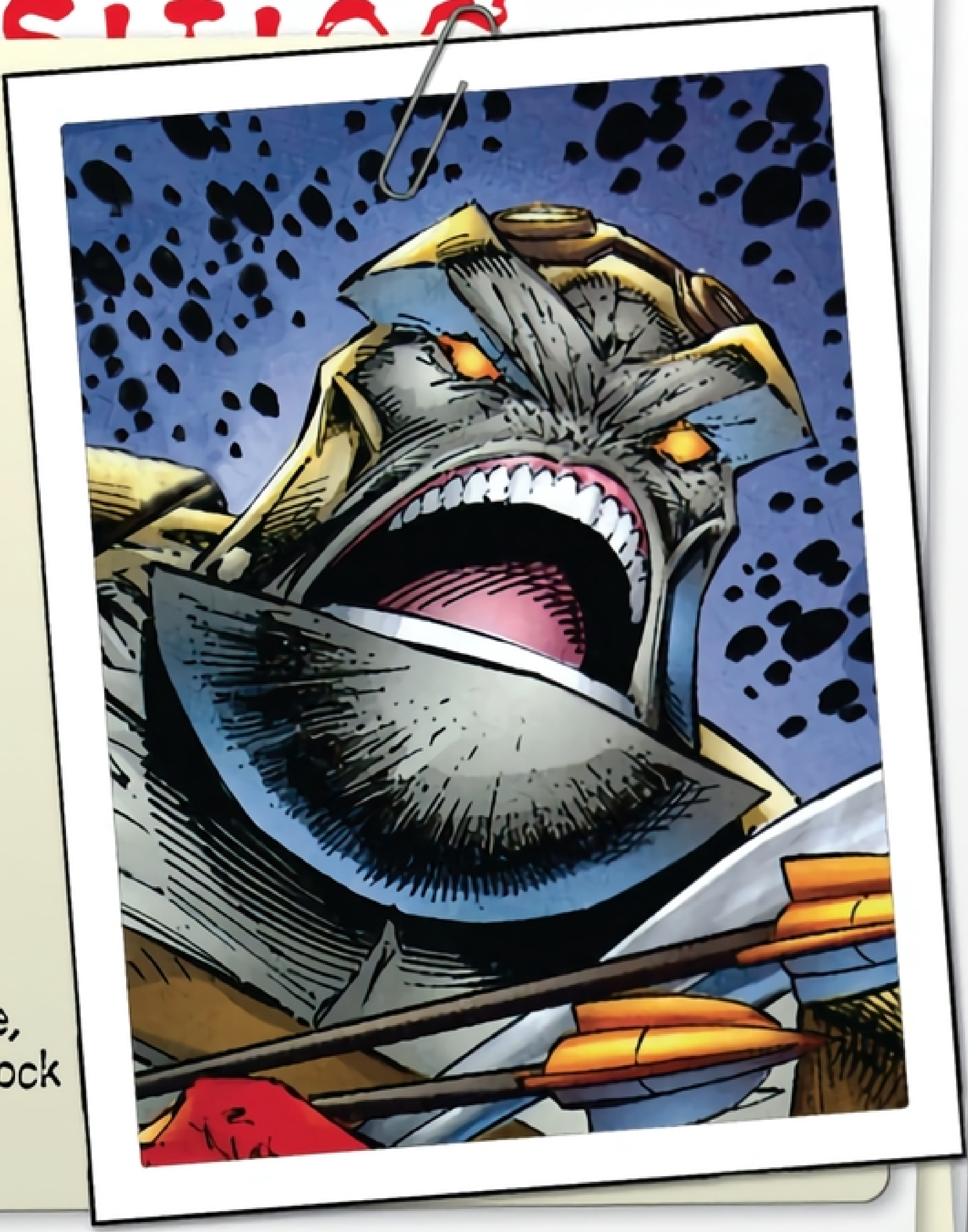
## Badrock

Real Name: Thomas John McCall

Swallowed a vial of experimental genetic material as a teenager, transforming him into a granite-skinned boy behemoth.

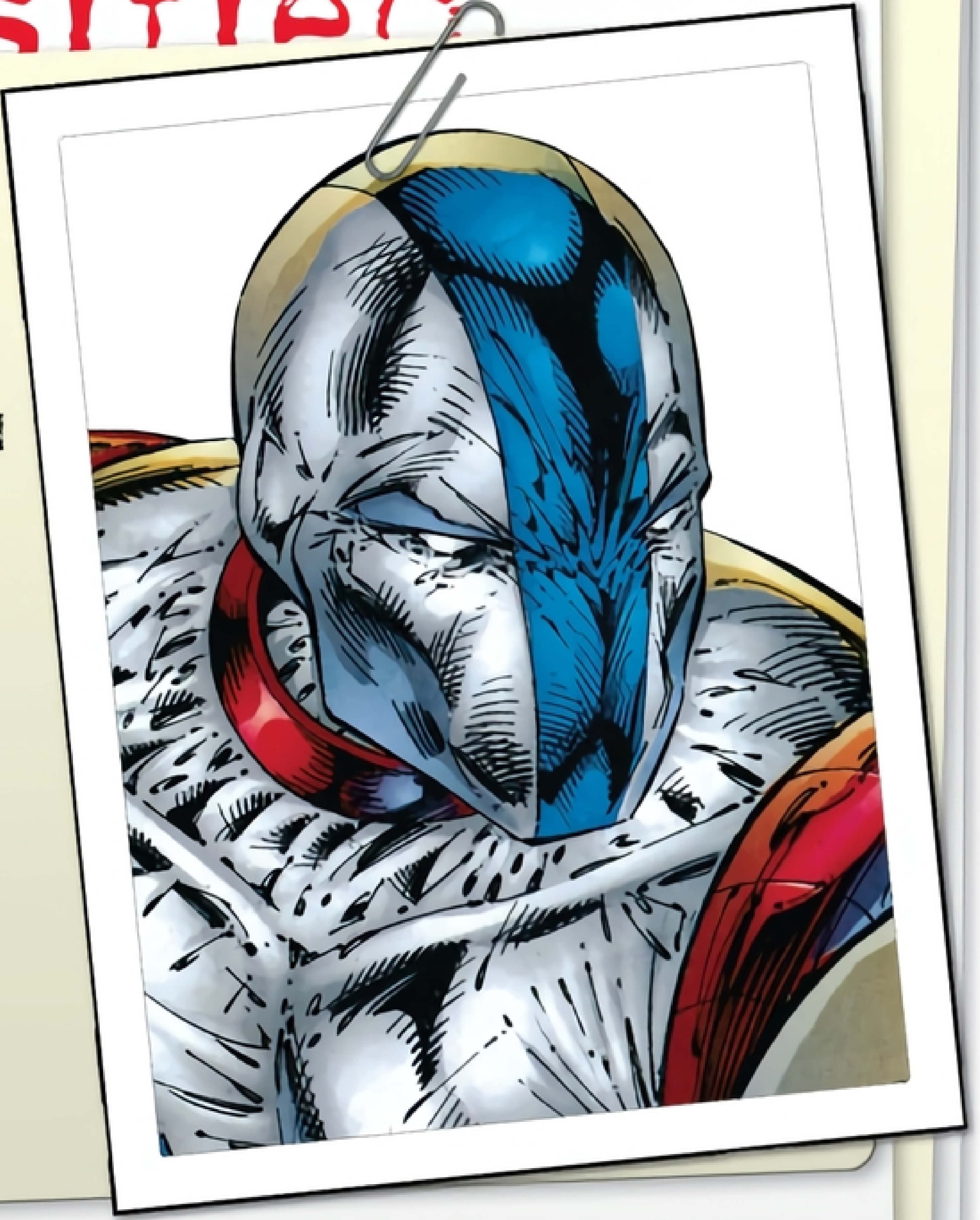
First Appearance:
Youngblood 1, April 1992

Appearances: Youngblood 1-10, Youngblood Strikefile 1-8, Team Youngblood 11, Badrock and Company 1-6, Badrock 1-3, Badrock Annual, Badrock Super Special, Grifter/Badrock, Badrock/Wolverine, Spider-man/Badrock, Violator/Badrock



## Classified

### Die Hard



Real Name: Unknown

A rechargeable meta-human created in an advanced government program in the 1940s - super strength, speed and stamina combined in a single lethal package.

First Appearance:
Youngblood 1, April, 1992

Appearances: Youngblood 1-10,
Youngblood Strikefile 1-14

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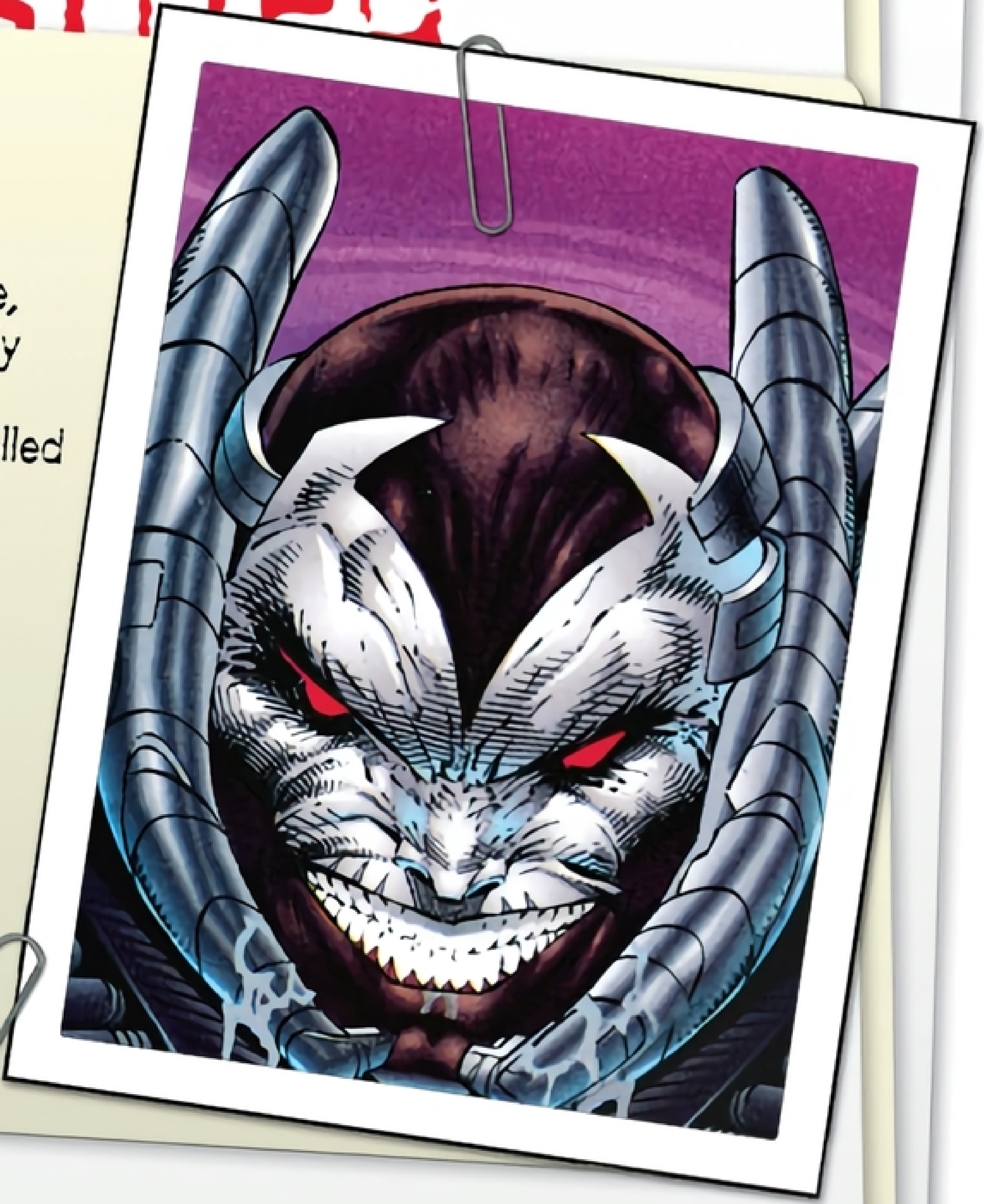
## Classified

### Chapel



Real Name: Bruce Stinson

Formerly a top-flight CIA operative, Chapel is a walking arsenal of deadly high-tech weaponry: a sub-machine gun/grenade launcher, radio-controlled grenades, and an electronic shock baton, among others.

First Appearance:
Youngblood 1 April , 1992

Appearances: Youngblood 1-10,
Youngblood Strikefile 1-14

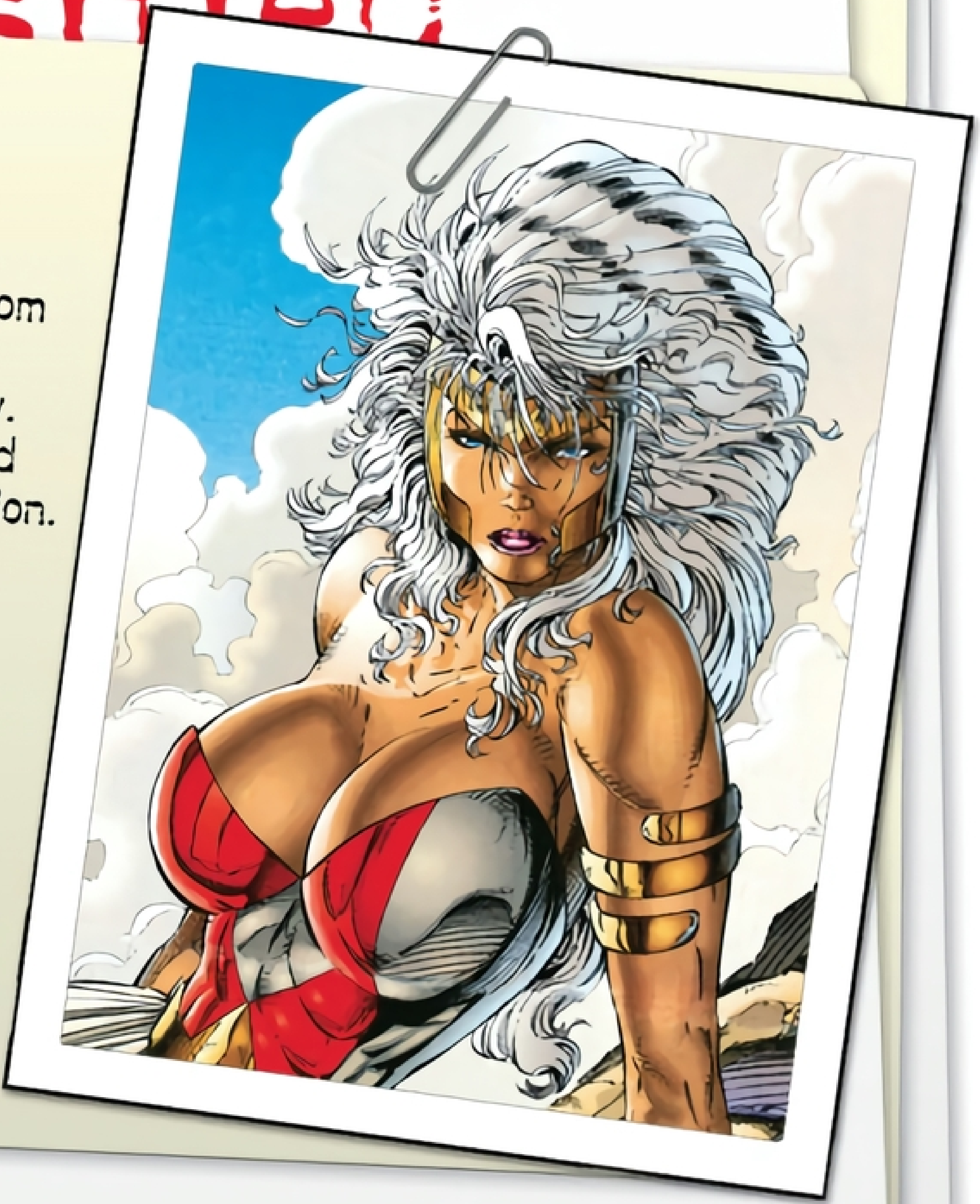
## Glory

Real Name: Glorianne Demeter

Literally an Amazon, sent forth from myth and legend by the gods to battle evil in the world of humanity. Often naive, but ever-righteous and powerful beyond mortal comprehension.

First Appearance: Glory 1, 1994

Apperances Glory 1-22,
Glory 1-2 (second series), Glory 1
(Third series, Darkchylde/Glory



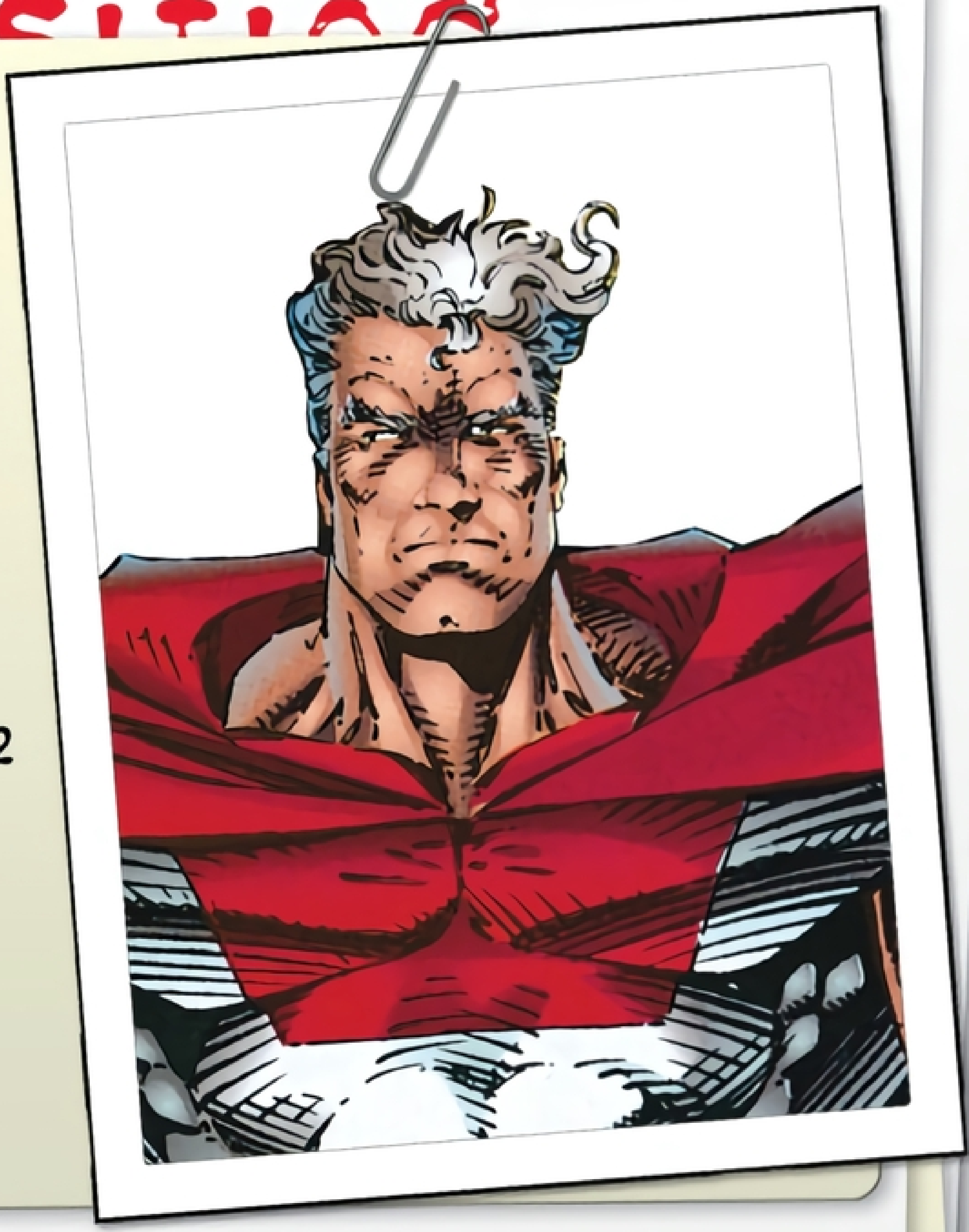
## Supreme

Real Name: Ethan Crane

His name says it all - supremely powerful, fast and brilliant. A hero's hero created when he was exposed to the radiation of a meteor. Has battled crime and evil continuously since the late '30s with a perfect record.

First Appearance: Youngblood 3, 1992

Appearances: Supreme:
1-56, Supreme: The Return 1-6



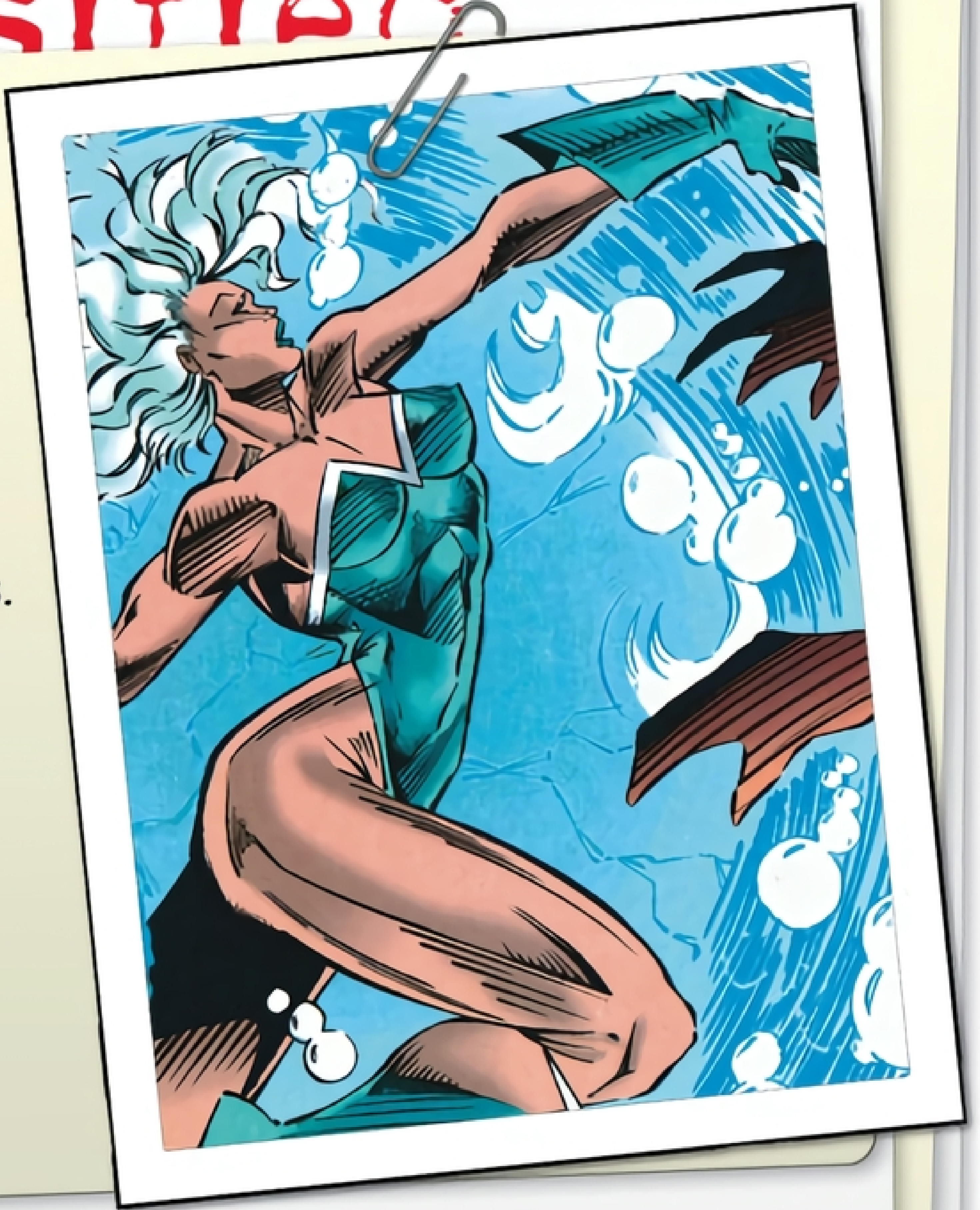
Classified

## Riptide

Real Name: Leanna Creel

An undersea accident brought Leanna Creel into contact with the Sea Witch, who granted her power to absorb moisture from her surroundings and use it to create a variety of powerful hydro-weapons.

First appeared: Youngblood 1



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Classified

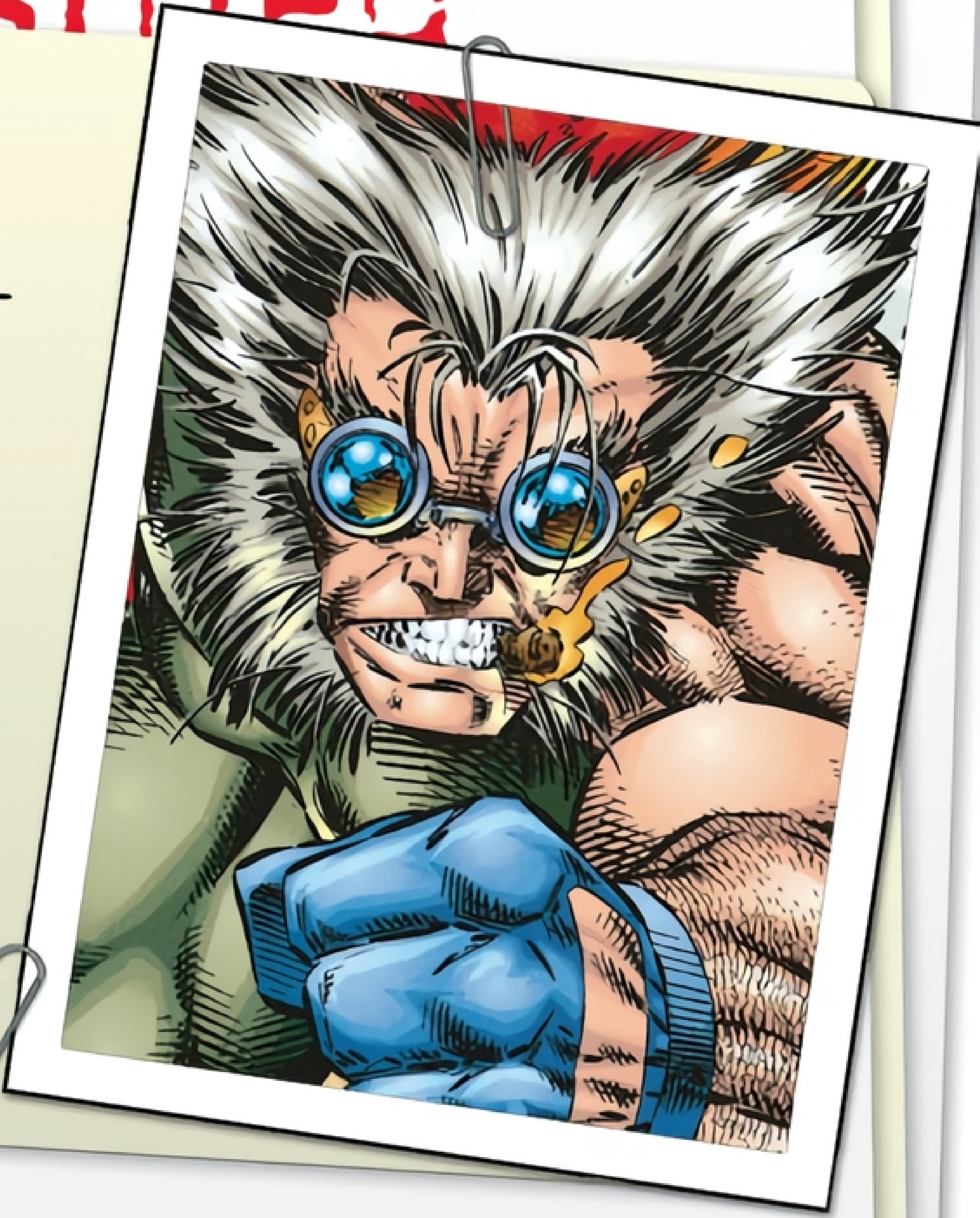
## Bartholomew J. Troll

Real Name: Lost to the ages

A 3,000-year-old beastling and one-time sorcerer's familiar - compact, surprisingly strong, nimble, and possessed of the experience of three millennia.

First Appearance: Troll 1

Appearances: Troll Halloween Special, Troll II, Troll: Once a hero.



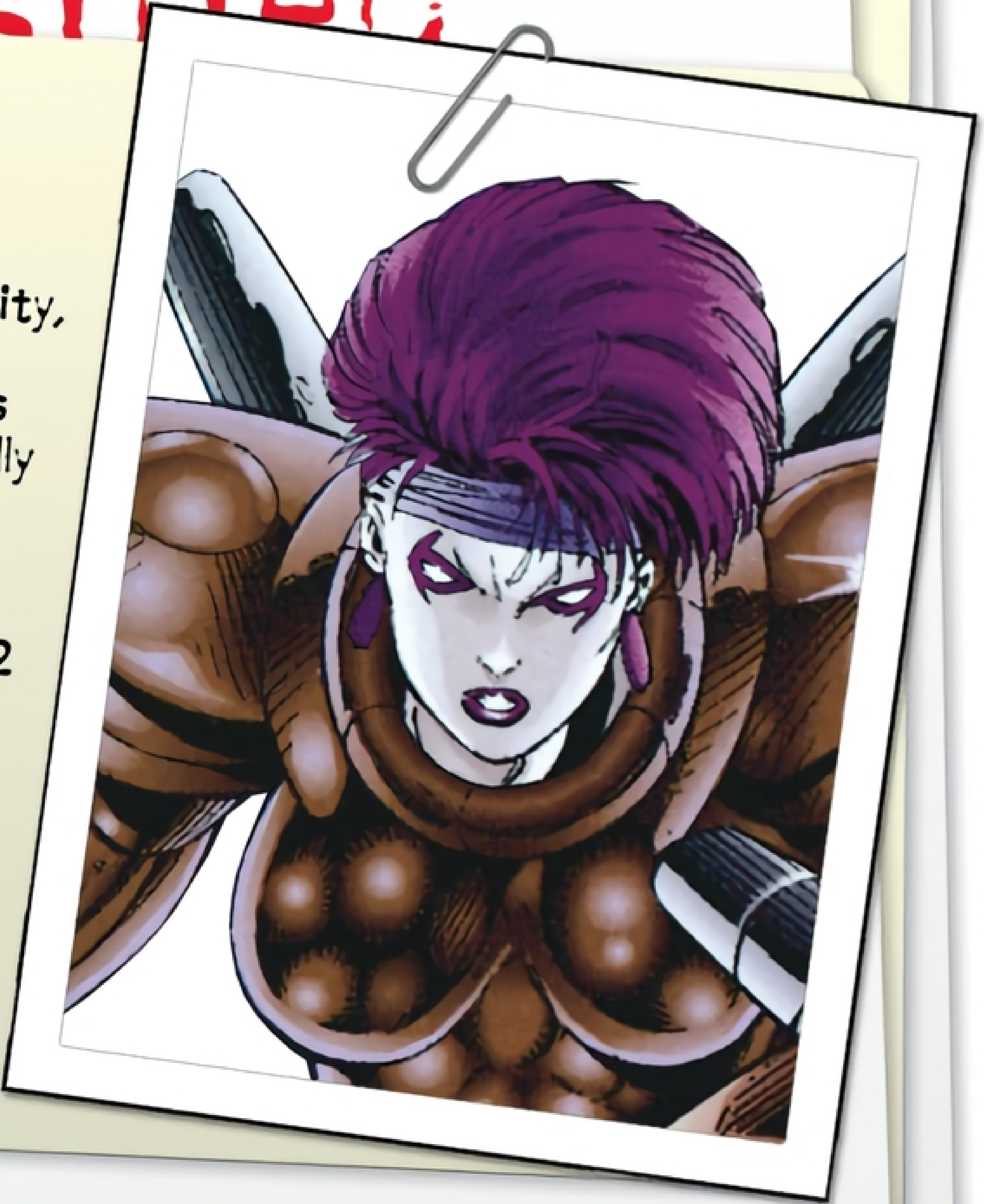
## Vogue

Real Name: Nikola Voganova

A Russian gymnast of Olympian ability, whose agility and coordination has been applied to develop martial arts ability which is unparalleled, especially with her large assortment of edged weapons.

First Appearance: Youngblood 1, 1992

Appearances: Youngblood 1-12



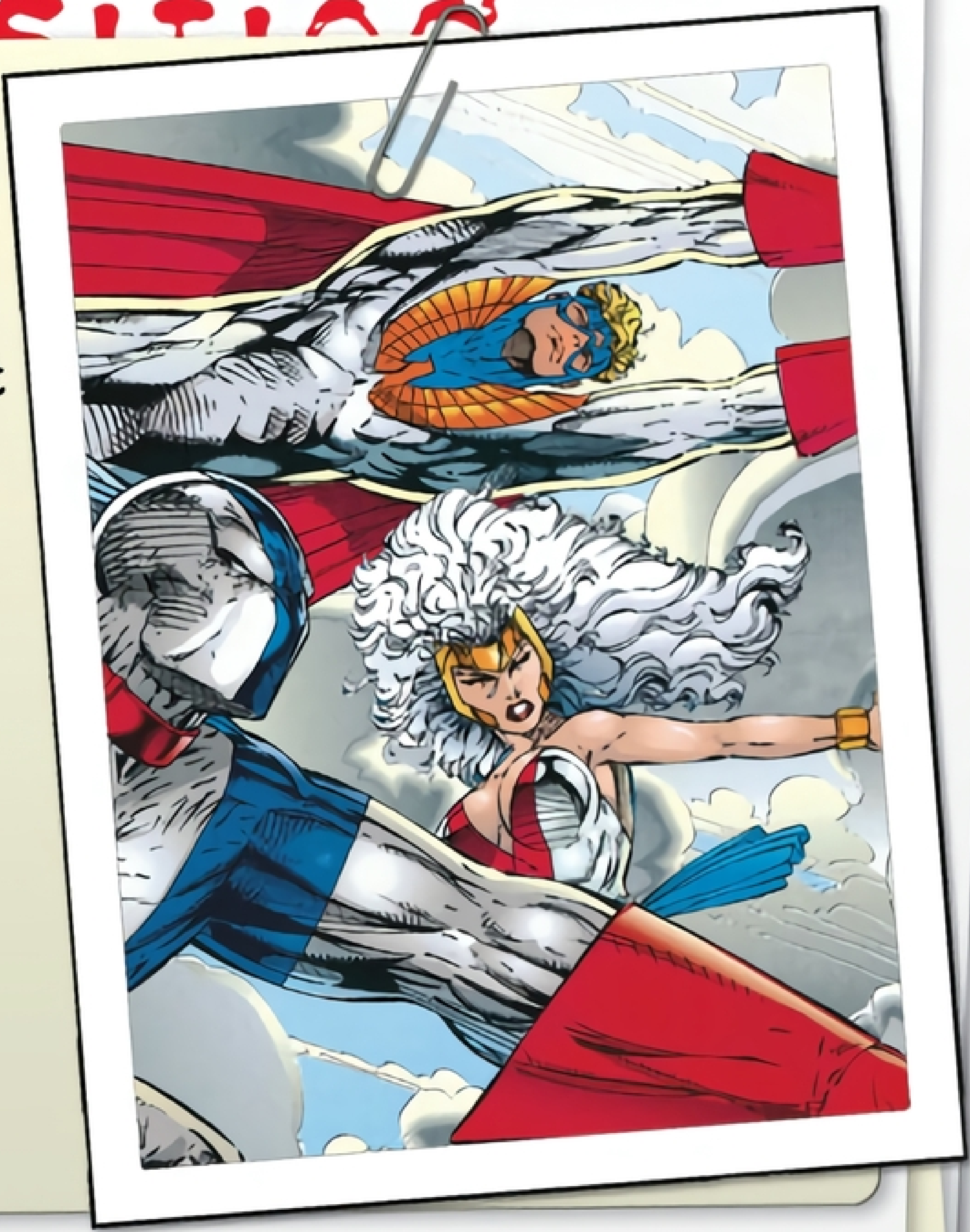
## The Allies

Die Hard, Super-Patriot, and Glory

A World War II era superhero team fighting on behalf of America against the evil forces of the Third Reich and militarist Japan.

First Appearance:
Youngblood Strikefile 1  April 1993

Appearances Supreme 42-52a/b,
Supreme: The Return 1-6



**Alan Moore**, the award-winning author, has been writing some of the best comic book stories in the industry for the past two decades.

Moore was born November 18, 1953 in Northampton, England, an industrial town between London and Birmingham where he continues to make his home.

Moore's earliest published work was for Dr. Who Weekly and the famous English comics anthology magazine 2000AD, and soon after that he began work on V for Vendetta, a book-length comics story which earned him the British Eagle Award for Best Comics Writer. The American comics industry took notice, and his talent won him his first series for a major American publisher, Saga of the Swamp Thing for DC Comics.

In 1986, Moore came out with Watchmen, also through DC. Watchmen, along with Frank Miller's Batman: The Dark Knight Returns, is widely credited with redefining the boundaries of superhero comics.

Moore followed on the critical and commercial success of Watchmen with the groundbreaking series, From Hell, a brilliant take on the Jack the Ripper murders, which became a major motion picture in 2001, starring Johnny Depp. Next, Moore moved on to Image Comics, where he penned the retro classic, 1963, before beginning work on a revamp of Rob Liefeld's Superman homage, Supreme (now available in two Checker collections).

Currently, Moore has his own imprint, America's Best Comics, under which he's once again turning comics conventions on their ears with titles like The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, Tom Strong, Promethea, and Top Ten.

**Rob Liefeld** is perhaps best known as one of the breakaway comics professionals – along with Todd McFarland and Jim Lee – who formed Image Comics. He began his comics career as a young artist at DC, working on Hawk & Dove. He quickly became a fan favorite after launching Cable for Marvel in the late '80s. At Image, he launched the popular creator-owned titles Youngblood, Supreme and Bloodstrike, all of which enjoyed tremendous success in the early '90s. Liefeld left Image to form a series of his own publishing houses: Maximum Press, and then Awesome Entertainment. Liefeld is currently involved in the re-launch of Youngblood through Arcade, and his on-line strip The Shrink is slated for production as a feature film.

**Also contributing to Judgment Day** are such comic greats as Ian Churchill (Wolverine, Deadpool), Dan Jurgens (Death of Superman), Steve Skroce (Amazing Spider-Man), Chris Sprouse (Supreme, Tom Strong), and Jim Starlin (Batman: Death of Robin).

## JUDGMENT DAY

Visit us online at **www.checkerbpg.com**
**Judgment Day** created by **Rob Liefeld**